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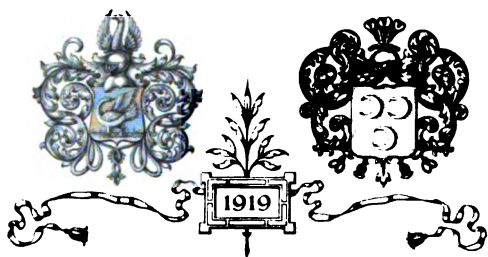
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The spell of Italy

Caroline Atwater Mason



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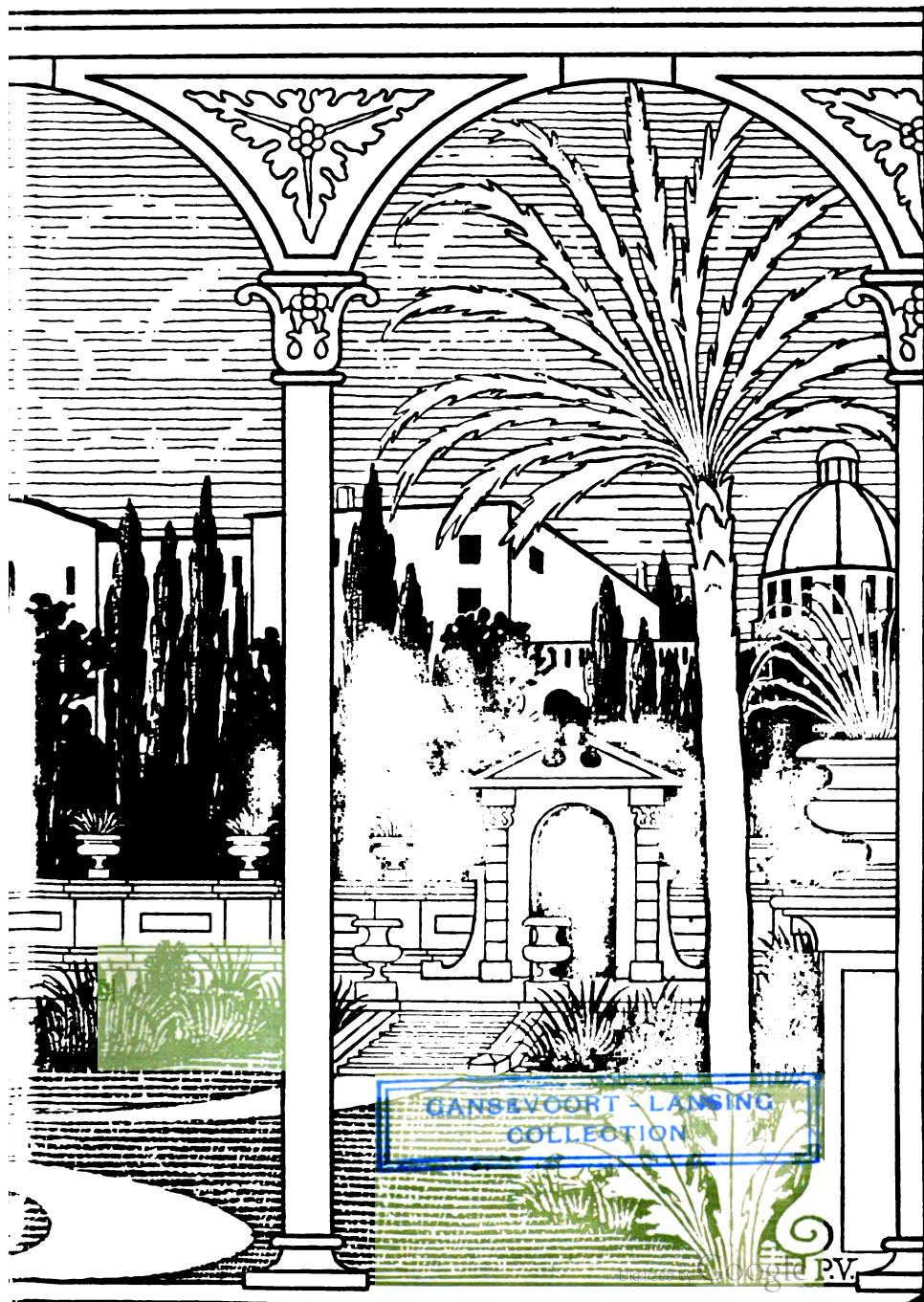
BY VICTOR HUGO PALTSITS

under the terms of the last will and testament of

CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING

*granddaughter of
General Peter Gansevoort, junior
and widow of the
Honorable Abraham Lansing
of Albany, New York*





GANSEVOORT - LANSING
COLLECTION

THE SPELL OF ITALY

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 from Spain
 that you are
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 the pleasure of reading another
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Mason
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On Lake Como

[See page 322]



The SPELL OF ITALY

BY
Caroline Atwater
Mason

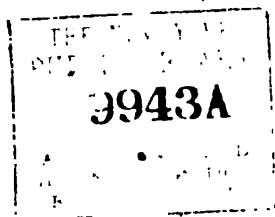
Author of "A Lily of France," "The Mystery of
Miss Motte," etc.

"— *We slope to Italy at last
And youth, by green degrees.*"
— BROWNING.



ILLUSTRATED

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WHATEVER in these records of travel relates to Italy and to historic persons, or to persons now in the public eye, is fact, in so far as the author's sincerity of intention reaches, at least. All that which concerns persons non-historic is composite of fact and fiction. Where the lines meet and mingle in the sketching of these last can matter little to the reader.

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THE SPELL OF ITALY

I

A SITUATION

I TRUST Madame is satisfied. I have given orders that all shall be at your command. If you should desire a bifestek in the middle of the night you have but — ”

“ But, Mr. Zamboni, I never wish beefsteak in the middle of the night,” I said firmly; “ it is the size of the ship which disappoints me. Our arrangements have all been made in such haste that I really did not look into the matter, but — ”

“ Honestly, you know,” endorsed Filia, “ it doesn’t seem a bit larger than a ferry boat. I wish I could see the passenger list.”

“ Five thousand tons, Meess, and most steady, most comfortable.”

“ You see we have always been on those large English liners. They are so different.”

"Different, Madame, but less commodious. Look what is placed at your disposition:—Ecco! Cabin Number seven for the wardrobe of the ladies and the greater cabin, Number five, for occupation; the entire Salon des Dames solely for your use; the complete service of the —"

"But how can you give us the sole use of the Salon des Dames?" I asked urgently. "What will the other ladies on board say to such an arrangement?"

Mr. Zamboni stood on the steamer's gang-plank, hat in hand, persuasive yet visibly uneasy. I stood with Filia on the lower deck, whence all but us seemed to have fled. The gong had sounded all ashore.

Again Filia clamoured for the passenger list.

"Meess, it is not yet printed, I regret to say," and the agent bowed appeasingly.

"There seem so few first cabin passengers any way," I murmured anxiously. "How many are there?"

"Madame, the travel is light at the moment. Eight!"

"Eight!" Filia and I cried simultaneously. "And how many of these are ladies?"

"Madame, two. Yourself and Meess."

Filia turned white and I, as I learned later, a fine shade of heliotrope.

"Mr. Zamboni!" I cried, "what does it mean? We the only lady passengers! You should have informed us earlier."

"Others were expected," murmured the agent with meekness. "But there are five hundred and thirty-seven of feminine on board —"

"Steerage!" I interrupted indignantly.

"The stewardess is also feminine and English. She will attend in person to each comfort. Madame, I must tear myself away. Adieu. Bon voyage, my ladies. You will find the *Illustrissima Principessa* as if it were your private yacht. Order all that you will. Fear nothing."

He was off; so was the gang-plank; so were the cables. Nothing seemed left to Filia and me but to retreat to our stateroom and study the situation.

"First," I began with the calmness of desperation, "I bar the door against these foreigners. Filia, picture those steerage people, — hundreds upon hundreds of them, — all anarchists I have no doubt! What if they should mutiny, and the captain speaking not a word of English and looking himself like a Barbary pirate!"

I sank upon the red plush sofa, pillowed my head on three umbrellas and a basket of grapes, and closed my eyes to keep out further images of terror. Filia has an acute and saving sense of the ridiculous. She

was unpacking and now laid open our dressing-cases, remarking,

"Arm yourself, dearest, for the mutiny. I think I will choose the curling-iron, and here is a brace of tooth-brushes for you. Let us barricade the port-holes with the roses and those boxes of Huyler's and prepare to die hard. It is going to be a perfect Clark Russell. A mutiny is really delicious."

Of course I laughed, but with more nervousness than mirth.

"Why did no one tell us that these Italian ships were so terrible?" I cried. "I was given to understand by your cousin Lucretia that the boats of this line were thoroughly comfortable. She never said we were likely to be the only women. Think of it — for two weeks! One thing, Filia, is settled: we never open that door save to take in food, and no one of these impossible Latins, with their corrupt principles, shall ever see our faces —"

"Unveiled! Quite so, mamma. We will live behind the purdah and play we were Oriental beauties, — Pearls of Womankind, Lalla Rookhs, Zuleikas and Zuleimas —"

"Hush, Filia!" I cried imperatively. She turned quickly, noting my change of tone. I had risen and looked in the glass. The reflection of a careworn face, white hair and a plain black bonnet had given me a sudden revulsion of feeling.

"My dear, I forgot that I was fifty! The danger is less by half at least than I imagined."

As I spoke the absurdity of my agitation struck me. I laughed aloud.

"The tea is ready for you and Miss in the Ladies' Cabin, ma'am."

A woman's voice with strong Cockney accent spoke the words at our much barred door. Filia shot the bolts with a twinkle in her eye.

"A cup of tea will bring you to surrender the citadel quicker than a cannon, won't it?" she murmured mischievously.

The stewardess stood in the corridor, in the neatest of caps and aprons, a smile on her comely English face.

"It's good to hear you laughing that cheerful, ma'am," she said in a substantial, purring tone of voice. "Would you like your tea now better here or just across in the cabin? My orders are that whatever you like you are to have, and I'm to be the same as your maid, having no other ladies to see to, ma'am."

A few moments later Filia and I faced each other in a charming boudoir hung with blue tapestry and furnished with deep, luxurious easy chairs covered in dark blue leather. Between us was a polished mahogany table on which a dainty and immaculate tea service twinkled in the afternoon sun pouring through the open port-holes.

"How deliciously fresh that lemon smells, Filia," I said as I filled her cup.

"And what enchanting little cakes," she added. "You are calmer now, dear," she went on with mock pathos. "I am so thankful they did not mutiny until after tea."

"Filia, if you poke fun at your aged mother something very bad will happen to you," I returned with severity, my spirits rising, however, as the soothing effect of the tea made itself felt. The alarming nature of our position seemed less and less obvious. Still I shuddered slightly as two Catholic priests in broad hats passed silently through the corridor.

"Yes," reflected Filia; "we are plainly surrounded with Jesuits. Very possibly they are agents of the Inquisition. Has that occurred to you?"

"No, it has not," I replied with some acrimony. "I am sorry to see that you have so undisciplined an imagination. My own is kept under control" — here I caught Filia's saucy mouth trembling with laughter — "except when the provocation is unprecedented. Now listen to me, my dear. I admit that there may not be a — mutiny, you know," — this I slurred over, not caring to emphasize the idea particularly, — "and in all probability we shall be well cared for and all that. I judge by this tea service that we shall be comfortable, as Lucretia said. But nothing can do away with the fact that we are in

a seriously embarrassing situation, calling for extreme reserve, for — ”

“Eternal vigilance?” suggested Filia tentatively.

“Yes, all that sort of thing. About us are hordes of foreigners, — literally hordes, — aliens, — men of the Latin race — ”

“I suppose that will be the case too when we get to Italy,” commented Filia at this point of my address, musingly. “Perhaps it is as well to get a little used to them on the way.”

“It must be altogether different on land.”

“That is, you give the poor Latins a right to the land but not to the sea. That seems to me logical, lady. Proceed with the ‘situation.’ ”

“The situation, Filia, may have its humorous side, but it has another. I have now thought out our line of action deliberately, and I must beg you to follow my wish in this matter.”

“I follow, darling. Out with it! You can’t think how I tremble when you use that tone.”

“It is simply that we keep wholly to ourselves on this singular voyage. I do not wish you to be rude, my dear, to any one. I shall myself be perfectly civil to those Jesuits, to every one, however extraordinary — ”

“In our eyes,” put in Filia. I paid no attention to the interruption.

“But let us show from the first that we wish to

keep entirely to ourselves, to form absolutely no acquaintance. We have books and magazines in abundance, fruit and flowers, — every resource in fact, — in our own cabin. We need never enter the dining-saloon or meet these foreigners. Our meals can be served regularly in this really beautiful little room over which we have undisputed control. For society we have each other. What more do we need? ”

“ Nothing, I am sure,” rejoined Filia promptly but without enthusiasm. “ Did you notice that very good-looking man who came on board just ahead of us? ”

“ Yes, I noticed him, Filia. His looks are certainly against him. It is suspicious in itself to be as handsome as that. Only Latins are.”

“ I think he is a Greek.”

“ How surprising,” I murmured, confused at the idea; “ I did not know that any one really was Greek, outside of statues and Bohn’s classic library, you know. What put such an idea in your head? ”

“ I read the name on his suit-case. It was Constantine Aztalos. Clearly Greek. Greek was always harder than Latin in college. I wonder how it is in life.”

Feeling wholly unequal to coping with a new nationality, I effected a rapid diversion.

“ Actually, Filia,” I exclaimed, looking through a port-hole, “ there is Liberty enlightening already!

We may be sea-sick at any moment now in this cockle-shell. Let us go back to our state-room and unpack."

Filia rose up obediently.

All this was on the afternoon of April nineteenth. On the twenty-third of the same month at the same time of day the "situation" among the first cabin passengers of the *Illustrissima Principessa* presented a striking contrast.

We were assembled with frank and unconstrained sociability for afternoon tea in the large dining-saloon. I was hostess and sat in some state at the head of a well-equipped table pouring tea for the Italian priests, or the padres, as we now called them, while a Congregational clergyman from New Jersey turned the leaves of his Baedeker at one side of the table. He declined tea, being timid as regarded his nervous system. The padres may not have liked the tea, but they would on no account have declined it, being offered them by a lady whom it was plainly theirs to reverence and follow. (I was never able to discover whether they were really Jesuits, nor in fact what Jesuits really are, but the word is always dramatic in its suggestion.)

At the piano sat Filia playing the accompaniment for "Sole mio," which Signor Aztalos, arrayed in white linen, stood by to teach her. That gentleman,

who was now known by us to be a Greek diplomatist attached in some sort to the legation at Washington, and who always "crosses" by the — Line because of the absence of a crowd, appeared to speak every modern language with equal facility, but Italian by preference.

This comprised the entire personelle of first cabin passengers save for two quite impossible birds of a feather who always flocked together and who were known among us as the Barbarian and Scythian. We were in fact now become a compact little family circle, and as I look back I confess to some confusion in seeing how swiftly I must have laid aside those stern and strenuous resolves with which the voyage began.

We had followed my programme of rigid exclusiveness faithfully for twenty-four hours, during which we had rough and rainy weather and were glad to keep our berths. But when the sun had shone on a blue sea and Filia and I had begun pacing the open deck and meeting the courteous greetings and kindly solicitude of our clerical fellow passengers, the so-called "situation" had seemed to evaporate like the mists of yesterday. I realized the solidarity of mankind which at first had rather escaped me, and I found great satisfaction in discussing schemes for Church unity with the padres who were sincere and benevolent gentlemen. They had been engaged for many

years in hard, self-sacrificing labour among their countrymen in New York and were now returning to Italy for well-earned rest.

The plaintive strains of "Sole mio," in which Filia's contralto voice mingled rather prettily with the baritone of Signor Aztalos, died away, and that gentleman came to my side bowing in what I took to be a courtly manner and humbly requesting tea for the Signorina and himself.

"And I have a little plan to propose, madame," he went on with a smile which a graven image must have found engaging, "regarding your daughter."

This set me rather in a flutter inwardly, but I concealed the fact by a serious inclination of my head and he proceeded.

"I find the Signorina already well grounded in the Italian grammar, but not as yet able to speak the language with perfect ease. It might be a convenience in your journeyings through Italy if one of you could command the language. It would be to me highest honour to instruct the Signorina regularly while on board. She is remarkably quick of perception, brilliant indeed. She could, in two weeks, speak admirably."

"You are certainly very kind."

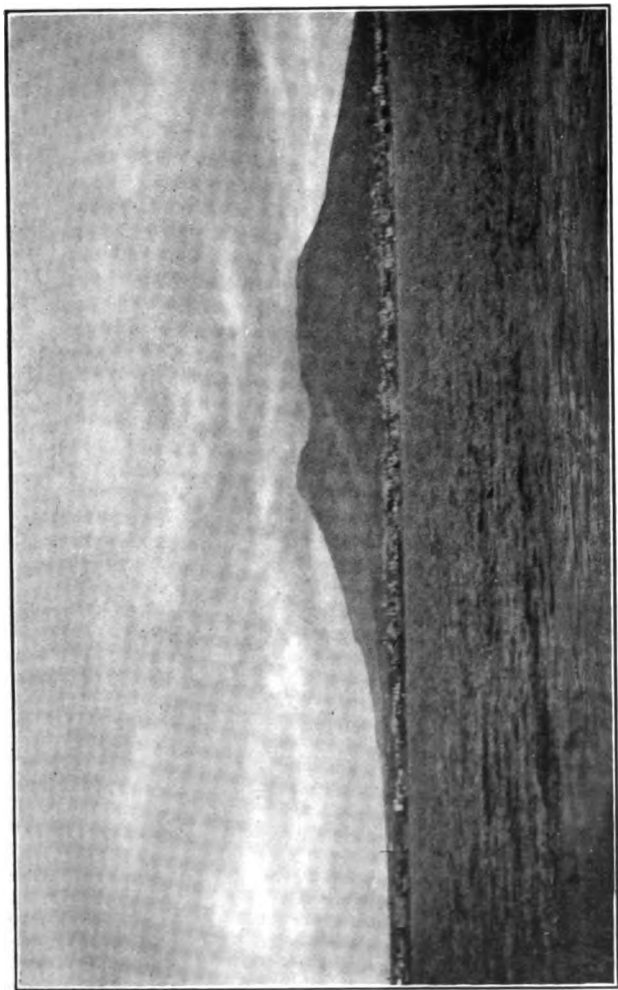
"I am kind to myself, madame, for an occupation so interesting, — could it do other than dispel the

ennui of the voyage? I would not, however, venture to ask such a favour had I not spent the greater part of my life in Rome. Italian is to me like my native tongue."

As may be foreseen I consented, for Filia stood just behind, her face vivid with enthusiasm for the proposed lessons. They began, I remember, that afternoon, and were given regularly three times a day during the voyage.

It may be thought that I am a person of little firmness of character, from the first pages of this chapter, but the resolution which I formed at the moment of consenting to the project of Italian lessons under our young diplomatist remained unbroken. In brief, as a duenna I was inflexible. With my knitting or my novel I sat untiring and presided over the long-drawn lessons, the endless discussion of *l'idioma gentile*, the *terza rima*, the *lei* and *voi*. Filia seemed to me as a pupil intelligent but not docile; her instructor, aside from his conspicuous good looks, was beyond criticism. I looked on amazed at my daughter's rapid progress, since, before we passed Gibraltar, they were deep in Dante, and *il Paradiso* seemed well in sight.

And so it fell out that the *Illustrissima Principessa* was turned into an Academy on that April voyage. There was no mutiny and no danger, at least none visible. The two American women, alone among



NAPLES FROM THE SHIP.

the "alien hordes," found themselves treated like princesses most illustrious during the golden days in which they sailed on toward Italy and the realization of the dream of a lifetime.

II

ROSES

“**B**LISS was it in that dawn to be alive, Filia,
but to be young was very heaven ! ’ ”
“ Yes, mother.”

Filia murmured the respectful response drowsily, then, her eyes suddenly pierced by the morning light streaming through two tall casements instead of two small port-holes, she sat up in her bed in the corner and cried:

“ Are we at anchor? ”

“ Filia, we are in Italy! This is not a ship; it is a palace, or was. Look at those frescoes overhead if you doubt it. There is no deck, but there is a balcony. Neither the ceiling nor the floor moves a particle. The floor is of brick, but there are, as at sea, two washing-stands and plenty of towels. The room is simply vast. There is an electric bell over your berth. Press the button, dear, and see what happens.”

What happened was that the door presently opened and a cheerful little maid with frizzy light hair and an irresistible smile entered with a silver tray covered

with spotless linen. On the tray were pots of coffee and milk, pats of fresh butter and crusty rolls.

"Buon giorno!" said the little maid, meeting a cordial buon giorno in return from Filia. This appeared to fill her with highest glee, for she dimpled and cuddled herself in ecstasy as she placed the tray before me, remarking:

"Per la Signora."

Then she darted back and returned with a second tray precisely like the first.

"Per la Signorina," and deposited it with looks of flattering devotion on Filia's bed.

We had arrived in Naples late in the day previous. When the various ceremonies connected with landing were over and we had been driven in a ridiculous little go-cart of a cab with a tiny rat-tailed pony at a mad pace through miles of incredible picturesqueness, to the Pensione Felice,¹ we were too tired for anything but to tumble into our beds. We had faith to believe that Naples would last until to-morrow, in spite of Vesuvius.

It had really been an affecting hour, the hour of leaving the *Illustrissima Principessa* and breaking the circle of our happy company for ever. The padres had blessed us both with tears in their eyes, then dashed in their long black skirts for the night train for Rome. The Congregational clergyman from New

¹The Pensione cannot be found under this name.

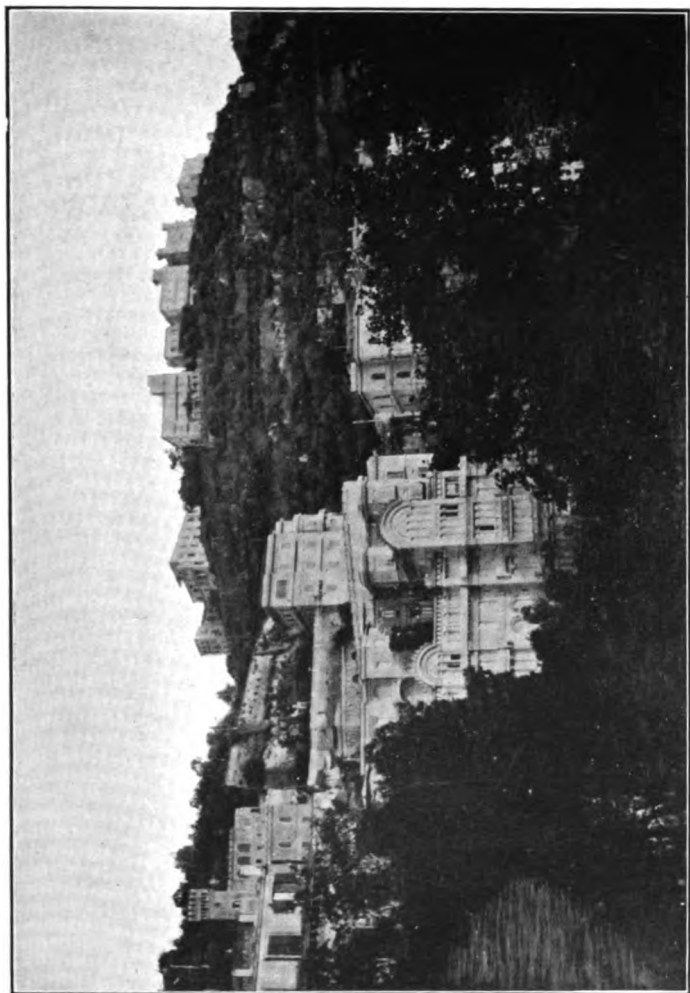
Jersey had consulted me anxiously as to the possible dangers of driving to his hotel through the streets of Naples after nightfall, and I had given him womanly cheer and encouragement, also an address for gloves for his wife, one for corals for his next-to-the-eldest daughter, and so, farewell. Meanwhile Filia was having her last Italian conversation lesson with Signor Aztalos, and her first one unchaperoned, as I was forced to hasten forward with a customs officer. Afterwards it occurred to me that neither appeared as fluent as usual and, when Signor Aztalos put us into our cab, I perceived that he was plunged in despondency.

He told me that he should see us in Naples, with my permission, once at least, hopefully more. All depended upon the despatches awaiting him at his hotel. If they said "Paris," he must go the next day, if "Athens," he might delay a little.

"You have been extremely kind, Mr. Aztalos," I said benignantlly, "I hope it will be Athens."

He bowed ceremoniously and kissed my hand, but his eyes sought Filia's. I am sure they said "Athens" too.

And now it was another day and our first day of discovery, of adventure, of impressions on Italian soil. Very possibly Filia was less excited by the fact than I, for she had not longed for Italy and dreamed of it so many years by half. Besides, I ob-



WHERE WE LIVED IN NAPLES.

serve in young things it is persons that awaken enthusiasm in a higher degree than places. However, when circumstances permitted us to emerge on our balcony, — breakfast and toilet over, — and we saw lying below us the marvellously coloured crescent of Naples, and beyond, the blue water of the bay with the peninsula of Posilipo at our right and across, half hidden in opaline haze, the far reach of Sorrento, with Vesuvius purple and majestic brooding over all, we both surrendered without reserve or condition to the spell of Italy.

“It is so beautiful that I cannot bear it,” murmured Filia.

The air which blew gently from the bay upon our faces was limpid, fragrant with orange blossoms and of a blandness indescribable. For once a sense of utter perfection in the adjustment of the human machine to its environment mastered my sense. The glory and the joy of the scene cancelled for an instant every pain of the past, every fear for the future. Then I comprehended those words of Goethe which heretofore had puzzled me: “You may say, paint, describe as you will, but here is more than all! The shore, the bay, the gulf, the castles and the sky! And Vesuvius! He who can remember Naples can never more be quite unhappy.”

It was nine o'clock when we stepped out on the street and started for our first walk.

"Remember our motto!" said Filia, running after me. She had been detained by the portiere, who appeared to discern in her some species of holy virgin and wished to pass her hands in a reverent caress across the soft fabric of her kittenish gray gown.

"Our motto? Oh, yes! '*Fey ce que vous voudras.*' Let us never forget it."

Do what you choose,—that is the English for the old French saying which we had taken as the watchword of our Italian journey. Nothing would we do because the law demands it or the court awards it; nothing because Baedeker stars it or Cousin Lucretia insists. Our own impulse was to be our only guide. Because this was the principle on which we chose to act we had diligently avoided the companionship of friends and relatives, however judicious, capable, and intelligent.

Filia held a map open in her hand.

"This street," she said, "will lead us down to the Villa Nazionale, the park along the shore, and to the express office for letters. It must if we follow it long enough. *Avanti!*"

On we went, meeting at every step unaccustomed and interesting sights, our sense of the picturesque stirred to the utmost. Suddenly we saw before us an imposing entrance to what appeared a park. Could this be the Villa Nazionale? Filia consulted her map. No, we were half a mile short of that, but

this might be quite as attractive. There was a fascinating lodge and the great iron gates stood wide open. Beyond we could catch glimpses of flower lined avenues of stately pines. We stepped within the gates, but were met at once by a portiere who, to Filia's question replied, "Privat," but indicated that we might advance a little further and take a look at the attractions within.

A few paces brought us into sight of a charming white villa rising from various levels of marble railed terraces to an imposing height. We stopped, seeing plainly a private residence, yet halted a moment to read the motto carved on the marble cornice above the door: "This house is a refuge of peace from wrath and wrong."

As we stood we became aware of a lady at an upper window watching us. As we turned to go back, thanking the portiere for the liberty vouchsafed us, we saw this lady beckon to the man, and heard a rapid order by her. Instantly his manner changed. From the guard he now became the cicerone. With respectful courtesy he invited us, to our amazement, to enter the house. We followed him into a stately pillared vestibule and up a white marble staircase, then out upon an upper level on which was a large and most entrancing flower garden. Two sides of it were enclosed by a wall at least twenty feet in height, and this wall, throughout its entire reach, was cov-

ered with roses. Never had we dreamed of such profusion and splendour of bloom. There were tea-roses in every variety, Alan Richardson, Marechal Niel, damask roses, blush roses, white roses, indeed all the roses we all love best, and all pouring out upon the air their intoxicating fragrance.

We stood in the midst of the gay parterres of Marguerites and other flowers and gazed enraptured about us.

As we stood we were joined by the lady whom we had seen at the window. She was the Signora L., the mistress of the villa. My greeting was given by my obvious delight, but Filia was able to stammer a few words of Italian, thanks to her Greek instructor. A distinguished looking gentleman had appeared, greeting us with impressive courtesy, and we seemed in a fair way to be taken fully into the family circle. This was Signor Vincenzo L., Avvocato, and at his orders a gardener now began cutting roses for us by the dozen, the fairest and most fragrant. While this went forward we were taken into the house and conducted to an enormous library, lined with portraits, busts and massive cases of vellum bound books. The floor was of polished mosaic, the furniture richly carved, antique and imposing; the whole place expressed profoundly the traditions of a learned and noble line. Here we sat down and made shift to converse in broken accents with the heads of the

house for a little, then departed with most cordial good wishes from the Signor and Signora, and straightway returned to the Pensione Felice, followed by the gardener, bearing in our train arms full of roses.

"If this is Italy and if these are Latins," cried Filia, as soon as we were alone in our chamber, arranging our roses, "I say, Why sigh for Anglo-Saxons and why return to Anglo-Saxony?"

"But it is really fairy-land, you know," I murmured vaguely,

"'For Kilmeny has been she does not know where,
And Kilmeny has seen what she cannot declare.'"

A knock at the door then, and Mariette, our zealous little maid, handed in a box and a note. Filia looked over my shoulder as I read, her hands full of roses.

"To arms! They come! The Greek, — the Greek!" she quoted quietly, but the reflection of the roses seemed to tinge her face.

Signor Axtalos was desolé to be obliged to leave for Paris in the evening. Would the ladies do him the honour to drive with him at three, and would the Signora permit the Signorina to receive these few flowers?

While I wrote a line of acceptance Filia opened the box and dropped into a chair, her lap full of magnificent crimson Jacqueminots.

“ ‘It was roses, roses all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad,’ ”

she cried. The room looked indeed like a flower show, and thus far we did not feel painfully conscious that we were among alien hordes and corrupt civilizations.

When Signor Aztalos presented himself in the afternoon I concluded at once that he had not found Naples thus far as dizzily delightful as had we. Altogether I felt a curious change in him. On the ship he had always worn suits of spotless white linen and had borne himself with the fine freedom of Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; I had fancied about him then the half pagan joy of life of his Greek ancestry; at least to us he was a being of extraordinary beauty, brilliance, and charm, detached from all the ordinary cares and pursuits of life, given over wholly to guiding Filia in the primrose paths of Italian poetry.

Now he wore business clothes, a business expression, and a manner wholly practical and unclassic, not in the least suggestive of Mercury or any other god or demigod. Curiously enough, this change, while it rendered the man less captivating to my imagination, gave him a more formidable effect of reality. I would have preferred to keep him in the department of the poetry of life rather than that of prose.

We drove by the Villa Nazionale to the Aquarium,

which Signor Axtalos said it was necessary to see in order to get your degree of having visited Naples.

"Why, I cannot imagine," he said as he ushered us into its gloomy enclosure, "for it is certainly excessively dull."

I exclaimed in protest, having found my way quickly to the Medusae, while a little scream of amazement from Filia announced that she had discovered the devilfish clawing the water with its horrid tentacles. Between the singular ghostly beauty of the Medusae and the grisly fascination of the octopi I forgot everything for a few minutes and was surprised to discover myself alone. I hurried on to the other side, where I found my companions engaged in pointedly not looking at the fishes. They did not, however, appear in the least bored, or disturbed by my absence. I suggested that it might be best to proceed, and after we had discussed the fishes, in which discussion I was the only one to manifest marked interest or intelligence, I sought enlightenment as we drove on of Signor Axtalos regarding carabinieri and bersaglieri. The former, in cocked hats and red striped uniform, had struck my eye as picturesque until the waving cocks' plumes of the latter had asserted superior claims to attention. I learned from our friend that the carabinieri are the regular police force, while the bersaglieri are a selected guard detailed for more distin-

guished service. They usually appear mounted on bicycles, their shining plumes flashing and streaming in the wind to great effect.

We drove on through the Chiaia, with its gay little shops, its crowds of people, the flower-sellers tossing great bundles of roses into the carriage, the officers staring at us with undisguised but not disrespectful curiosity, the air resonant with the cries of hucksters and *cocchieri*. Presently we emerged on the broader Toledo, where all Naples at that hour seemed faring forth in cheerful splendour of frank pleasure-seeking. All about us was motion, life, gaiety, and Filia and I enjoyed the essentially foreign quality of the scene like two children, to the satisfaction of our Greek friend.

As we turned a little later into the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Filia remarked,

"Oh, there is Victor Immanuel again! Such a sense of confusion as always seizes me when I see that name! I know nothing about him. Nero is the most recent Italian politician with whom I have a speaking acquaintance. How did Italy happen, anyway, Signor Aztalos?"

"New Italy, I take it?" responded he gravely, a smile in his eyes.

"Yes, precisely. I hear and hear of New Italy, but it is always a mystery to me."

"Do you really want to know, or is it the American

young lady's vivacity which speaks and then forgets? "

Filia's face expressed a slight uncertainty at this searching question.

" Even if it is that on my daughter's part, Signore," I interposed, " it is something serious on mine. I am wofully ignorant of Italian history. In fact I am afraid, beyond wearing a red flannel ' Garibaldi ' when I was a child, I have never come into touch with the struggle for freedom over here."

" If you will take five o'clock tea on the Bertolini terrace, Signora, we can have one small discussion of New Italy over the tea cups."

Filia clapped her hands.

" Just the thing! I was afraid I should be expected to begin looking attentive now when I want to watch both sides of the street for every pretty Italian woman and see how she is dressed. Why are they all fat, I wonder, and why do they put on so much powder? They certainly do not dress as well as — " here she broke off.

" American women," put in Aztalos. " No women do. That understands itself."

Filia flashed a small smile at him which seemed to mark a degree of acquaintance surprising to me.

III

NEW ITALY

HOW did New Italy happen? Is that the question, cara Signorina? "

Filia signified that such was the question.

We sat in afternoon coolness on the broad terrace of the Bertolini, literally overhanging all Naples and confronting Vesuvius. The first ecstatic thrill of attack was over; we had mastered our emotions sufficiently to order the tea and curious, unwholesome cakes for which the Bertolini is famous. We had partaken of them and of the glory of the Bay together until now, satiate of both, I had reminded Signor Aztalos of his agreement to "explain Italy," and Filia had insisted that her last lesson must be a lesson in history.

"It will not be necessary to go back to Romulus and Remus," she now remarked, "there might not be time."

"Thanks, Signorina. You relieve me of a great load. We will consider another illustrious Gemini — Garibaldi and Mazzini — instead."

"Those two men really created modern Italy, is it not so?" I asked.

Aztalos shook his head.

"They spoke with power, madame, to the passion of the people, to the heart of them, but it was Cavour who spoke to the head, to the brain of all Europe. Without Cavour there would have been no United Italy. You may think I overrate diplomacy. It has its place. I will proceed. The ladies have the geography of the peninsula doubtless clearly enough in mind?" Here Aztalos began sketching a map on the tea cloth with the point of a fork. "Savoy is in this northwestern corner of Piedmont, Piedmont in the northwestern corner of Italy; Turin, the capital and Cavour's birthplace, in the centre of it; Genoa, Mazzini's birthplace, on the Ligurian coast, due south. Nice, Garibaldi's birthplace, now French, then Italian, to the west. You can fancy a triangle of power drawn there, Turin, Nice, Genoa at the angles. Five years, from 1805 to 1810, produced those three giants. God was getting ready, one might say. Also He had been getting ready for eight or nine centuries a sturdy stock of princes to captain the new nation. I speak of the House of Savoy, since 1861 the royal house of Italy, but before that only the royal house of Piedmont."

"It has always puzzled me, Mr. Aztalos," I interposed, "that the House of Savoy should have been

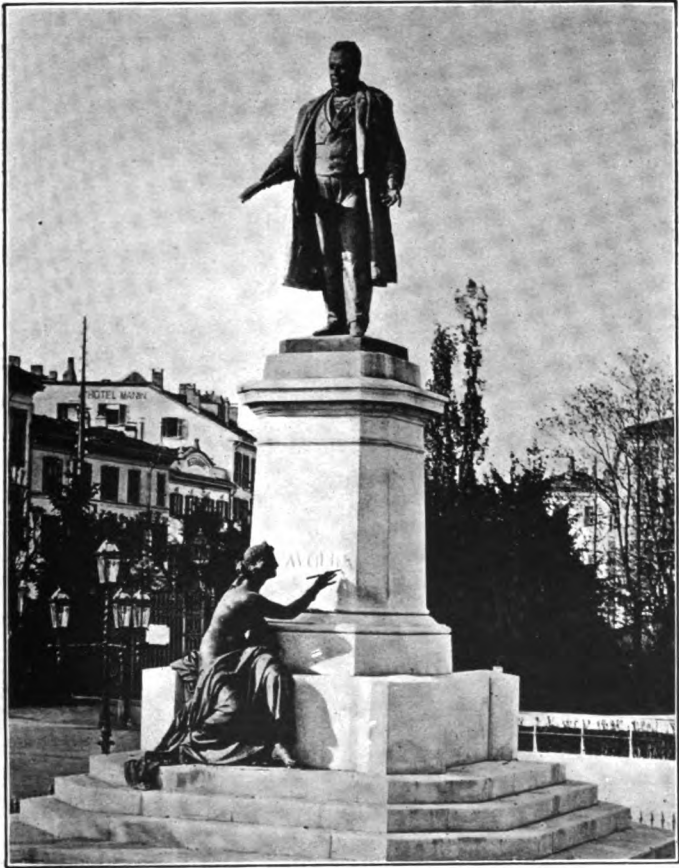
exalted over all other rulers in Italy. Will you make it clear to me? Had they such remarkable natural superiority?"

"To begin with, Signora, Piedmont alone was a free state. Also, while the Savoy princes have not been poets, artists, saints or monks, they have ever been men. They are of tough fibre, hardy, tenacious, clear-headed, with a talent for the business of kingship. Also they have been on the soil since the eleventh century, learning how to govern. Thiers said of the first King of Italy, 'C'est bien le souverain le plus fin que j'ai connu en Europe.' A hundred or two years ago some one cast the horoscope for the House of Savoy on the basis, not of poetical imagination, but of political logic. This prophet declared Italy to be the oyster disputed by Austria and France, and foretold that in the end the House of Savoy would devour the oyster and leave the shells to those major powers."

"How very interesting!"

"Now clearly to understand the phraseology of the struggle, which, I confess, is confusing, I must remind you that for two hundred years or so the Dukes, or Princes, of Savoy have been known also as Kings of Sardinia, that island having been in some royal dicker annexed to Savoy politically."

"'Remind' is lovely! I *had* forgotten that interesting little item." Thus Filia.



STATUE OF COUNT CAVOUR, MILAN.

"It is somewhat perplexing otherwise to find Piedmont spoken of always as 'the Sardinian kingdom,'" proceeded Aztalos, responding to the remark only by a threatening smile aside at her.

"Somewhat so at least!"

"You must stop interrupting, Filia," I cried. "This is an important, a serious occasion."

"In the middle of the nineteenth century Piedmont alone in Italy was an independent state. Cavour was its Prime Minister. He conceived the plan and controlled the tangled and complex lines which finally led to the success of it, that Piedmont should head a struggle for the liberation of Italy from the yoke of Austria and for the unification of all the petty states under one central government; the head of that government should be the House of Savoy and Rome should be the capital city. Cavour saw, what few perceived in his day, that only in the House of Savoy, in all Italy, was leadership, and that Savoy itself could live only if it led. Its motto is 'The House of Savoy cannot retreat.'"

"Mazzini is always called the prophet of Italian independence, is he not?" I asked; "this sounds as if Cavour were also a prophet."

"Mazzini was the spiritual prophet, Cavour the political prophet. Between the two, unhappily, a great gulf is fixed. For Mazzini one has a religious reverence; for Cavour an intellectual reverence."

"And for Garibaldi?" asked Filia.

"For Garibaldi, Signorina, those who knew him would gladly die. But that is another story. We must glance for a moment at the situation of Italy at large before the year 1848. It was split up into a dozen or more small principalities, mutually more or less hostile, all subject to foreign despots, Austrian and Bourbon. Southern Italy, with Naples and Sicily, was known as the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and had on its throne a Bourbon tyrant. Northward from this principality, reaching from the Tiber to the Po," again Azzalòs sketched in the map of Italy with his fork, "were the States of the Church, known better perhaps as the Papal States. Over them the Pope was temporal as well as ecclesiastical ruler. On the west of these lay the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, under the rule of an Austrian prince, and across the base of the Alps the great territories of Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia, all, save Piedmont, subservient to Austria. Small states, such as Parma and Modena, parcelled out to puppet princes, lay sprinkled about between.

"It was a time of terror and humiliation, outbursts of furious, desperate revolution alternating with periods of sullen apathy. Each princeling was bound to receive his orders from Austria, which in return kept him on his throne. Plotting and conspiracy were the order of the day; the mysterious



GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

secret political order, called the Carbonari, had come into being and had spread through the whole country. Mazzini had appeared and organized the great political party of 'Young Italy' which demanded a republic and would take nothing less. Giuseppe Garibaldi, who believed in Italy, some one says, 'as the Saints believe in God,' had in 1843 enlisted under Mazzini's banner. Their project failed. Both men were exiled. Mazzini took refuge in Switzerland and later in England. Garibaldi, by birth and choice a sailor, sailed away to South America and went into training for twelve years as a guerilla chief and buccaneer. Both men were back in Italy in 1848.

"That year 1848 was the year of crisis. Lombardy rose in rebellion against foreign tyranny and the Austrians were expelled from Milan. This event; the news of which reached Turin on March nineteenth, fired Cavour with faith that the hour had struck for fulfilment of his dream of a free and united Italy. 'Only one path is open to the nation, the king: war, immediate war!' he proclaimed through his newspaper, the *Risorgimento*.

"That night the Sardinian King, Carlo Alberto, the Hamlet of the play, a timid, vacillating, brooding man, unlike the men of his race (with strangely heroic elements of character, nevertheless), decided for instant war. The people followed him passionately

and at first to success. But reverses followed, and in March, a year later, came the overwhelming Austrian victory at Novara. On the field Carlo Alberto, who knew himself the reproach of all parties by his lack of military genius, abdicated the throne. 'There is your king,' he said to his generals, and pointed to his son. 'The Italians will never trust me,' he added. 'My son, Vittorio, will be King of Italy, not I.' He had sought death in battle, but it failed him, and that night he left Novara alone for Oporto. He died in exile there not long after, broken-hearted, but his death made him the royal martyr of the nation."

"And now tell me who was that son Vittorio?" asked Filia eagerly. We were both listening to the recital of Aztalos with growing interest.

"Vittorio Emanuele, second King of Sardinia of that name, first King of Italy."

"Then the son of poor Carlo Alberto did win the struggle! But how long did it last before Italy was one and free?"

"Ten years in round numbers. The new king had his hands full for awhile in reorganization of Piedmontese finances and of the army. This was the period when Cavour became one of the foremost statesmen of Europe. Not for a moment did his determination to drive the Austrians from Italy falter, but he had now come to believe it impossible without France as ally. The old watchword for a



STATUE OF VITTORIO EMANUELE II, GENOA.

statesman, ladies, is, 'Patience; and shuffle the cards.' Cavour's patience in winning Napoleon III was infinite. Also — he shuffled the cards! Vittorio Emanuele must pledge his daughter's hand to Jerome Napoleon, an old reprobate; Savoy and Nice must in the end be ceded to France, — a little shuffling sure enough, but success was impossible otherwise. He kept England's sympathy red-hot for Italy also, an immense asset.

"In 1859 the second campaign against Austrian rule was opened, the French fighting side by side with the Italians, in the great battles of Magenta and Solferino. The result of this war, a short and sharp one, was the armistice of Villa Franca, negotiated between the French and the Austrians unknown to the Sardinian King and to Cavour, to whom it was a supremely bitter blow."

"But why?" I asked. "Was not peace what they fought to obtain?"

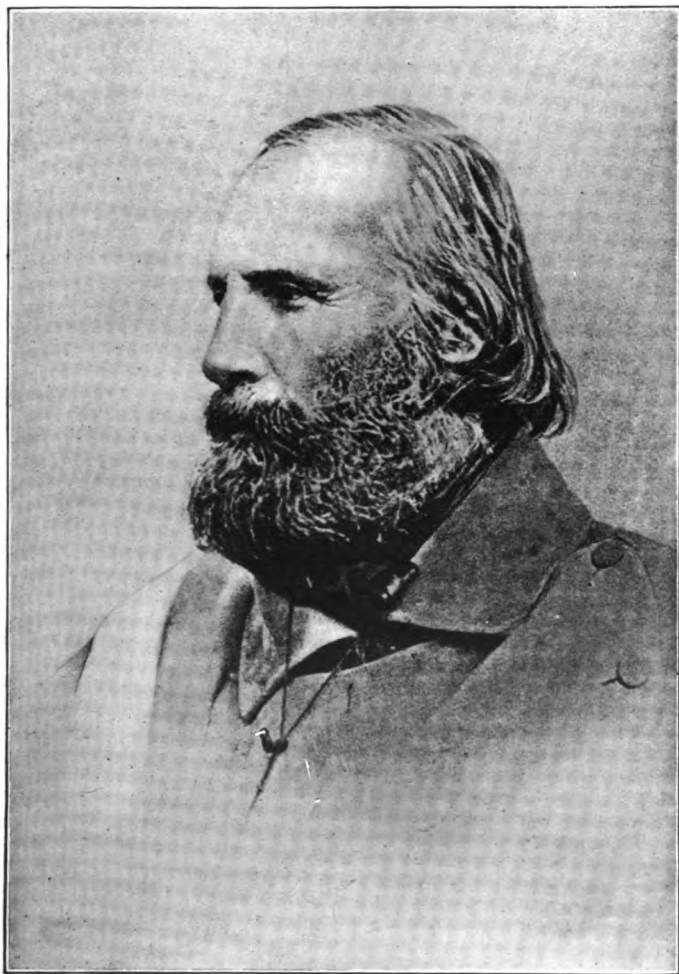
"Not until they had freed Venetia as well as Lombardy. Napoleon had promised his help until Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. He broke faith, and in the passion of the hour Vittorio Emanuele cried out, that, rather than be unworthy of the trust which the Italian people had reposed in him, he would break his sword and throw away his crown as did his father. Cavour was almost mad with disappointment."

"Was there nothing gained, then, by the French alliance and all the fighting?" asked Filia, looking so deeply concerned that our instructor cried:

"Cheer up, Signorina! Yes, much was gained, far more than was at first supposed. Austria withdrew out and out from the greater part of Northern and Central Italy, and, not many years after, Venice shook herself free also. The most dramatic and picturesque *coup* was, naturally, given by Garibaldi, always the popular hero of the story. In the spring of 1860 he landed with his famous Thousand at Palermo, conquered the Two Sicilies for his king, and drove the Bourbon despot from the throne of Naples. On September 7th General Garibaldi, the Dictator as he was called for a little space, entered Naples without troops, accompanied only by his staff. Although the king had fled, his sentries still paced before all public buildings, the barracks were full of his soldiers, and up above us, over yonder, Castel Sant' Elmo bristled with cannon, their muzzles pointing down into the town. When his carriage was driven down the Toledo, through which we drove just now, Garibaldi rose in his place as they passed under the enemy's guns, stood with arms folded and gave the order, 'Drive slower, slower still.'"

"What a lion heart! Garibaldi is my hero!" cried Filia.

"How should he not be every woman's hero?"



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

returned Aztalos quietly. "Read Trevelyan's book on his Defence of the Roman Republic if you want to really know the man and the woman he worshipped."

"The Defence of the Roman Republic?" I repeated. "Rome was a republic in ancient history and for a little while under Rienzi, if my memory serves me, but I did not know there had been a Republic of Rome in recent times."

"If you please, Signora! We are coming to that. Rome was a republic from February to July in the year 1849. We must go back for a moment to Vittorio Emanuele, at whose feet crown after crown was being cast.

"In February, 1861, the first Italian Parliament met at Turin and constituted the Italian kingdom. Vittorio Emanuele was declared king, with the succession vested in his heirs. The title, 'King of Sardinia,' became a thing of the past from that day. 'Our country,' said the king, 'is no more the Italy of the Romans nor the Italy of the Middle Ages . . . henceforth it becomes the Italy of the Italians.'"

"Perfectly fine!" responded Filia with quickened breath. "He must have been a hero too."

"Well, not so much," Aztalos made dubious reply, "a brave bluff gentleman of not quite spotless reputation — *Re Galantuomo* the people called him. You must have seen his portrait. He is not a man to idealize exactly."

"Oh, I remember perfectly," said I; "the strange physiognomy and the monstrous mustachios! No, one does not idealize Vittorio Emanuele II."

"He was true to Italy, nevertheless, Signora, and every state in Europe sooner or later recognized his kingship and kingdom. Except one. In the heart of the new kingdom lay, hostile and irreconcilable, an ancient, compact despotism — the Papal States. Just a word about the struggle with Rome, and we must go. Next week you will be in Rome, and you will again be asking, Signorina, for some one to explain. I am jealous of my successor and will forestall his tale, if I can, in five minutes."

"You will have no successor," Filia made answer firmly, then coloured as she met a strange and sudden light of question in his eyes. "Please continue, Mr. Aztalos," she begged, and he proceeded with instant swing back to his subject.

"In 1846, to go a long way back, before the uprising in Lombardy, the defeat of Novara and all these other events, Pius IX had been elected Pope. At first he declared himself Liberal, and Italy thrilled with joy in the belief that for once a Pope was a patriot. Then came the war of '48 and '49, and *il Papa* was badly scared at signs of revolution close at home. He went back on his initial promises, denounced the struggle for independence, then fled in disguise from Rome to Gaeta to the pro-

tection of the Neapolitan Ferdinand, arch-enemy of Italian freedom. Mazzini was in the running again, and at last there seemed a chance for the fulfilment of his lifelong hope. On February ninth, 1849, Rome was declared a republic, with the government in the hands of a triumvirate of which Mazzini was head."

"Oh, how I wish he could have succeeded!" said Filia. "Must right be 'for ever on the scaffold, wrong for ever on the throne?'"

"Not quite always, Signorina, but this experiment was foredoomed to failure. Pio Nono, — as they call Pius here, — from his refuge in Gaeta, intrigued successively with the Catholic powers of Europe against the anti-papal republic, with the result that in April a mixed army of Neapolitans, French, Spanish, and Austrians sat down before the walls of Rome demanding surrender and restoration for the Pope. Garibaldi with his Legionaries entered Rome on April twenty-seventh, the strangest procession, all men say, and the most heroic figure ever beheld by mortal eyes. From that day he and Mazzini were associated in the administration of affairs, and Garibaldi was made commander-in-chief of the Roman forces. Please keep in mind that this was more than ten years before his conquest of Naples.

"When you are in Rome next week, Signora, you and your daughter will drive, perhaps first of all, to

the Janiculum Hill for the view of all Rome. There you will be shown the equestrian statue of Garibaldi, standing on the very spot where some of his fiercest fights for the young republic were fought. His courage was superhuman, invincible. All Rome worshipped him as its saviour. But as I said, it was a forlorn hope which he had undertaken. After a month's siege the city capitulated. Garibaldi called his soldiers together in the square of the Vatican and bade who would follow him. 'I cannot offer you honours or pay,' he declared; 'I offer you hunger, thirst, forced marches, battle, death!' Three thousand followed him on his retreat into the mountains, but before he reached the sea, hunted like a fox through the marshes, all had fallen or fled. It is a thrilling story, heart-breaking yet glorious. Mazzini lingered for a little in Rome, courting death at the hands of the foreigners who for awe of him could not compass his taking off. Finally he returned to England, his adopted home."

"Tragic! And what about Pio Nono? Did he return at once to Rome?"

"Not for nearly a year. Then he came back to the Vatican very hard, very narrow, very determined, all his professed sympathy with Italy for ever fled. He adopted a policy wholly reactionary and surrounded himself with French soldiers and Jesuit advisers.

“His rule in the Papal States became not less oppressive and disastrous than that of the worst of Bourbon tyrants. Unrest reached an acute stage in 1860, and the Pope raised an army to quell it by force of arms. Sardinian troops marched to the rescue and prevailed against the army of Pio Nono after a campaign of eighteen days. The final issue was that the Papal States were annexed *in toto* to the Kingdom of Italy, and the Pope was left with nothing but Rome itself. From that day to this the Vatican has stood unchangeably against the cause of national unity and independence. The Pope was the one European potentate who never acknowledged the Italian state or the kingship vested in the House of Savoy.”

“And Pio Nono was the first Pope to be declared infallible!” I exclaimed.

“Yes, that happened in the summer of 1870. Two months later the Italian Government, having decided that not Turin, not Florence, must be capital, that ‘without Rome there was no Italy,’ and having exhausted all peaceable overtures to the Pope, sent troops to the walls of the city demanding submission. The Pope refused to yield it. At five-thirty in the morning of the memorable twentieth of September (Venti Settembre) the Italian troops attacked the walls of Rome at five different points, each point a city gate. At the Porta Pia — perhaps you will

care to visit it, Michelangelo drew the design for it — a breach was made, and the regiments of the line crying 'Savoy!' 'Savoy!' dashed into the city, meeting but feeble resistance from Pio Nono's French and Belgian Zouaves. The street by which the troops entered now bears the name 'Venti Settembre.' You will find a strada, a via, a corso, or a piazza of that name in every city you visit in Italy. Also frequently the use of 'Sette Settembre' — the day of Garibaldi's entry here in Naples as Dictator; everywhere streets named for Garibaldi himself, for Cavour, and Mazzini, for Vittorio Emanuele and his son Umberto Primo, for Queen Margherita, widow of Umberto (Humbert Americans say, I believe), sometimes for Carlo Alberto and the men of his generation."

"Italian streets must have been to great extent renamed in recent times," I remarked.

"They have, Signora. Their names very largely mark the awakening of the national consciousness. They tell the story of Independence."

"But the troops are only just inside the Porta Pia," cried Filia. "Please go on and tell us what happened next? What did the king's men do with the Pope?"

"They protected him, Signorina, and respected him as they have every Pope since. On that twentieth of September, when all Rome went mad with joy,

when they wept aloud as they kissed the tri-colour, knowing that the temporal power of the Papacy was at an end and that Rome at last belonged to Italy, when the air was shivered with the cries of '*Roma capitale!*' no hand or voice was lifted against the Vatican or the old despot who sat sullen and silent there."

"I think they were perfectly wonderful," said Filia solemnly.

"I think they have been forbearing at least all the way through," returned Axtalos. "The government sought to give the Leonine City, that is, Rome beyond Tiber, to the Pope for his own proper domain, but he refused it and shut himself up in the Vatican, declaring himself a political prisoner. The Prisoner-of-the-Vatican theory has been adopted by his successors also. Nevertheless, the Italian Parliament has secured to the Pope every permissible honour, emolument, and privilege, including an annual grant of three and a quarter millions francs. This no Pope ever uses."

"What becomes of it?"

"It reverts to the Crown, which is on the whole rather lucky, as the government is poor."

"Ought you not to revert to your watch, Signore?" asked Filia. "Your train leaves at eight o'clock, you told me."

We all rose. It was nearly seven and Vesuvius

was wrapping itself in violet shadows. From the direction of Posilipo a breeze began to blow, keening the water of the Bay into foam-capped waves.

We came down to the street level and took the carriage waiting there.

"I wish your lecture could go on indefinitely," I said as we drove down through the Parco Margherita; "there must be volumes left to tell."

Our instructor assented, his natural gravity by no means concealing the ardour of his enthusiastic sympathy with the story of Italy.

"The whole history is brimful of romance and of heroic personalities. Let me advise you both by all means to read the books of the Contessa Martinengo Cesaresco. Not to do so is to do yourself and Italy injustice, I assure you. There is yet much I wished to mention, but we have no time. The Signorina would be captivated by the figure of Ugo Bassi, the monk who was Garibaldi's chaplain and his inseparable friend. He used to march unarmed at the head of the battalions, holding up the crucifix. The Austrians shot him down like a dog. You will see his statue in Bologna some day, I hope. A street there bears his name."

"I heard long ago some mention of Ugo Bassi," said Filia musingly. "For years I have loved some mysterious, fugitive lines of which I only knew that

they were said to be taken from 'Ugo Bassi's Sermon.'
I wonder if I remember them still."

Slowly, recollectingly she repeated:

"The vine from every living limb bleeds wine, —
Is it the poorer for that spirit shed?
Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

We drew up before the Pensione Felice and left the carriage. Hat in hand, with serious, softened face Aztalos made his adieux. To Filia I heard him say:

"To-night I must indeed measure my life by loss instead of gain. Who knows when —"

"Dio lo sà," she broke in quickly, grown a little pale. "Addio, caro Signor Maestro!"

Late in the evening a messenger from the station brought me a last, hurried line from Aztalos. It enclosed a letter of introduction to the Contessa Cecilia Carletti in Rome. "I am proud to call her my friend," he wrote; "as a woman she is noble; as an author, gifted; as a patriot, impassioned; an Italian of Italians, though American by birth. She will talk with you of many things."

IV

CORALS AND THE IMMORTAL GODS

INEVITABLE reaction carried us next morning to the shops in the Piazza dei Martiri and the Via Calabritto. A half hour in Morabito's, with its dazzling delights of coral, lapis lazuli, turquoise, and tortoise shell, removed the last trace of the pale cast of thought with which I fancied Filia's native hue to be sicklied o'er on first arising.

"Can a maid forget her ornaments!" I sighed, and received from Filia a prompt negative.

"Not if they are in three strings and of that palest pink."

Signor Morabito found the young lady's vivacity promising, and with a winning smile brought out more white boxes with corals yet more exquisite.

"I had not thought of buying corals so quickly," I deprecated, but Filia, it appeared, had thought of nothing else. In fact she seemed to have come to Italy mainly for this purpose.

"I did not realize that you were so frivolous," I

murmured; "I supposed that a college education made a difference, that art and scenery were what you cared most for —"

"Oh, dear, no!" she cried. "Give me the shops every time. Mother, see that Etruscan bracelet! Certainly these antique designs are irresistible."

I gave up all effort to stem the tide, which in fact swept me off my feet as well, especially when we strolled into Alinari's. Then there were glovemakers in the Chiaia and all sorts of fascinations in the Via Roma. At noon we turned by chance into the lofty arcade of the Galleria Umberto Primo and found "Neapolitan specialties" of every description displayed in fresh allurements.

With enthusiasm for the local life still unabated we took our luncheon at a small table under the glass dome of the Galleria, just outside the Caffè Umberto Primo.

"Signor Axtalos did not really get to Umberto Primo," Filia remarked casually over the dessert; "he said there would be streets and things named for him. Who was he, — Vittorio Emanuele's son?"

"Yes. We called him King Humbert; you must remember hearing of him. He was assassinated in 1900, I think. His son is the present king — Vittorio Emanuele III."

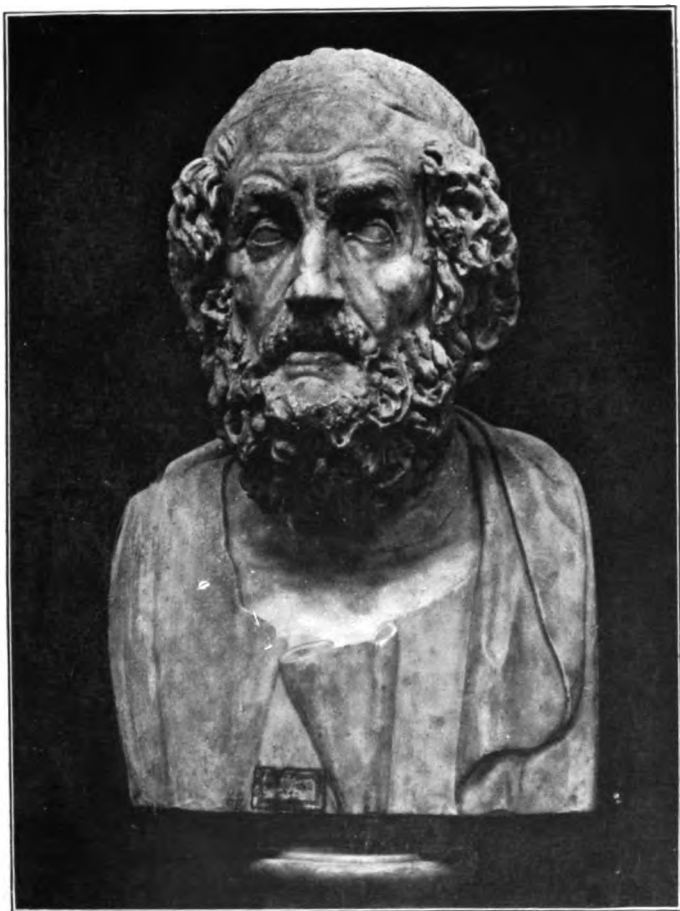
"Is that all the kings of United Italy there have been, just those three? How simple! That com-

pletes the process of my education, while I am in Naples at least. Henceforward, my gentle mother, I frivol! Give the sad-eyed cameriere, please, a princely tip, not less certainly than five cents, and make his heart glad. I can't wait another minute to dash into that fascinating book shop. I must get a Shelley. It is quite certain one cannot live in Italy without it."

An hour later we stepped from the motley enticements of the streets of Naples into the silent halls of the Museo Nazionale and yielded ourselves up to another spell and a mighty one, still and grave and full of awe. I had more than once visited the sculpture galleries of London and Paris, but nothing had prepared me for the inexhaustible treasures and trophies of the Naples Museo.

In silence we moved slowly on between the ranks and rows of praetors and proconsuls, imperators and warriors, graces and nymphs, gods and goddesses. Surely an august assembly and one to enhance for ever the sum of human values! Dignity, repose, intellectual mastery, courage, passion, victory, the immortal joy of immortals, above all beauty, and beauty the noblest, confronted us at every step. The crown and culmination I seemed to discern in the bust of Homer.

"Look at that front of Jove, Filia, that brooding, threatening gloom of the seer and singer! 'His head



BUST OF HOMER, MUSEO NAZIONALE, NAPLES.

and eyes are like unto Zeus whose joy is in the thunder!' Think of our recent raptures at Morabito's! What are corals now? "

" Only strings of paltry beads," murmured Filia humbly. " I can't think why I cared so much for them. I am coming here every day, if only for the sake of that Ganymede, and, oh, do let us stay a whole week in Naples! "

" A week is not enough," I said and turned into the Corridor of the Roman Emperors. Filia, her eyes on the page of her catalogue, was bent on making her way to the Farnese Bull. As a consequence we lost each other for twenty minutes, during which I saw no person beyond a guard or two and an army officer in resplendent uniform, with twisted, upturned moustache and excessively brilliant eyes. A moment after I came upon my daughter standing flushed with keen joy of discovery, beside a small Pompeian statue of green bronze. .

" Did you ever know anything so beautiful? " she cried. " It is the Narcissus. "

" Never," I responded with fervour, for the charm of the figure was enthralling. " But that pose, Filia, the upheld finger, and the head inclined at just that angle — "

" Yes, I suppose it runs in the Greek blood," she answered demurely. " It is il Greco in act of giving instruction, isn't it? He is rather a hyacinthine

youth, whatever that is; I shall call him Narcissus hereafter."

It was time to go. At the exit of the central portico we met the officer I had seen before. I perceived a sudden stiffening of Filia's bearing. He saluted us with exaggerated reverence, but naturally received no recognition in return.

"The gentleman wishes to marry me, I believe," said Filia nonchalantly as we came out of the building; "at least I gathered that from his remarks, but he uses this horrid Neapolitan dialect. I only understand pure Italian!"

"Pray when did he make remarks to you?" I cried indignantly. "Insolent puppy, what did he mean by it? Did he annoy you?"

"Not particularly. Signor Aztalos forewarned me; it is the regular thing. I simply ignored him. I think he has never loved before on his own showing, but it seemed a little sudden, even for a Southron!"

"I shall take care that we do not lose each other again!" I cried with some vexation.

"Oh, never mind, love," said Filia soothingly, "he is just a walking doll, a harmless puppet with real hair and a sword, wound up to say two or three neat little phrases. Dolls of that kind take it for granted that every girl who looks at them must lose her heart, and a kind word is, you see, required by a sense of courtesy to the admiring forestiera. I routed



FARNESE BULL, MUSEO NAZIONALE, NAPLES.

him easily with one look, and you should have seen him in full retreat before me. A perfect Latin race!"

"Good for you! Do you fancy, Filia, that there really are American girls who encourage these officers to make such advances? It seems incredible."

"I am sure it would have been in your generation, when every one's chief delight was to do the thing she ought, but I fear it is not quite incredible nowadays."

There are two Italian words which are inevitably adopted by Americans who come in contact with them, because they express shades of meaning for which English words fail us. These are *simpatica* and *antipatica*. I have discovered that travellers in Italy may be divided into the class to which Naples is antipatica and that to which it is simpatica. We belonged in the second class, but I cannot be sure how much was due in our case to the fact that for us the first revelation of Italy, with all the indescribable sensuous charm of the South, was given us there. In the very first awakening in Naples a new heaven and a new earth dawned upon us; we were in a Never Never Land of Wonder, amid loveliness in which self and sense relax and dissolve. All the strangeness, the glamour, the enchantment of it, smote upon us with unbroken force. Had we taken Italy gradually, from the Alps down, we might have

found Naples like the rest, only a little more so, might have found things to disapprove and condemn. But one is not concerned for the street-cleaning and municipal government of Fairyland!

We were taken wholly off our guard by the curious child Shape of Happiness which called upon us to stand and surrender at this portal of Italy. We had expected to be interested, to be instructed, to be charmed in the country of Long Desire, but this wholly irresistible Happiness we had not conceived of. But "Happiness had found us out, found us out at last;" intellect went to sleep, was not called for; care spread its wings and flitted away like an owl from the sun. And so we loved Naples and dared to confess it even to the superior travellers of whom we met a plenty who looked upon us with disfavour on that account, and said coldly that it was too dirty for them, and did we like the noise and the smells? Yes, we thought the noise joyous and we only smelt roses and orange blossoms! The next question would be, But what do you find to do? the "sightseer's" duty being plainly to be up and doing. With a guilty knowledge of hours upon hours spent in our balcony hanging between sea and sky, doing nothing but *be in Naples* and listen to the sadly prophetic yet bewitching strains of "Addio a Napoli" from wandering singers in the street below, we would hasten to insist upon the acknowledged merits of the



GANYMEDE AND THE EAGLE, MUSEO NAZIONALE, NAPLES.

Museo. But what was the Museo to the collections we would find in Rome? This suggestion always made Filia and me tremble inwardly, for how could we bear a greater weight of glory? We were coming to dread Rome in a most cowardly fashion, knowing full well that we should have to use our brains again when we faced its walls. Sliding with little emphasis over the shops (the charm of which I must here confess had again reasserted itself), lest we should be thought too frivolous, we would advance the delights of our daily drives to the Mergellina and Posilipo, to Pozzuoli, to the Vomero and Capodimonte. This was usually met by the disapproving exclamation, "But have you not been to Pompeii yet?" To this we always said hurriedly that we were going to-morrow, but to-morrow after to-morrow went by, and still we went not. We instinctively shunned so strenuous an excursion and yet, as I told Filia, I should never dare to face Cousin Lucretia if I had not seen Pompeii; it was the one sacrifice I felt I must make to her faith in me.

Accordingly, on our tenth Neapolitan day, we placed ourselves in the hands of a competent Delineator and explored Pompeii's weird and haggard ruins. I am afraid we were not very keen on the archæology but the scenic effects and the intimate human suggestiveness were most interesting. There lay the little city, scarred and deserted, the ashes

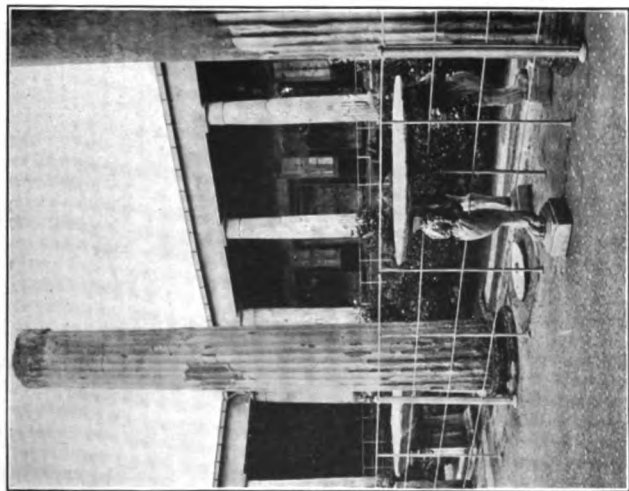
of the homes of men, with *la Vesuve*, stern and secret, rising up behind it, overlooking the havoc it had wrought without relenting. The sky was purest blue, the ruins gray, with here and there the relief of pinks and yellows in the ancient frescoes; just beyond rose a file of stone pine-trees, like sentinels overlooking the desolation of a fought-out field of battle. The silence was profound and yet to me it was strangely soulless, and the impression left deepest upon my mind was of a piercing and sinister mockery. I was glad at last to get away from those gaudy futilities of domestic decoration flung like a dead beggar's rags against that pitiless majesty of Vesuvius.

The following morning I was ill. An American physician, one of our fellow pensioners, came at Filia's request to see me.

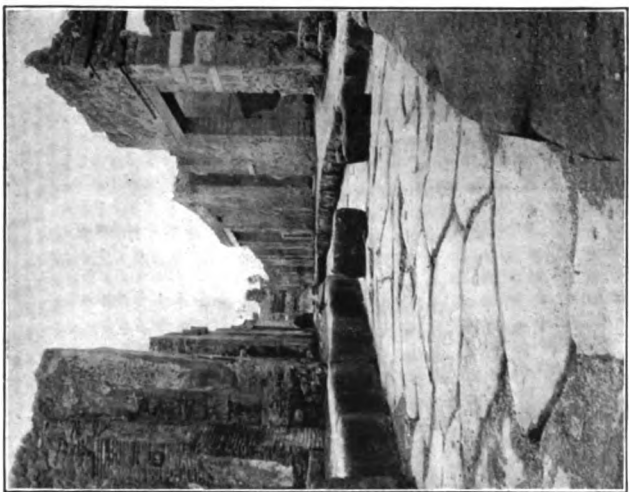
"You are staying in Naples too long," he said; "also Pompeii is an overbearing spectre to certain temperaments. Go over to Capri on the boat this afternoon. Get the lava dust blown out of your system."

Accordingly we sailed at four for Capri, expecting to arrive before sunset and look about us for a suitable hotel or pensione. The guide-books gave so many, it must be simple. Simple, alas, was what it proved not to be, for that night at Capri gave us our first approach to an adventure.

The sun set while we were making the landing at



HOUSE OF THE VETTI, POMPEII.



STREET IN POMPEII.

22

Sorrento, and instantly, without gradation of twilight, darkness fell. It was an hour later when we reached Capri, and, the evening being cloudy, the darkness was as midnight. A few twinkling lights were scattered at cheerless intervals in the clefts of a desolate, precipitous headland looming before us frowning and formidable!—was this Capri? We had seen the island basking in the sun from the deck of the *Illustrissima Principessa* and from our Naples balcony; it had seemed a Happy Isle, a jewelled casket of delight to us in the distance; we had asked no questions as to ways and means, had fancied it a land where it was always afternoon! We figured ourselves stepping lightly from the steamer to the landing and from that into the immediate hospitalities of some obvious and cordial pensione, as we had done at Naples.

Peering now through the gloom I could see nothing on the shore resembling a town, but only those small ineffectual lamps whose beams were thrown not far and gave no sign of promise. For the first time since we had been in Italy I felt intimidated, shaken in my cheerful confidence in my star.

“Filia,” I said, with a little uncontrollable quiver in my voice, “do you realize that we know nothing about Capri? Is it a continent, or a grotto, or a town, or a cliff? And where are we going? Do get

out the Baedeker and hunt up an address. We really have been most heedless."

Filia opened the Study in Scarlet, fumbled over the leaves under a very flickering cabin lamp and read here and there.

" 'The Blue Grotto is first visited . . . the island yields fruit, oil and excellent wines . . . the indigenous flora . . . ' "

" For pity's sake, my child, go on to the hotels! "

" Dearest, I am trying my best. This print is so mealy and small. . . . Here it is: 'the capital of the island lies on the saddle! ' "

" Fancy its having a capital, and on a saddle! I supposed it was all just — Capri," and I laughed nervously at the absurdity of my vagueness.

" Now I've got it! " exclaimed Filia with fresh confidence; " 'Hidigeigei, good and moderate; German beer,' no, that is only a caffè; 'the best hotels are open to criticism; advisable to secure rooms beforehand.' "

" Oh, Filia! " I very nearly wailed. " And do you see what we have to land in? Look at those tiny rowboats they are lowering the passengers into. If I had dreamed of that I should never have come. "

Filia had closed the Baedeker with decision and now pulled from her pocket a small address-book.

" What a stupid I am, " she remarked cheerfully.

" I have a splendid address for Capri right here and

forgot it. Benny Bacon gave it to me just before we left home. The Bacons have stayed there weeks together, and he said it was the jolliest place in all Italy and we must be sure not to fail of going there."

This was certainly promising.

"Yes, here it is: 'Villa Cercola, Mrs. N——. Best ever. Benny B.' Now we're all right you see, for we know just where we're going."

This reassuring prospect steadied me as we were rowed across the stretch of inky water towards a narrow and rickety dock. Next to Filia in the small boat sat a stout Italian woman whom I had observed during the journey across the bay as prosperous and sensible looking. I suggested now to Filia to inquire of her concerning the Villa Cercola.

After a brief conversation in Italian Filia gave me the good news that the Villa Cercola was only ten minutes distant from — exactly what she did not know, but it sounded hopeful, and it was close beside the woman's own house; if we followed her she would take us directly there. Buoyed up by this promise, we scrambled up to the landing stage, and entered a dilapidated cabriolet. Our friend took another and we followed her up and up through ever deepening darkness, whither we had no notion. Whether we were bound for the saddle or the stirrup we formed no idea; whether Capri was before us or behind nothing indicated, but to that blessed dic-

tum that the Villa Cercola was but ten minutes from somewhere and the "best ever" we held hard.

I had consulted my watch by an oil lamp on the dock, and it was precisely half an hour after landing when we drew up in a dim village market-place, all the houses of which appeared closed for the night. Still we made no doubt that we were now in the saddle and that some house of these around about must be our haven, for this was Capri, the "capital" of Capri the island.

As we alighted, our Italian woman, who seemed closely occupied now with her own affairs, bade Filia hire a *facchino*. A picturesque, bearded fellow, whose costume was of something the simplest, placed our suit-case on his head without a word and strode across the square to a narrow alley leading into mysterious recesses. Once more darkness swallowed us up. We felt beneath our feet a rugged, stony path, and it led upward and ever upward; more than this we could not discover. Our companion had grown taciturn and seemed to have lost interest in us. But after we had stumbled on in growing anxiety for ten minutes or more we saw light from a lantern hung out on a massive wall; beneath the lantern was a small door.

"Oh, this then is the Villa Cercola!" we both exclaimed, I in English, Filia in Italian.

"No, no, no," replied the woman curtly; "this is

where I live. The villa is still some distance on. Buona notte!"

With this the door closed upon her and we stood staring at it, making a dramatic tableau of the Foolish Virgins and realizing our foolishness with beating hearts. At least, I thought, Filia shall not imagine how frightened I am; that she was even more frightened I did not discover through the careless confidence which she now assumed.

"BRIGANDS AND THE BLACK HAND"

These words, the title of a chapter in a book on Italy which had once fallen into my hands, throbbed in my ears. My imagination, which had been lying under a delicious spell these many weeks, now started into diabolical activity. That woman was plainly an Emissary, the facchino a Villain of deepest dye. We were being lured on to some mountain Cavern, whether to be simply robbed or to be held for ransom I was not quite sure.

"Courage, there's a light!" cried Filia. Yes, there was a light and below it a gate and a large, legible legend: "Hotel Slossen."

"Don't you think we would better give up the Villa Cercola, mother, and try this?" asked Filia tentatively.

"If we only knew what kind of a hotel it is," I

murmured, breathless, agitated. What if it were the Cavern in question?

"You would better keep on, Signora, to Villa Cercola. This house is not suited."

The words were spoken in broken English close to my ear. Startled, I turned quickly and saw a man's figure looming large. I drew back in fresh alarm.

"How much farther is it?"


The sharpness of piercing anxiety made my voice strange to my own ears.

"Ten minutes," said the Voice.

Always ten minutes! And ten minutes always half an hour! And was the Voice that of Second Murderer, the mute facchino being First? I paused to consider, but Filia was hurrying forward, her eye on the suit-case, and, with footsteps which faltered painfully and knees which shook, I followed, the Voice keeping ever at my side. Suddenly we turned a corner between high walls, and two things of a cheering nature happened: Voice or Second Murderer, to my unspeakable relief, plunged into a side passage and disappeared — doubtless to milk his peaceful capri, poor, well-meaning man! — and a light, the third since leaving the market-place, shone out far beyond and far above us, shone out at the summit of a ragged series of stone stairs.

V

BALCONY DAYS

“CCO!” cried First Murderer and pointed up the steep. “*La e la Villa Cercola!*” Instantly his personality changed in our eyes to that of the ordinary porter doing his humble duty faithfully.

“But how ever can you climb those cruel stairs!” This time it was Filia’s voice that trembled, but not for herself.

“Never fear for me. We are getting on finely,” I declared valiantly. “*Va bene, va bene, carissima.*” This for the satisfaction of the *facchino*, who was growing anxious as to our powers of endurance.

“But you were so ill this morning. If only I could carry you up!”

“You can’t, and luckily I can walk. Now, — forward! Slow and steady will do it, and when once we’re there how we shall rest!”

In a few minutes we stood, weary, dusty wayfarers, at the door of the Villa Cercola, rang the bell and entered a charming drawing-room. Well feed,

our facchino departed, and we dropped each into a cushioned chair and looked about us with a delicious sense of "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" This first sensation, rapturous fairly after the prolonged strain and stress of our search, was succeeded by a curious misgiving. Was there some mistake? The trim, white-capped maid had had a certain air of surprise when we entered the room as one enters a hotel. This room in which we sat bore every mark of the delightful privacies of home; there were books in endless profusion; lovely sketches in water-colour covered the walls; there was a dainty work-basket on the table under the softly shaded lamp; there was — our landlady at last!

A stately woman in dinner gown of black silk and lace swept into the room, and with a cool perplexity of politeness bade us a formal good evening. An Englishwoman beyond a doubt. Was this Mrs. N —? It was. This was the Villa Cercola surely, a pensione recommended by an American youth named Benny Bacon?

The lady's manner relaxed slightly. Yes, that young gentleman had once been her guest. I expressed the trembling hope that I too might be so fortunate. Mrs. N — smiled not unkindly, but that would be quite impossible. Her house was small, exclusive, and just then quite full. She never entertained transient travellers, only those who wrote to

her in advance and brought introduction from friends of her own. Hers was not a pensione in the ordinary sense. We had not written; we were not expected; we could not be received.

All this time she stood inflexibly, and we, taking our cue of necessity, stood also. But now, brought quite to bay, faintness overtook me and I sank down on a sofa. Then came Filia to the rescue, clear-eyed and dauntless. Rapidly she made explanation of all the circumstances, my illness, our sudden departure from Naples by the doctor's orders.

"I can sit on the doorstep, Mrs. N——, all night perfectly well, you know," she concluded with spirit; "but I think you will really have to give my mother shelter for the night. She is exhausted. We will go on in the morning."

Passion and pathos mingled in Filia's plea, but swiftly another element entered, — her sense of the ridiculous, — and to the surprise of all of us she burst into a long irrepressible peal of laughter.

"To think of my mother having to beg a night's lodging!" she cried. "Oh, Benny Bacon, won't I make you pay for this! Why did you never say we must write in advance?"

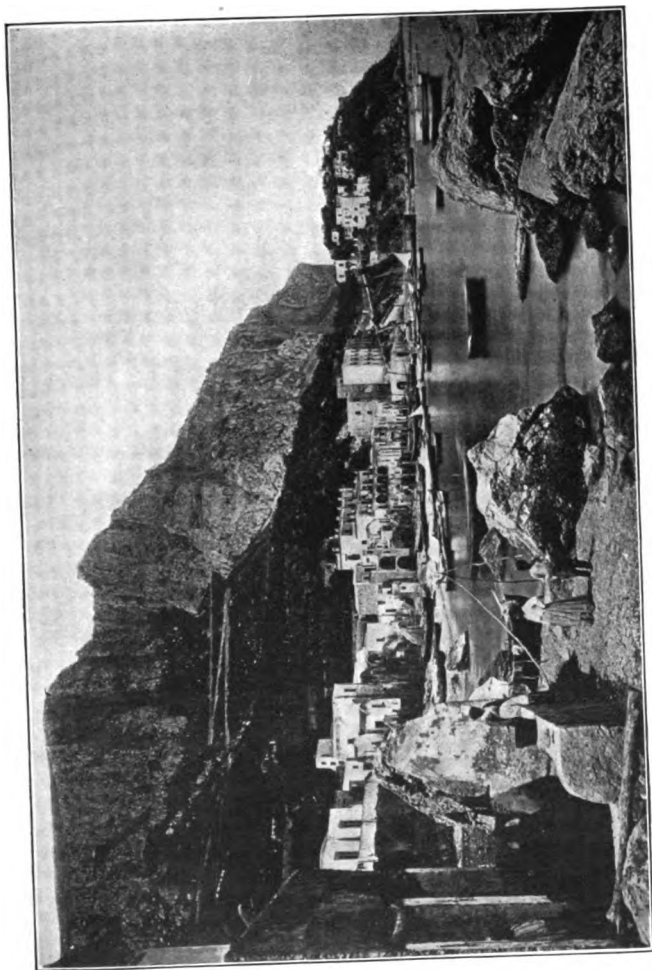
Mrs. N—— is farthest from being a hard-hearted woman, but it was Filia's sense of the humour of the situation rather than my sense of its pathos, which proved convincing and demolished her fortifications

of custom and caution. She touched a bell, remarking that really she must see what could be done. In a moment the maid brought coffee, which I took in silence, not without salty admixture, being reduced to utter weakness. Meanwhile Mrs. N—— was cordially proposing "the studio" to my intrepid Filia, for the night, if we thought we could possibly put up with such improvised accomodation; there was not a bedroom free in the house.

We thought it possible! A little later, having partaken of what seemed to us celestial fare in our famished condition, we were taken to the studio, and found it large and lofty as a chapel and luxurious to a degree with sundry big divans. I have never been able to recall clearly the incidents of that evening, but in the morning we both awoke renewed in vigour, much inclined to laugh over our perils of the preceding night.

" Colours seen by candle light
Do not look the same by day."

We came down to breakfast on the terrace of an exquisite garden in view of marvellous cliffs and a turquoise sea, from which the salt wind blew pure and sweet. Mrs. N—— welcomed us as if we had been old friends. What is better, we soon were. Begun in gloom and dread, our sojourn in Capri was transformed in the hours of that May morning to an ex-



CAPRI.

perience of incomparable delight. To return to the sweet and peaceful companionship and atmosphere of Villa Cercola and there abide has become the dream within the dream.

If I do not describe the island, the Blue Grotto, the "Timberio," the vineyards, the cliffs, the sea, the drive to Anacapri, it is because the guide-book will enumerate them, and their beauty no one can ever know until his day of visitation comes.

And I must save some space for Sorrento and the Salernian Gulf!

From Capri we took an early morning steamer. We were bound for Sorrento, and yet we quietly remained on the boat when she made the Sorrento landing, and were carried on to Castellamare. We chose to approach by land, by the far-famed road above the bay to traverse those matchless ten miles between Castellamare and Sorrento, matchless that is until one drives on to Amalfi and on thence again to Vietri.

This drive was our first long land excursion and a revelation of incredible beauty, the road winding between groves of olive and lemon and orange orchards with recurring glimpses of the sea in its purity of ultra and aquamarine hues. As we approached Meta and the vast and noble Piano (floor or plateau) of Sorrento stretched before us, its rich verdure cut here and there by the austerities of cliff and

mountain pass, we ceased to speak for joy and wonder.

One's faculty of admiration cannot be kept up at concert pitch for ever; the descent to a cool and comfortable hotel with the ordinary surroundings of domesticity came at last as a relief. "Troppo ricco! troppo bello!" I learned to say in my staccato and unarticulated Italian. There is a beauty which is more than can be borne.

I know of but one English writer who has been gifted to put into words the spirit of this enchanted shore. John Addington Symonds has written:¹

"Farewell to Capri, welcome to Sorrento! The roads are sweet with scent of acacia and orange flowers. When you walk in a garden at night, the white specks beneath your feet are fallen petals of lemon blossoms. Over the walls hang cataracts of roses, honey-pale clusters of the Banksia rose, and pink bushes of the china rose, growing as we never see them grow with us. The gray rocks wave with gladiolus — feathers of crimson, set amid tufts of rosemary and myrtle and tree-spurge. In the clefts of sandstone and behind the orchard walls sleeps a dark green night of foliage, in the midst of which gleam globed orange and lemons dropping like great pearls of palest amber dew. . . . Overhead soar stone-pines — a roof of sombre green, a lattice-

¹"Sketches in Italy," I.

work of strong red branches through which the moon peers wonderfully."

The hotels of Sorrento are peculiarly attractive, by reason of their cliff gardens, their unfailing prospect over the Bay of Naples, their air of quiet comfort and of refined, unostentatious luxury. We chose the Cocumella rather by chance, and found it somewhat old and shabby as to furniture and decorations, but immeasurably delightful in its garden. A balcony from our bedroom hanging out into the tree-tops of an orange orchard, a balcony where in the morning we could have our Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough, the Flask of Wine, the Book of Verse — and Thou, made us exult in our choice.

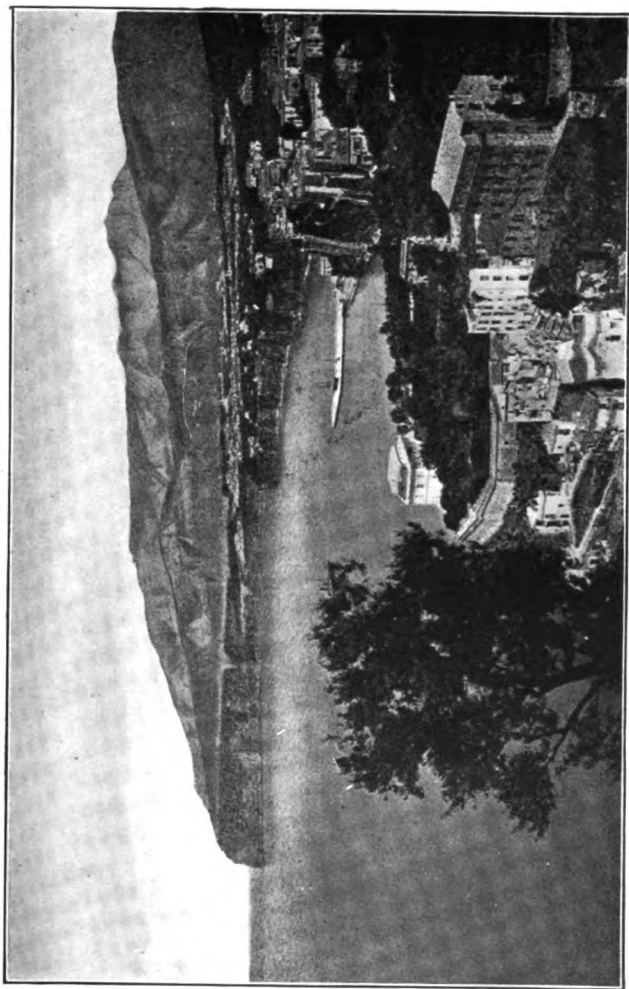
So in the Cocumella we lingered as long as we might, and here I began the Italian journal, to write which I had heretofore been too indolent. It is an intermittent, a familiar record, and a fragmentary, but it has the advantage of absolute freshness of impression, undiluted by after thought, and for this reason I turn to it now for the story of this one May week.

SORRENTO, May 12, 8 A.M.

In a Balcony.

We are waiting for our locusts and wild honey, ambrosia and nectar — whatever one has for breakfast in Paradise. We are waiting somewhat lux-

uriously in negligée and are enjoying our freedom and privacy in high degree. Also the tessellated pavement of this balcony, in blue and white and yellow, satisfies me particularly; the massive white marble balustrade thrown out against the background of glossy leaves yonder gives me a curious pleasure. The fragrance of the lemon and orange blossoms in this morning freshness is peculiarly delicious. Above the tree-tops we see the blue, blue bay and still farther the tinted town just showing through the morning mists like a string of jewels. I love Naples still — is it a week since we left it? — but I did not divine Italy even in Naples. I am afraid I have lost my head entirely with the beauty of Capri and Sorrento. Do people ever go beauty-mad here? I wonder. Gladly I would give up all our scheme of travel and spend three months here in bliss in Sorrento. I never dreamed that we were coming into such another world, this bewildering yet ordered wilderness of flowers and palms, of pomegranate, fig, aloe and acacia, of tropical luxuriance and odours most precious, of sternness and softness, of mountain, sea and sky! Why did no one forewarn me of what it would mean to strike into Southern Italy in May, into this lavishness of natural beauty with the suggestions of art and the whole human story as far back as Ulysses superadded? But at this moment such suggestions are superfluous, for just now —



SORRENTO.

“ the tall rock,
The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms are to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That have no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrow'd from the eye.”

My Wordsworth was interrupted by the breakfast tray. Even Italian coffee is a joy when tasted on this balcony. But I return to my reflections.

The spell of Italy! In what does it consist? Thus far, in Southern Italy the appeal is to the Senses and the Imagination, and it is overpowering. In Rome I know full well the appeal will be to the Intellect through antiquity and the historic sense, and in my present relaxed mood I shrink from the hard work it must mean to do one's duty by it. When we reach the Hill Towns, Siena, Perugia, Assisi, we shall feel most, no doubt, the power of the Religious Sense and the love of primitive, dawning Religious Art. In Florence we shall find Art at its top and height of perfection, and I suppose it will be as mad-deningly beautiful — perhaps — as Nature! In Venice I shall escape too strong emotions. The supreme appeal there must be to the Spectacular Sense. I can bear that calmly I am sure. When we reach the Lake Region we shall have completed the cycle of experience and the appeal will be somewhat, as here

in Sorrento, to the love of nature, to the senses and the poetic instinct.

(This chemical analysis of the Spell of Italy was borne out by later experience. The appeal to the senses, however, in the Lake Region is a graver one, with less of intoxication and more of sentiment, than the appeal of Southern Italy.)

IN A BALCONY, SORRENTO,
Evening, May 14.

We have explored the town, which is rightly called *La Gentile*, being gently pretty but uninteresting. People buy laces there, also carved wood, and we met stirring American women purchasing to themselves garments of the silk of Sorrento. I suppose we shall come to dress-making if we are in Italy long enough; just now it seems an impertinence.

There is a statue of Tasso in the Piazza, and we found our way to the Strada San Nicola and the house where Cornelia Tasso received her ill-starred but adored brother when he fled in 1577 from Ferrara in disguise. Was ever a more piteous story than that of this highly endowed but self-torturing misanthrope and the baffling mystery of his relation with Leonora d'Este? Thoughts of Goethe seemed to haunt me all the morning, for I know he must have wandered through these steep streets and lingered on these cliffs of Sorrento brooding over Tasso's



TASSO BEFORE LENORA D'ESTE, BY KAULBACH.

passionate conflicts with the repression of a narrow provincial court and an untold love for its mistress. I have always thought that Kaulbach, in his Tasso before Leonora d'Este, drew Goethe's physical portrait; I suppose no one doubts that in his Tasso Goethe drew his own spiritual portrait.

There is little of actual suggestion of the Age of Augustus here in Sorrento, and yet I find as I am here longer a sense of antiquity creeping in, becoming more and more haunting; perhaps it is preparing us for Rome. Always about us are memories and whispers of the Homeric age, and of civilizations ancient, august, universal, such as make the oldest memorials and traditions of Northern Europe seem meagre and modern, while those of our own country are things of yesterday, raw and crude, stamped with the imprint of the local, the provincial, the transient.

I realize that on these shores of Capri, of Naples, of the ancient Surrentum, have lived for ages upon ages men and women of high intellectual endowment and developed æsthetic sense, upon whom no scintilla of the glory and the gleam of sky and sea, no fragrance of orange blossom or mist of the olive, no curve or line of beauty, no tint of shell or rose, no touch of poetry or romance, was ever lost. Not only has all this beauty existed from everlasting, but the habit and power by which to interpret it have also

been here from everlasting. The grandeur of the mountains, the luxuriance of the valleys, have expressed themselves in human character and action throughout the centuries. Perfection and the passion for perfection are here, race-old. So we feel ourselves surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, imposing, thrilling, subduing.

And we are not minded yet to accumulate knick-knacks of painted wood and gowns of silk. I am keenly impressed with the conviction that the Italian journey should result in something more than a little accumulation of trinkets and post cards. Still, I shall no doubt continue to buy the post cards as I go, and dear Filia, in her innocent savagery, will continue to adorn herself with beads.

AMALFI, CAPPUCINI-MARINA,

Evening, May 15.

We left Sorrento early in the afternoon, our luggage with us, in a comfortable two-horse carriage in charge of a trusty driver; every arrangement was made for our comfort and convenience by our obliging and intelligent maître d'hôtel.

We have driven for three hours through the most glorious scenery I am satisfied this earth affords, and the expedition has cost ten lire! Why do people at home spend hundreds of dollars to see that which is by comparison naught?

At first we drove inland, crossing the Peninsula of Sorrento until at Positano the road curved around precipices rising perpendicularly above the sea. And there out in the blue water lay three small, rugged, rocky islands, the Galli, so the driver said, but we knew them for the Isles of the Sirens and bade him stop. I reminded Filia then of her Homer and how "the good ship of renowned Odysseus quickly came to the island of the Sirens twain, for a gentle breeze sped her on her way; how straightway the wind ceased, and lo, there was a windless calm, and some god lulled the waves; how then Odysseus anointed with wax the ears of all his men and how in the ship they bound him hand and foot upright to the mast-head while they themselves smote the gray sea water with their oars."

"How fine of you to remember it," said Filia. "Can't you tell more? It gives me a delicious little shiver to think we dare look at the very spot."

"I remember that the Sirens espied the swift ship speeding toward them and raised their clear-toned song: 'Hither, come hither, renowned Odysseus, here stay thy barque and listen, for none hath ever driven by this way in his black ship, till he hath heard from our lips the voice sweet as honeycomb and hath had joy thereof and gone on his way the wiser.'"

"Oh, it was then," Filia exclaimed, "that he said

'Unhand me, gentlemen!' or was that Hamlet? Words to that effect anyway, and his men were wiser than he and only tightened his cords. I have read my Homer too, if you please."

"Hoffentlich! It may have been almost on the very site of Positano that the ancient Sanctuary of the Sirens stood. Filia, we are without doubt in a region of enchantment. Somewhere about is the Land of the Lotus-Eaters. Do you know I fear I have already tasted the fruit of the lotus and shall choose here to abide, forgetful of the homeward way?"

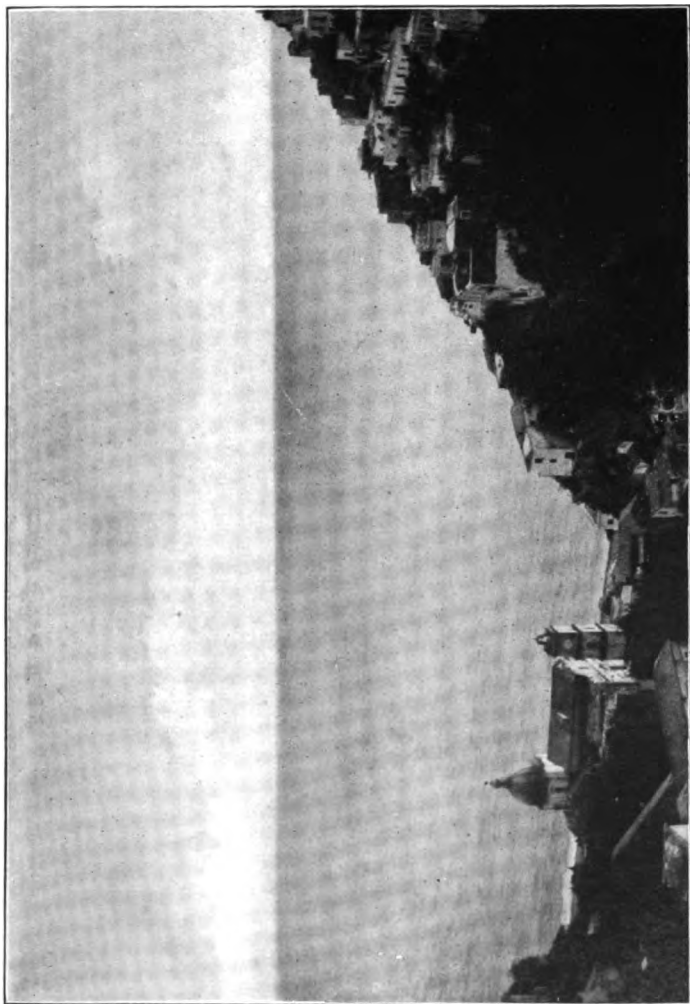
"Avanti!"

Filia gave the order with firm emphasis and a smile aside at me.

"We will order ropes and wax for you as soon as we get to the hotel in Amalfi," she added.

We laughed at ourselves, but the spell was laid before ever I saw the Isles of the Sirens, and remains, to be "felt in the blood and felt along the heart." I must find Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters" somewhere soon and read it again, for I dimly understand it now; heretofore it has always seemed to my New England intelligence fantastic and slightly reprehensible. What provincials we are at best! But I never knew how provincial until now.

And so we came toward Amalfi!



POSITANO.

VI

RAVELLO

AMALFI, May 16.

LAST night we saw Amalfi steeped in moonlight and echoed Symonds's comment that it is "difficult not to be rhapsodical" on a May night in Amalfi when stars "stand on all the peaks and twinkle down the craggy sides," when the "mountains, with light-irradiated chasms and hard shadows cast upon the rock by the moon soar up above a city built of alabaster, or sea-foam or summer clouds." I reminded Filia how many times in Devonshire we were told that that dear and homely little nest of Clovelly was like Amalfi. Even so a parish church may be like Cologne Cathedral. The motif is perhaps the same; both are Gothic. Amalfi is built, like Clovelly, on its own shoulders, but every cliff village on our way here was so also of necessity. On the whole, I repudiate the likeness, while I still love to let my thoughts nestle in Clovelly. I could be content to stay there longer than in Amalfi, where no thought of mine could

ever "nestle." The place seems to me wholly Oriental, Moorish, yes, if I say utter truth, semi-barbaric, and a spectacle, a piece of scene-painting.

Let me sketch what I see now as I sit at ten in the morning in my balcony.

Some explanation seems required by the circumstance that we are not up above Amalfi in the far-famed Capuchin Convent. We have, in fact, flown straight in the face of every tradition of the American traveller by not going to that old hostelry, with its far-famed pergola, in which on every post card sent home the typical monk, never flitting still is sitting, still is sitting. Sometimes the monk is young and something of a winner; usually he has a white beard of the Saint Jerome variety and appears to be suffering with *Welt-schmerz*; but always he sits at that one corner of the pergola. It is remarkable how long he sustains his appeal to one's imagination, but after the thirtieth or fortieth reproduction I find the reponsive chord fails to thrill. I realize that the monk is — not a lay brother, but a lay figure! So, the charm of the Capuchin hostelry, *sopra*, having lost a little of its force, and four hundred stone steps seeming something of an impediment, we stopped at this Capuchin hostelry, *sotto*, just over the edge of Amalfi's bay. It is over the lucid, sun-lit waves of that water that this balcony hangs; gay little sail-boats are gliding over them, and on the yel-

low sands Caliban-shaped fishermen are stretching their long brown nets. Abruptly from the Marina rise the tall house-fronts, piled above each other on every point of vantage afforded by the steep cliff; they show strange, tortuous connecting galleries, crumpled red roofs, open belfries of soft pink stucco, and, like a huge pistil in the centre of a gorgeous exotic blossom, the Cathedral tower, glittering in green and yellow mosaic. This note of the Byzantine rule in Italy, the first I have observed, has a strange effect, — the Oriental hardness of colour laid over this Italian softness.

Since I have taken my place here there has appeared, passing down the long flight of stairs from the Cathedral and turning to the left along the Marina, a procession of extraordinary and vivid picturesqueness. That it was a misericordia, or funeral procession, appeared, to solemnize no one, and to us it bore the aspect of a brilliant carnival scene. A confraternity of barefooted Franciscan friars in brown was followed by a guild of men of Amalfi in white linen caftans and long white linen cassocks or smocks, over which were worn deep capes and sashes of delicate blue. After these a company in the same white linen, with caps and sashes of soft rose colour; next emerald green, then black with the white, following which came the catafalque carried aloft, preceded by a considerable escort of priests in

black and crimson silk vestments. Just before the priests walked strange masked figures clothed from head to foot in white, with slits cut in the masks for the eyes. Beside the coffin walked a number of nuns in deep blue costume, with the enormous, stiffly starched white caps of their order. They appeared to have the office of supporting the mourners, who, however, bore themselves with as much *sang froid* as the rest. They were young women, wearing long white embroidered veils thrown over their heads, falling on all sides nearly to the ground. On the whole a very cheerful funeral, we thought, as we watched this rainbow *vivante* moving along the Marina and winding up the steep street, the dazzling cream-white façades of the houses throwing every gradation of colour into high relief.

RAVELLO, PENSIONE PALUMBO, May 17.

We left Amalfi yesterday after dinner, which, by the way, was an event to be recorded. There was red mullet, fresh caught from those clear green waters, and served with an incomparable sauce piquante; there was quail with most delicate *petits pois*; and there was a soufflé which will shine far through the memory. The interesting exercise of appreciation over, we were again, as at Sorrento, stowed, with our luggage, into a carriage and bidden

multifarious farewell at the inn door to the clink of much small coin. The bronze-faced, bandit-like coachman made a picture with a gay silk handkerchief knotted around his muscular throat. We started off in a style rather noisy for my taste, driving up and away from Amalfi with boisterous cries of "Aie! Aie!" and crackings of the long whip-lash which seemed to threaten our heads much more than the head of the dejected horse.

We were bound for Ravello, a cluster of mysterious ruins topping the spur of Monte Cerreto above Amalfi and Atrani. Fortunately no one asked us, "What go ye out for to see?" for we should hardly have known how to answer. Our reading had given us no clear-cut impression of Ravello; our hearing had been a confusion of despairing adjectives and exclamation points, ending with the emphatic summary, "Oh you *must* go there!" with which was always mingled some mention of Madame Palumbo.

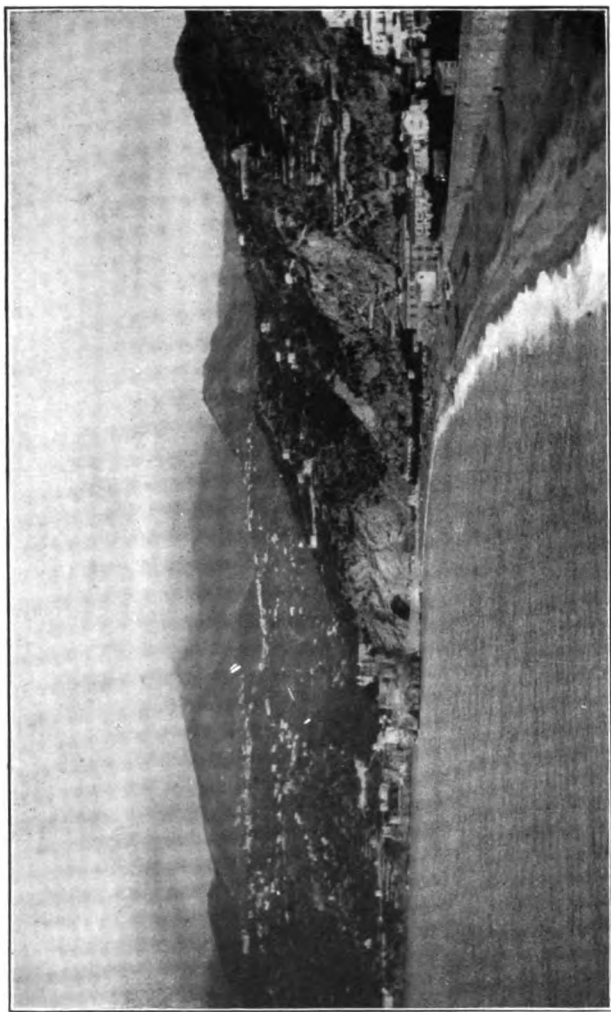
But both hearing and reading of Ravello had been but scanty, and we were led to believe that Ravello and Madame Palumbo were a cult, a species of esoteric mystery into which only the few elect were privileged to enter. Our curiosity was piqued, and when Ravello was but a mile above us in a straight line, we proposed to beat at its gates for admission. And Madame Palumbo? That talismanic name it

appeared belonged to a pensione. It must then be accessible, for a consideration.

Ravello in a straight line, as the bird wings and sings, may be but a mile, but as the dejected Amalfi horse, urged on by his picturesque piratical master, crawled upward, it appeared not less than seven. An hour and a half of unsteady pulling in a steady, unrelenting sun up the side of the desolate valley of the Dragone, with the tawny ruins of Ravello toppling just above our heads, — but, as it seemed ever more receding as we advanced, — had interesting features, but it was also something of an endurance test. But at last we saw by a sudden influx of spirit in our bandit driver that the goal must be near. Again the air resounded with shouts of “Aie! Aie!” again the whip-lash cracked over our heads, the poor exhausted horse was goaded on to one last spurt of energy, and we rattled into a small, shaded Piazza, over which brooded in silence a crumbling Romanesque Cathedral. On the other side rose a curious range of low, half-fallen, stone house fronts, one of which bore the sign “Posta-Telegrafi.”

“R-r-ravell-l-lo!” shouted the bandit, with the inimitable Italian roll of the *r* and liquid lingering on the double *l* which turns the word to music.

The first ordeal of initiation then was over! We alighted, dismissed the bandit with a sense of relief



RAVELLO, FROM THE SHORE OF THE GULF OF SALERNO.

and a regalo and looked around us. Lo, a man with a sign on his cap-band, — "Hotel Pension Polumbo!" Into his hands we gladly entrusted our belongings and followed him — up a stretch of steep, rocky, roughly paved cliff side between high walls, overgrown with stone crop and ivy, with here and there a tuft of vivid poppies, blooming in a cranny.

It was as bewildering as Amalfi in its irrelevant, unrelated glimpses into side passages, deep archways and down narrow lanes between pastel-coloured house fronts. But it was all over in five minutes; for now, on a long, low stretch of pink plaster wall, embowered in clambering tea roses, we read the sign "Palumbo."

In a moment we had entered a cool, shaded, and tiled court of the former Bishop's Palace. Vast, pear-shaped jars of water stood about, and flowers bloomed on every side mingled with tubs of dark, glossy-leaved laurel and euonymus. A gentlewoman whose refined face seemed to possess a decidedly English cast, whose gray hair was smoothly parted, and whose trim figure was set off by a neat little apron, stepped forward to meet us. Madame Palumbo without doubt, for the manner of repose and quiet dignity told unmistakably that we were in the presence of a personage.

This time we were expected and need not fear to find closed doors indicated by that restrained gravity

of Madame's manner. She led us from the court on which the various kitchens, offices, salons, and pantries open, into a suite of vast, dim rooms, as cool as marble halls. Strange to us then was their altogether English air. We had been in them in Surrey, — in Kent, — with their massive furniture, their lofty walls and cretonne hangings, their great toilet equipages, their cosy fire places, their Venetian blinds through which only a ray of sun could filter. Yes, Madame has brought English comfort to this far off, intolerantly wild desolation of Monte Cerreto.

RAVELLO, PENSIONE PALUMBO, May 18.

Filia has announced that she will never marry any man who will not bring her here for the wedding journey. The situation is beautiful beyond description, a combination of sternness in the ensemble with luxuriant softness in the detail which surpasses even Capri and Sorrento.

Our casement windows on the east open upon a great paved terrace overhanging the Gulf of Salerno and full-fronting the austere and jagged peak of Monte Fenestra. The terrace rail is embowered in a wealth of Banksia roses and the white stone seat lining the parapet conjures an Alma Tadema picture instantly before our eyes.

Below us in their narrow valleys cluster the small hamlets of Minori and Maiori with their tiny strip

of beach, the high road to Salerno passing around the cliff's edge like a thread. The bold headland of Capo d'Orso bounds the near view, where the turquoise blue water of the gulf laps its feet, but beyond the cliffs and beyond the sea lies the far plain of Paestum, and, rising beyond, the still snowy peaks of the Apennines, faintly outlined like a vision of some jewelled City Celestial through the sun-steeped haze.

From the terrace southward stretches a pergola whose pillars are densely covered with ivy, while vines and roses meet on the wide-woven lattice overhead. Here, in an embrasure of massive wall and pillar, thick framed in ivy, I am sitting at a small marble table to write. The stillness is profound, unbroken save by a far-off bell ringing mid-day. The noon heat is slumberous but without oppressiveness; the ivy leaves rustle in a breeze of vivifying freshness, and over the paths beyond where I sit and over my head the shadows of vine-leaves and great pink and yellow roses play with the sunshine. The sea-shell tints in these great, crushed Marechal Niels are an exquisite feast to the eye, but the glowing saffron of the Alan Richardsons is beyond them. I am overborne with the beauty of the roses as in the Villa L—— in Naples; twelve varieties I have just counted. I turn away from them to the rigours of the Lucanian coast beyond the terrace, and the mist-clothed, far

Apennines. Straight before me, down the steep cliff side, rise the spires of cypress-trees; two umbrella pines stand up stark against the sky; sheer below me is the intensely blue Salernian water; these white, ivy-grown pillars at my right hand and at my left frame in the panel. Oh, my God, how beautiful it all is — *und dein ist die Herrlichkeit in Ewigkeit!* Tears prick my eyes for the intolerable loveliness, the overmastering sense of power and beauty. Involuntarily my thoughts run into German phrases, long forgotten. Is it because German was the favourite language of my girlhood, and that the passion of this place makes me young again?

The scene is of a beauty too noble to be called intoxicating and yet too sensuous to rouse one from feeling and impression to thought. Madame Palumbo said last night in her quiet way, "Here is peace." This is the something deepest interfused. Deeper than the gulf below me, stiller than its tideless flow, sweeter than the breath of the roses, more solemn than those awful heights beetling over Minori and Maiori, is the peace of this place.

There are people a plenty who will come here and go again finding a well-ordered house in a situation of striking beauty, with a "fine view," entitled clearly to a Baedeker star, — perhaps a double star. There are, and must always be, a few who will find here that mysterious something of which we were fore-

warned, for, for the initiated, Ravello has an impartation from above as well as from beneath.

RAVELLO, PENSIONE PALUMBO, May 19.

Madame Palumbo — she is never called Signora apparently — interests me more and more. Also she intimidates me far more than that I should venture to ask her questions, for, if Ravello is a cult, she is the priestess of it, *par excellence*. However, there being almost no guests in the house save ourselves, our chatelaine seems disposed to open her heart and her history in some degree to us. Perhaps she finds us simpatica, seeing Filia gone quite mad over the place, which, plainly, she herself adores.

Madame, then, we find, is a Bernese by birth — how could she be Italian? — and when she was young spent eighteen years in England, — accounting for the Surrey-and-Kent aspect of our great chambers. She became connected in some capacity while in England with the family of Mr. Francis Nevile Reid, whose wife was a daughter of Lord Napier. Whether with the Reids or with some of their acquaintance and kinsfolk I am not clear, Madame travelled to Italy, met Signor Palumbo — an Italian, and long since dead — and was married and settled in Ravello. This was over thirty years ago. Ravello was then practically unknown save to Mr. Reid, who had discovered it on its inaccessible height in some

youthful *Wander jahr*. Through him occasional pilgrims, hearing of Ravello's magnificent memorials of the tenth and eleventh centuries, and of the incredible beauty of its scenery, wandered hither, and for these and those who followed them Madame Palumbo opened her doors. The town was little more than a cluster of ruined palaces, the seats of great and ancient families famous in the days of Ravello's prosperity, among them the Rufoli, the d'Affliti, the Confaloni. Mr. Reid, in 1851, purchased the ruined Palazzo Rufolo, restored it and spent some part of each year in it. Its garden he made so beautiful that Richard Wagner wrote of it: "*Klingsor's Zaubergarten ist gefunden.*" As we deduced from the crumbling old cathedral in the marketplace of Ravello, the place was formerly the seat of a bishop. It is fortunate now if it is the seat of a parish priest! But bishops must have palaces, else why have bishops at all? Madame Palumbo's mild but discerning eye discovered in the deserted, decaying mediaeval abode of Ravello's bishops possibilities of modern comfort. After the Nevile-Reids therefore had established themselves in the Rufolo palace, she did the same for herself in the ecclesiastical palace, and here, all these thirty years, she has remained. The death of Mr. and Mrs. Reid, so intimately bound up with Ravello and with her own past, leaves her singularly lonely in this

isolation, but she will not be minded to complain.

Mr. Reid was not only discoverer of Ravello, but its preserver, benefactor, re-creator. For, not content with restoring the Norman and Saracenic beauties of Palazzo Rufolo, and making Paradiso of its garden, he interested himself vitally in the building of the carriage road from Atrani, in the fine supply of water, and in the preservation of the fast-decaying monuments of past grandeur which give Ravello, aside from its natural beauty, an unfailing interest.

That Ravello was once a city of nearly 40,000 inhabitants, with thirty churches, a magnificent cathedral and a group of grandees capable of entertaining King Robert of Sicily, "brother of Pope Urbane" (see Longfellow), and of defying Saracen and other heathen invaders, is not more astonishing than that Amalfi was once one with Atrani and a prosperous, independent republic, with supremacy on the sea and a glorious civilization on land. In the eleventh century these two were rivals and Ravello won its present name — "the Rebel" — from its refusal to submit to the Doge of Amalfi. The Pisans and the Neapolitans combined to destroy Amalfi, and what was left after them the sea, in a tremendous tempest, laid waste. What brought down the pride and prestige of Ravello no one tells us. We

have been to the Cathedral to-day to see the Byzantine pulpit and the other marvellous mosaics. I never saw a more subtle interfusion of colour than in the panels of the pulpit. It bears the Rufolo arms and a portrait bust of the donor's wife, a noble face with rich, braided coronal of hair, and an inscription: "For love of the Virgin Nicolaus Rufulus, Siciligaite's Lord, dedicated this work for his country's honour." The date is 1272.

In spite of the growing heat Filia and I walk and walk through the steep, stony lanes edged with maiden hair, shut in with walls whose tops are gay with roses, and whose stones are delicately picked out with moist, dog-toothed ferns, among which small green lizards, vivid as jewels, dart in the sun. We found our way to the Belvedere Cenfrone, passing an old Convent of Santa Chiaia, which, not knowing any better, we calmly entered, evidently to the high delight of two nuns who came to a cruel grating to gaze at us hungrily and tell us we must not speak to them. Their enforced austerity of silence in contrast to their great wistful eyes and the deprecating smiles on the pinched, white, womanish faces made our hearts ache. We came away quite pleased with ourselves that we had inadvertently given them one chance to see and speak with women from the world outside their prison walls.

At the Belvedere, which is the summit of an

abrupt bare precipice falling perpendicularly to the Gulf, we were able better than before to gain an idea of the topography of the region. Ravello is built on a limestone rock, a spur of Monte Cerreto, which descends steeply on one side into the Valley of the Dragone and on the other into the Valley of Minori. Seawards this ridge ends abruptly at the point where we were standing, a magnificent prospect of the Gulf and of the whole watershed of the Sorrento peninsula spread before us and on either side. The mountain ranges on the east and west slope precipitously to the sea in shapes the most various imaginable, almost every prominent peak crowned by the ruins of a Norman castle. Nearer the coast rise picturesque isolated towers, built in 1530 to repel the incursions of Barbary pirates, so the guide-book lent us by Madame said. Then there really were such persons as Barbary pirates! I had often used the term, but associated it with the Seven Sleepers and the Merchant of Bagdad. It seems impossible to know anything without coming to Italy, but still more impossible when you come.

PENSIONE PALUMBO, RAVELLO,
Night, May 20.

I am writing on a small table on the terrace before the open casements of our room. There is moonlight, but I piece it out with a single candle whose flame

the night wind blows back and forth with disconcerting frequency.

We have spent hours in the balcony of Madame's parlour since sunset, first watching the small white sails which all day have flecked the blue of the Gulf, as they have flitted around the farther or the hither headlands, or have been pulled up on the gray sands of the gray fishing villages, Minori and Maiori, far below us. The sea was swept and bare.

The opposite shore faded, the shading of the nearer mountains was lost while their keen outlines cut the sky no less firmly than before, and the cypresses stood up solemnly beyond the garden wall. We watched the gibbous moon as she climbed the sky, and a light twinkling out here and there in the age-worn villages below. An evening bell began ringing from the parish church of Ravello, — San Antonio. As we listened we found Madame had joined us.

"This is Thursday night," she said; "you will like to see how the village folk of Minori and Maiori light their lamps to welcome the coming of our Lord in the blessed Sacrament. It is done each Thursday evening of the year. That bell is the first signal. Now you will hear San Pietro," and she pointed to a small belfry just below us, from which a bell now began to sound tumultuously, whether in warning or in joy it would be hard to say, — an impetuous, stormy riot of ringing, instantly followed by a spring-

ing into sight all through Minori of gleaming lanterns, hung as one could see, on the outer window sills. The whole hoary, humble place was illuminated at the call of its church bell, to welcome the symbolic coming of the Lord Jesus. Five minutes passed and the lights disappeared, one after another, but then rang out the deeper, more distant bells, of Maiori, and again the response of the lights leaping into sudden brilliancy, swinging, darting from house to house like jewels tossed from hand to hand. It was strangely touching. The simplicity, the constancy, the poetry of a people who from generation to generation can sustain a ritual so imaginative, so impersonal in this hard-headed, practical age of ours, made us glad that all Italians do not come over to us to be Americanized.

NAPLES, May 23.

Two days ago we broke our own hearts by leaving Pensione Palumbo and its mistress. We took up our carriages, as Saint Paul used to, and drove on again still ever southward along the borders of the Gulf, through Minori and Maiori, which it seemed most curious to see at close range, having so long looked down upon them from our far height.

Filia refused to remember Lot's wife, and up to the last moment when we rounded Capo d'Orso, and lost sight of them, she looked back perpetually at

Monte Cerreto and Ravello. But the scenery, as we drove on to Salerno, was so commanding in its rugged sternness, so engaging in the prodigal profusion of its lemon and orange groves, that at last she consented to look before not after. If we had not already driven from Sorrento to Amalfi and sojourned at Ravello we should have been ecstatic, but we were already accustomed, like spoiled children, to the impossible degree of beauty, and now took much for granted which but yesterday would have enthralled us. What a fiction it is that we mortals ever grow up! Children we are and remain to the end, I am satisfied.

We spent the night in Salerno, of which we saw nothing, and hastened on yesterday morning to Paestum. The impressiveness of the Greek temples, the temple of Neptune pre-eminently, is overgreat for my pen. All I can say now at the close of a most fatiguing day of most uncomfortable travel, is that Paestum *must* be seen, cost what it may of sheer endurance of weariness, and that is saying much! The loneliness, the silence, the antiquity, the awful serenity which broods over that mighty plain, sank deep into my heart. Deepest of all is the pathos, unmitigated by any chance relief of recurrent civilization. Palpably the glory once here has fled for ever; the race will never claim again these sanctuaries for yet unknown gods. Dead, dead, dead

they stand while the generations rise and fall, and civilizations ripen and decay. And in their changeless death they outlive everything they see, save the purple mountains eastward, and to the west, Poseidon, whom they celebrated, — in his eternal change.


As for the roses of Paestum — ! Paestum was the only place in Italy thus far where we have seen none. Still I choose to believe that this was their European birthplace and seed-bed. I like Cranch's lines:

“The deity is fled
Long since, but in his stead,
The smiling sea is seen,
The Doric shafts between ;
And round the time-worn base
Climb vines of tender grace,
And Paestum's roses still
The air with fragrance fill.”

To-morrow — Rome! We must gird on our armour, if we have any.

VII

THE WINE OF ROME

E have laid siege to the walls of Rome, but they have not fallen. For us, alas, there is no Venti Settembre. We have entered the gates and stormed the hills, every one of the seven; we have seen the Coliseum by moonlight, and the Forum by daylight; we have been to the Vatican and the Capitol; we have hung over Rome from the Janiculum and the Pincian, but the citadel remains untaken; Rome has not yielded to us. Will it ever? Perhaps if you were here you could 'explain' even Rome. Paris and London are child's play to it."

The above I read in a letter addressed by Filia to her Greek instructor, the correspondence, according to the articles of agreement, being open to my perusal. Signor Aztalos had written from Paris and later from St. Petersburg.

I laid the letter down and took up again the first volume of Hare's "Walks in Rome." I began for the third time an attack on Chapter V. We had been



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.



MOSES, BY MICHELANGELO.

in Rome five days; surely we ought to have advanced thus far.

"The Velabrum and the Ghetto," I read, "Saint Teodoro — S. •Anastasia — Circus Maximus — S. Giorgio in Velabro — Arch of Septimius Severus — Arch of Janus — Cloaca Maxima — Santa Maria in Cosmedin —"

With a groan I dropped the book. "That is one quarter of the contents of Chapter V. There are twenty chapters in all. A labyrinth without a clue."

"Roma la terribile! It is much harder than calculus, isn't it, mother? Or the Critique of Pure Reason or the Origin of Species?"

Thus Filia with obvious dejection.

"Let's give up trying to master Rome," she resumed after a moment of thinking, "and frankly admit that it is out of our class. We can't grasp it in two weeks, no matter how hard we work. It is impossible. Why are we weighed upon with heaviness and utterly consumed with sharp distress in the vain attempt? Let's go to a show or take ices at Faraglia's or buy some Roman sashes."

"Or drive once more on the Pincian," I interposed. "No, Filia, what we need is some one like our friend, il Greco, to 'explain' Rome, — to co-ordinate it for us. Did I not foretell that the appeal here would be to the intellect? Mine, if I ever had one, seems lost or mislaid."

"Why does no one write a Primer of Rome for the average traveller, in words of one syllable?" returned Filia impatiently; "'Easy Steps for Little Feet' is what we chiefly need. But I have a bright idea, mother; listen! We have lost sight of our introduction to that friend of Narcissus, the Contessa Carletti. Why not give up this afternoon to a visit to her? A nice, real, new Roman person would be a rest after so many ruins, and so many travelled tabbies here in the pensione. I wonder what has become of the letter of introduction."

"I can lay my hand upon it," I replied with some pride in my orderly disposition of my belongings. "Here it is; 'Contessa Cecilia Carletti, Via Aracoeli, Introducing,' etc. Let us dress and go."

An hour later we found ourselves in a drawing-room of impressive proportions in the former palazzo of a once famous Cardinal. The silence, the shade, the spacious stateliness, were soothing to our vexed spirits. There was noticeably less furniture and less bric-à-brac in the room than we should have found in the drawing-room of an American "palace," but each piece of furniture, each jar or vase was of distinguished excellence; and the few paintings on the walls possessed compelling interest.

Down the long room to receive us, after brief waiting, came a woman of forty or so, slender and girlish in figure, dressed in a simple gown of gray

silk with a fall of fine lace about the neck; her hair, pale brown, was parted smoothly and brushed over her ears; her colour was delicate, her face finely sensitive. Her utter fitness to her environment declared itself at once. Filia's imagination from the first moment, and presently her heart, was taken captive by the lady's manner. Nothing could have been gentler, more cordial, than the welcome given us, but a shyness, a gravity, a delicate distinction, inter-fused with sweetness, gave to every word and motion of the Contessa Carletti a singular charm. Although American by birth she had lived her life in Italy and spoke English with a slightly foreign accent. She mentioned Signor Axtalos with cordiality, hoping he would come to Rome ere long, then asked us of ourselves and of our journeyings. While tea was being served the inglorious fact that we found Rome "impossible" was inadvertently betrayed.

"It is not easy," the Contessa said with simplicity and seriousness. "I have lived here quite twenty years and yet I do not know Rome. I think many tourists fancy they do when they can cross off in their guide-books the principal 'sights,' but I like better those who confess as you do that they cannot grasp it. Then there is still another sort. An American woman, whom I took to drive on the Pincian once, while we stopped for that wonderful view of

the whole city one gets there, asked me, 'What was it that happened in Rome anyway?' "

We all laughed cheerfully at this, and Filia contributed the incident of the American girl who after a European tour thought she must have been in Rome, because she seemed to remember buying striped silk stockings there.

"The trouble is," Filia continued, "that there is so much of everything and it is all such a jumble, to use very homely American. The Popes and the Gods, Emperors and Cardinals, Despots and Senators, Vestals and Martyrs, Basilicas and Thermae — "

"Yes, I know," said our hostess smiling; "it is certainly an appalling congeries. Have you tried the pigeon-hole process? "

We thought not. It did not sound familiar.

"Perhaps you would scorn it as too elementary. It is farthest from philosophical."

Ardently we disclaimed the possibility of sitting in the seat of the scornful. The rigours of Rome after the draughts of Lotos-Wine in Southern Italy we felt had reduced us to the lowest orders of life. The pigeon-hole process would doubtless be far beyond us, but we were eager for it.

With diffidence the Contessa declared her inability to give us any smallest knowledge or learning beyond our own illustrious resources. Naturally, we knew

the whole history of Rome and Italy. Assenting with irony, again we disclaimed.

"We passed our examinations on it once, you know, and then promptly dismissed it from our minds," I said, Filia echoing me. "I supposed it would come back in neatly ordered mental diagrams when we were 'on the spot,' but it does not. An inchoate mass of things, half forgotten and half remembered, weighs almost like a cloud upon my mind to tease and torture me."

"I understand the sensation perfectly," said our new friend. "It was to ease my own mind of that very weight that I long ago arranged these little lockers, these pigeon-holes, as I call them, for Italy. For Rome I accomplish the same effect by building a wall in course upon course."

"Oh, do show us how you do it, both the carpentry and the masonry," pleaded Filia. "First Italy, then Rome."

"If you are sure it will not bore you, very well, then," replied the Contessa, and settled herself to the task with a charming little school-mistress air. "I do not aim to be logical, and only occasionally chronological. My first pigeon-hole for Italy is the Primitive and Prehistoric, — Italy of the Tribes I call it. We can go no farther back, and it underlies everything here. The Sabines, the Umbrians, the Latins, and the Etruscans were the controlling factors

and have left lasting traces. Wonderfully interesting remains of the Etruscan civilization, which was advanced and powerful, and for a century dominated Rome even, can be seen here and better yet in Perugia, also in Arezzo and Cortona and others of the famous twelve confederated cities of Etruria. These were at their height of prosperity about six centuries before Christ, presumably. The mysterious and baffling Etruscans can always be relegated to Tribal Italy, which is a relief," and the Contessa laughed lightly. "Ancient Latium, south of Etruria, produced, in course of centuries — Rome.

"But even in Primitive Italy we find the Greeks settling and leaving their stamp everywhere," she continued, "especially in Sicily and the South, as you saw in Paestum. One has to take the Greeks for granted, from Classic times down to the present, but fortunately they bring gifts, glory, and joy with them," she added with a whimsical smile in Filia's direction.

"Now for my second little locker: it is Roman Italy. By this I mean the very familiar historical fact that from Julius Caesar to the fall of the Empire of the West in 476 A.D. Italy was united under the rule of Rome, which gradually rose to supreme and imperial power. Italy was never united under native rule again, until the day when Vittorio Emanuele was declared our king.

“So then we come to our third pigeon-hole for *bella Italia*, prefigured by the peaceful colonizing of the Greeks, our charming neighbours. And this is: the Italy of Foreign Invasion and Conquest. It dates in a general way from the Teutonic Odoacer and Theodoric, who made Ravenna their capital about 476, and the great Lombard invasion a century later, and continues down to the Teutonic Francis Joseph in 1859.”

“And to the Invasion of Forestieri nowadays,” laughed Filia.

“Were the Lombards not Italians?” I asked surprised. “I never realized that they invaded Italy as foreigners.”

“Yes. They were Germanic also. They have blended in time with the conquered race.”

“What a procession of conquerors!”

“Yes, a mighty and a terrible one, for despite the fact that Italy is ‘the whole world’s treasury,’ and ‘this earth’s darling,’ as Mrs. Browning said, it has been from time immemorial the prey of all the rapacious robbers of Europe; and sometimes the shuttlecock, batted back and forth from one player of the game of politics to another.”

“I have seen Tedeschi in Italy sometimes,” commented Filia, “who reminded me of their ancestors, the Goths and Visigoths. Such formidable Teutons were at the Cocumella in Sorrento; they ate with

their knives just as they did when Tacitus saw them in their forests."

"They are alarming," said the Contessa quietly, "and they always have the air of considering Italy theirs by right divine."

"But continue, will you not?" I begged, "with our pigeon-hole number three."

"Yes; the various German races were by no means the only aliens who usurped power in Italy. There was the Byzantine despotism up to the eighth century; then the Frankish Emperors, — Charlemagne crowned at Rome you know; Robert Guiscard, the Norman, in Sicily; the Saracens all through the South; then Spain for over-lord in the sixteenth century, and so on, — every Bourbon and Barbarossa taking his turn, — until about seventeen hundred, when Austria established her long tyranny, lasting until our struggle for independence fifty years ago. To-day, at last, Italy is one and free, and the King of Italy is an Italian, thank God!"

The Contessa's voice had a perceptible thrill in it as she spoke the last words, and I noticed the delicate colour deepen in her cheeks. Mr. Aztalos had spoken of her as "impassioned." I began to understand; I had recalled his adjective on first meeting her, and thought it an inappropriate characterization for this quiet, undemonstrative woman.

"Of course there are numberless episodes. There

was the Napoleon episode early in the last century," she proceeded, "with all its theatrical accessories such as the Iron Crown of Lombardy used as a stage property in Bonaparte's coronation as King of Italy at Milan, after the style of Charlemagne. Napoleon's rule was a fleeting show, but it had a remarkable influence in creating a national spirit here among Italians. But you see the third compartment, — and into it you can cram such a lot of unrelated events and get rid of them, — the controlling factor of a succession of foreign Invaders and Conquerors."

"It covers a multitude of sinners from Charlemagne to Napoleon," I acquiesced, "as well as a multitude of complexities in terminology and allusion; furthermore it re-creates the story of New Italy which has been briefly given to us. But I failed to grasp before how magnificent an achievement it has been to drive out the Austrians. The air of Rome seems clearing, but I am eager to look into the next pigeon-hole. These categories I understand are simply for Italy in general?"

"Precisely. Not at all for Rome in particular. That comes later. We skip back again now, for the fourth covers the extraordinary Rise of the Communes throughout Italy early in the twelfth century, which gave each city new civic consciousness and pride of independence and led to the Wars of the Towns, so marked a feature, you will find in

the story of each city you visit. The situation gave rise to the Condottiere; to the political terms Guef and Ghibelline (that is, Papal and Imperial partisans); and later to the offices of Prior, Podestà and Gonfalonier. For in the end the Republics of Venice, Florence, Genoa, etc., issued forth, had their day, and were merged, sooner or later, into the holdings of some foreign prince."

"This sounds so easy," sighed Filia, "but when I try to read Italian history I feel as if I should presently go mad, it is so intricate. All the people who write books on Italy take it for granted one knows everything already."

"Italian history is excessively intricate," said the Contessa, "and that is why, when one is on the wing as you are, it is worth while to have a few ganglia, so to speak, about which to gather clusters of circumstances and events. I have only one more to name. It is the Rise of the Despots which came as a counterpoise to the growth of the Free Cities. In the thirteenth century we begin to find in each community some powerful nobleman who lords it over all classes and creates a dynasty in his family; such are the Scaligeri of Verona, — Dante took shelter under their wing, you know, — the Visconti in Milan, the Maletestae at Parma, the house of D'Este at Ferrara, — Tasso's protectors later, you remember, — the Medici in Florence, and many more. In Peru-

gia you will observe constant reminders of the Baglioni, in Siena it was the Petrucci. Everywhere you will find memorials of the Despots in tombs and palaces and churches. Usually they have been magnificent patrons of art and letters. Ecco, Signora, Signorina! That is all. I have told you nothing you did not know before; I have merely suggested a mechanical device for keeping one's mind in order as one keeps her writing desk. You have to make up your mind to throw away a lot of old rubbish and keep only what is most important. Especially when you are travelling."

Filia gave a long sigh of relief.

"This is what I have been fairly praying for," she cried. "My mother will bear me witness. Please let me say it over: First, the Primitive, Tribal Italy, the Italy of the Latins, Umbrians, Etruscans —" And here Filia interrupted herself laughing, "I remember this minute that I heard an awfully pretty English girl at our pensione ask yesterday in such a bewildered, weary way, 'Where is Etruscany, anyway?' I didn't know any better than she did that the Etruscans were of Etruria and pre-historic. Perhaps I learned it when I studied Roman history. I am sure I don't remember a word about it. So then — Second, Roman Italy; Third, Foreign Invaders and Conquerors of Italy, chiefly Teutonic, but also Saracen, Norman, Frankish, Spanish, — right on

steadily from the Ostrogoths to the Austrians, — accounting for nearly everything. Fourth, the Rise of the Free Cities developing into Republics. Fifth, the Rise of the local Despots.”

Filia counted the several topics off on her fingers with an air of triumph. She now stretched out her hand to our hostess with an *Oliver-Twisted* expression and added,

“And now, dear lady, please may we build the wall of Rome?”

The Contessa had risen; a nurse in the picturesque garb of a Roman *contadina* had entered at the other end of the room unperceived by Filia, leading a charming, fair-haired child of two or three years. The Contessa bent and caught Filia’s outstretched hand, holding it between her own with an impulsive caress.

“A little later, *cara Signorina*,” she said, then spoke rapidly to the nurse in Italian and called to the child, “*Gigi, Gigi, veni qua alla Mamma.*”

He ran to her with outstretched arms and she lifted him, covering his face with kisses. Turning to us then with an arch and radiant smile she cried,

“The child of my old age! Is he not adorable?” As she spoke the Contessa looked not a day older than Filia. “I have four others, dear ladies, all equally delightful. I hope to have them see you, but

alas, they speak very dreadful English. I am much to blame."

Putting down the child, who had the angelic gravity of a Raphael bambino, she went on speaking.

"Now this is what I propose: I have ordered the motor-car. Will you drive with me and Gigi to the Protestant Cemetery, — just a little drive? I will leave you afterwards at your pensione. To-morrow if you are not engaged may we not meet in the afternoon in the Borghese gardens and have a picnic? Then we can talk of many things, Signorina. But Rome is most wearing and growing so warm already; and I wish to give you a bit of advice: Do not take it so seriously. You have already seen nearly all the indoor things you need to see in a two weeks' visit, — all the sculpture, except in the Thermæ. Abandon the idea of hunting down every isolated picture or statue or broken bit of masonry which has been called famous. There is little gain. Italians never do that sort of thing, and the American ardour in the pursuit of detached examples of this and that master amuses them. To be sure they have these things always within reach, but what is that if they do not reach them? About churches, — you have visited the Sistine Chapel?"

"Yes, twice over; it is the only church thus far we care for."

"What of Saint Peter's?"

"The dome is glorious, but for the interior I think what Shelley said is perfectly true," said Filia boldly. "It 'exhibits littleness on a large scale.' To me it is not impressive."

"Nor to me," said the Contessa with evident approval. "None of the churches in Rome, and their number is legion, seem to me beautiful, in spite of the glowing description of them you read in 'John Inglesant.' But then you know Shorthouse had the advantage of never having seen them! I should go, if I were you, to the Lateran once for Vespers, and you will like to run into Trinità dei Monti at sunset to hear the nuns chant; it is very near your pensione there in the Via Sistina. In spite of the fact that Saint Peter's within is vulgar and pompous I think you would be interested in the service there on Thursday. The thirtieth is Corpus Christi Day and there will be something of an ecclesiastical pageant. Do you care to see the Pope?"

Filia gave no uncertain sound in the affirmative.

"I think I can manage the presentation for you, but one has to wait. It will not come until late next week even if I apply at once. I will also get permission, if you like, for you to see the Borgia Rooms of the Vatican."

"Oh, the Pinturicchio frescoes!" I exclaimed. "I have so wanted access to them but the guide-book made it seem very difficult. There is really no end



POPE INNOCENT X, BY VELASQUEZ.

to the collections of paintings we must visit," I added. A note of discouragement in my voice must have struck the Contessa.

"Dear Signora," she said earnestly, "there are really very few pictures of the first order in Rome, aside from the frescoes you have seen. You will see greater things by nearly every master in Florence and Venice. Let them all go. There is just one exception; you would find it worth while to go to the Doria Gallery in the Corso for the sake especially of the Velasquez Pope, — Innocent Tenth, the most interesting portrait in Rome, I think. Having seen Guido Reni's St. Michael in the Cappuccini church you will be interested in the resemblance between the authentic features of the Pope and Guido's fiend. It was probably a spite portrait. This by the way. What I wish to say is that after the Doria you will have seen pictures enough for Rome."

We were amazed. I was first to express my surprise.

"You do not think we would regret omitting the Borghese and the Corsini, the Rospigliosi, the Barberini, and all the other collections we have heard so much about?"

The Contessa laughed.

"I am quite confident that you would not. Rome itself is so much more important than these scraps of colour dotted here and there. When you are here for a winter sometime, why, go to everything you

like. I want you to do the outdoor things; the Borghese Gardens are far more charming than the Gallery. Drive in the Campagna; go to Frascati and to Tivoli and to Albano. Rome will have new significance on the return through the Campagna. I am sure my advice is good."

"So am I!" cried Filia. "What a relief to cut out so many pages of Baedeker."

"I believe Hare's Walks were gradually undermining my constitution," I said and we all laughed together.

"I noticed you looked pale and harassed when you came in," the Contessa remarked as she left the room to prepare for going out. "From this time on I insist upon your *enjoying* Rome."

We drove first through the Porta San Paolo to the church of San Paolo Fuori, where the mosaics interested me greatly and the beautiful cloisters even more. In passing we studied the strangely impressive pyramid of Caius Cestius with piercing interest in the thought that Saint Paul's eyes must have rested upon it when he was led out here beyond the city walls to execution. Presently we came into the shadow of tall cypresses and entered through a stone portal the quiet aisles of the Protestant Cemetery. We made no effort to speak of what we found or to search out one or another of the graves of the great and greatly beloved. The spirit of the place, —



ST. MICHAEL, BY GUIDO RENI.

pensive, not oppressive, — silences eager speech and movement. I noted Filia bending long over the stone which marks the spot where the ashes of Shelley are buried. He himself wrote of this place in Adonais as —

“ a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant smile, over the dust,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.”

And did he not once say it might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place? And here lies the heart of him:

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Cor Cordium
Natus IV Aug MDCCXCII
Obiit VIII Jul MDCCCXXII
“ Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.”

My thoughts turned to that scene on the desolate shore between the Apennines and the Gulf of Lerici at Viareggio, the leaping flames of the funeral pyre, and the hand of the friend stretched into them to snatch the imperishable heart. Filia's eyes met mine above that grave, but between us was a mist of tears.

Unexpectedly I came upon the stone of John Addington Symonds. I had forgotten that he was buried in Rome. He, of all Englishmen, seems to me to have discerned Italy most subtly, profoundly,

gravely, yet with passionate sympathy. Under these cypress-trees is his fitting resting-place. His epitaph I stood to copy on a leaf of my address book: —

“Lead thou me God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life, —
All names for thee alike are vain and hollow.
Lead me, for I will follow without strife,
Or, if I strive, still must I blindly follow.”

Yet I liked better just there to remember his own translation of the lines of Campanelle:

“Can it then be that boundless Power, Love, Mind,
Let others reign, the while He takes repose?
Hath He grown old, or hath He ceased to heed?
Nay, one God made and rules : He shall unwind
The tangled skein ; the hidden law disclose.”

Broken echoes of words of Symonds' concerning Posilipo (“rest from grief”) came back to me: “Here we may lay down the burden of our cares, gaining tranquillity by no mysterious lustral rights, no penitential prayers, or offering of holocausts, but by the influence of beauty in the earth and air.” Beautiful and solemn was the place, the grass, thick starred with wild flowers, the long rays of the setting sun sifting through the tall Gothic trees; the birds singing softly. Here they lie without the wall, those who, not being of Rome have yet loved her, or who have sunk down beside her, tasting her wine at the cup's brim, not drinking deep.

On the homeward way we drove to San Pietro in Montorio and from the beautiful Villa Pamphili-Doria looked down upon Rome. We had viewed the city on our first coming, from the Janiculum Hill, but in the shrill morning light; now it lay steeped in crimson sunset haze, full of mystery and enchantment. Again the figure of Rome as a mighty cup struck my imagination; there it lay filled to the brim; and the wine is red. Into it has been distilled the life blood of great kings and captains, of holy martyrs and monstrous imperators, of saints and sinners and mighty men of genius, of seers and singers of every kindred and nation and tongue. What does it matter, I thought, the how, and when, and why? All is here in essence which belongs to humanity's story, its power and its passion, its tenderness, its cruelty, its lust and its love, its triumph, its treachery, its glory and its shame. Surely it is a draught the costliest and most potent, I told myself, and some it intoxicates, and some it kills, and to some it is the wine of life. It is not strange then that these first drops of it should make one giddy, confused, sick at heart. If we proved to be of those strong enough to bear this heady wine we shall return and drink deeper.

And this is the Spell of Rome.

VIII

GOSSIP AND A GARDEN



AT four the following afternoon the Contessa Carletti called for us at our pensione in the Via Sistina, and we walked to the eastern entrance of the Borghese Villa by the Porta Pinciana. Just before reaching the Palazzo Margherita we perceived a little flurry in the quiet street, the Via Veneto, and the Contessa exclaimed with suddenly heightened colour, "Il Re!" Preceded by a few mounted outriders, the royal carriage a moment later was driven by. We saw seated in it a young Italian gentleman with a thoughtful, also a rather humourous, expression and a very reasonable moustache for a son of the House of Savoy. Beside him was a young lady of distinguished appearance, with velvety, serious, dark eyes. An illusive pensiveness lurked somewhere in the lady's face, I fancied, in spite of a gracious smile with which she met the salutations of the people standing at gaze as the carriage passed.

In the Contessa's eyes I caught, in the instant of



VITTORIO EMANUELE III.

their passing, a look of profound and ardent homage, that look one can almost never see in an American face.

"What is the King like?" I asked, hoping in my heart that he was worthy of the devotion he inspired in this sweet woman, so thoroughly Italian in her sympathies.

"He is a cultivated gentleman and as a husband irreproachable, and that, considering the history of his house, marks a fine process of evolution," replied the Contessa. "I admire him sincerely for many things. He has the direct, straightforward manliness of his grandfather; his father's simple tastes and business ability, but unlike his father, who was a thoroughly mediocre man, Vittorio Emanuele III has much personal distinction and is most conscientious in his conception of his office. He is in earnest. Umberto, honest man, had no turn for kingship; he was Piedmontese and provincial through and through; much more at home with his horses and dogs than with his ministers always, and fonder of Piedmont dialect than of any literary niceties. Nothing could bore him more consumingly than music, art and letters, or the paraphernalia of Court life."

"And he with that exquisite high-bred Margherita for his wife!" cried Filia. "We saw her the day after we came to Rome and I thought her most queenlike."

"She is musical to a degree, you know. The King never appeared at her musicales, nor in fact anywhere in her company except on state occasions."

"Were they supposed to be avowedly incompatible?" I asked. "I remember Margherita's excessive mourning of him."

The Contessa smiled.

"The Queen Dowager has a consistently exalted conception of queenship. It was the Queen who mourned the King rather than the wife her husband. In this bluff way Umberto had no doubt a devoted and sincere affection for the little cousin he made his wife, as how could it be otherwise? There is not in Europe a woman of greater charm than our Pearl of Savoy; but his affection for Margherita was no obstacle in the way of his liaison with that lady twelve years older than himself, which began before his marriage, and continued till his death."

"What a humiliation for a proud, womanly woman!" I exclaimed.

"A woman like Margherita was so obviously beyond and above him, that I cannot think Umberto could have felt at ease in her presence. It is not supposed that there was any relation beyond the official between them after the birth of the Prince, our King. I think if you know their faces you will find the whole story written in them, and a rather pathetic one it is though common among kings.



QUEEN ELENA.

Umberto's is the face of a virile, strong-fibred, rough-shod soldier; Margherita's is the sensitive, mobile face of the idealist; the highly organized artistic temperament shows in every line."

"Queen Elena did not strike me as at all like her mother-in-law in that glimpse we had of her just now," said Filia. "I suppose there is no reason why they should be similar in taste or temperament."

"No, oh, no," replied the Contessa. "The present Queen is of another race and has had her training at the Russian Court. It was there that the King met and admired her. She is like Margherita in being accomplished and refined, but, as people sometimes say, she has the good sense not to imitate the inimitable. And still, she seems to me more the flesh and blood woman, less the conventional Queen, and I love her for that. I admit that her Majesty has not the incomparable royal charm, the marvellous tact and grace of the King's mother, but she has a certain pathos of personality, a curious, appealing wistfulness and gentleness all her own. They tell of her asking pardon of her husband most humbly when their first child was born, for giving the Royal House of Italy a daughter, not a son."

"Poor girl!" cried Filia. "I hope she and the King are happy in their marriage."

"Every one believes that true at least," replied the Contessa. "The King is said almost never to speak

to a woman; his fidelity gives him the name of being the first good husband ever produced by the House of Savoy. Old Vittorio Emanuele was quite too terrible, you remember. At first Italians did not fancy Elena very greatly; I think she dressed too simply to please the women, and her great height must have disconcerted the men, they being usually of low stature; but she has grown up to herself, and is in fact becoming extremely handsome. She and the King are peculiarly unostentatious, and, after Margherita's prodigal extravagance, their court and their customs are often criticized among us as bourgeois, especially as the King detests any display of court etiquette and meets all who come in straightforward man-fashion, quite like an American President. He likes to have people talk to him about what interests them, and he has those highly trained faculties which enable him to go straight to the root of the matter, making little of the superfluous. Elena is of a decidedly literary and poetic bent. I do not see how the two can fail to interest each other, and their children are such charming persons. The oldest, Iolande, has Queen Margherita's lovely smile and promises to be a princess of great distinction. There are *my* children now," added the Contessa with brightening eyes; "two of them, over there by the Goethe; with our little English maestra, Miss Liman. Do you see?"



PRINCESS IOLANDE.

We had entered the Borghese Villa, having passed through the Porta Pinciana unheeding it, so engrossed were we in our talk. We now hastened toward the statue of Goethe, the German Emperor's recent grandiose gift to the city of Rome. Our attention being directed to the little group of animated flesh and blood, we left the study of the marble poet towering above to a more convenient season. The piccoli Carletti we found as charming as any royal children, and our parties now joined, we moved slowly on through the dusky avenues to a shallow, grassy dell where Anna, the nurse, and the small Gigi were awaiting us in a species of encampment. Here the ancient ilex-trees stretched their moss-grown branches far and wide over the soft turf "with daisies pied;" through long green vistas glimpses of gray statues and old altars were seen; the murmuring sound of water came drowsily to our ears from the fountain of the Cavalli Marini. We seemed in the heart of an ancient wood, so dense the shade, so enormous the hoary and venerable trees, so deep the stillness.

Filia threw herself on the grass at the foot of a gnarled tree-trunk, and, with a cry of delight, murmured:

"Mephistopheles, hither to me! This is the perfect moment, let it stay."

"The shade of Goethe follows you," said the Con-

tessa, looking down at her with a pleased smile. "Goethe loved to compose in this garden, you know," she added. Then pointing down the long Viale, she drew our eyes to a passing file of German Seminarists in scarlet gowns, a thread of vivid colour through the rich green gloom. Far down in the opposite direction, by the fountain, a Franciscan monk paced slowly, breviary in hand, dimly seen, like the figure in a dream.

"Are you sure it is real?" I asked, my voice sinking involuntarily almost to a whisper.

"I am convinced of it," said the Contessa seriously, moving away to a nook a little apart where Miss Liman was busy with a bubbling samovar. "Ilaria will give you your tea, dear lady, to bring you back to earth again."

With demure smiles the little maids of ten and twelve handed us cups of tea, flowery and fragrant, while Gigi toddled after with great importance bearing pasta of enticing forms.

"I did not dream of this," I cried; "it seems a perfect forest fairy-tale of 'Tischlein-deck-dich.'"

Then, my eyes meeting those of the Contessa just lifted from her children, I surprised in them a radiance of noble and innocent joy which brought tears to my own eyes.

"I think I have never seen a woman who seemed

as happy as you, Contessa Carletti," I said, unable to keep back my thought.

"Ah, but you have not seen my Enrico," she replied naïvely. "When you see him you shall understand. I have not seen him myself since morning," she added plaintively, "and he had hoped to meet us here. He will come in a little, I am sure."

"Contessa Carletti," remarked Filia, looking up from the house of blocks she was building on an outstretched rug for Gigi, "will you help me to decide what tree shall stand for Rome? I have a fancy that each city of Italy, or locality, has a particular tree as its symbol, like the musical clef, set to determine the pitch of its scale. In Naples the sign was easily and strikingly the stone pine; in Sorrento and all the way to Salerno the orange; here in Rome I thought at first it must be the cypress, but the ilexes on the Pincian, and now far more the ilexes here —"

"You are quite right," broke in the Contessa with animation. "It must be the ilex for Rome. It is more truly typical. You must reserve the cypress for Florence."

"Can the cypresses there be finer than these?" and I pointed down the black line of the Viale; "or than those in the Protestant Cemetery?"

"Wait until you see the cypresses at Hadrian's villa and the Villa D'Este," said the Contessa. "They are even more beautiful. But still the cy-

press signifies Florence. You will know when you look up at San Miniato."

"These gardens would be decisive to me for the ilex," I remarked. "Their antiquity, their strength and compass, all spell Rome. The cypress is poetic, aspiring, pensive; the ilex is sterner, and of an impenetrable complexity."

"Very nice; very true," echoed the Contessa. "And for what locale, dear little Signorina, will you designate the olive-tree? Since it clothes the whole peninsula from the Alps to the south shore of Sicily? Oh, but you will see most glorious olives on the way to Tivoli!"

"Can't we take the olive and the vine for Umbria?" asked Filia. "By every token they must abound there."

"Yes, that would be very well; and for Tuscany without doubt the chestnut; the mountain slopes there clothe themselves with magnificent chestnut forests. Then for the Lake Region, — oh, how hard to choose in those thickets of laurel and mulberry, acacia, palm, fig and sycamore, — in that wreath of rose and wistaria which frames Como!"

"I am sure it should be laurel," I asserted confidently; "laurel has the necessary distinction. Laurel suits the Lake complexion best and laurel it shall be. Now may I interrupt this most weighty consideration and remark humbly that I had brought

a book with me for our reading, worthy, I dare to think, of the time and the place and the loved one altogether." With this I produced a bibelot containing Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors," charmingly bound in illuminated vellum. "This letter to Horace will take us back to the Augustan age; quite the proper thing."

"Where did you find that noble binding?" asked Filia, pouncing upon the little volume eagerly. "Whom is it for?"

"I shall probably give it to Cousin Lucretia if I find I can spare it comfortably," I replied. "I found it in our dear Piazza di Spagna while you were gone for letters this morning."

Our first act in each day's programme was to descend the Spanish Stairs from our high plane on the Via Sistina.

"Oh, yes, in return for Cousin Lucretia's sending that desirable artist to us. We had a visitor last night, Contessa Carletti, and it made us feel as though we belonged here."

"I shall be thoroughly jealous," said the Contessa with a little *moue* of charming protest; "I want you all to myself. The time is so short."

"How flattering!" laughed Filia blithely. "You can have us! Our artist man — he is an American and I fear from Idaho (think of that in Rome!) — only proposes to take us to a musicale next Friday

in the studio of a famous sculptor. His name I have forgotten."

"Ezekiel, without doubt. I was going to take you to his studio myself, but this may be even better. I shall meet you there and introduce you, if I may, to friends of mine. You will enjoy it, I know. But I wish to hear the Signora read from the expensive little book. Miss Liman will see that the children are as still as mice. Ilaria, give me my knitting, if you please."

Before we settled to attention, however, Filia reminded the Contessa of her promise to build the wall of Rome.

"With Gigi's blocks, is it, Bébé?" she laughed.

"Yes, with Gigi's blocks, if he will let me. I want simple kindergarten methods. They suit my intellectual development. Mother, may we not have the Rome first, and after that your book? It would be so sad to lose this chance, — the blocks ready to hand."

We all laughed at Filia's frank simplicity, but the Contessa changed her place and, having with fine ceremony asked Gigi's leave to use his property, she sat on the edge of the rug in the midst of which Filia was planted, the building blocks being strewn about her. The small Gigi threw his head back against his mother's shoulder and sat watching with great

eyes of wonder the young lady who wished to play with his toys.

"Very well," the Contessa began in a crisp, business-like tone; "for this we will spare ten minutes. More can not be devoted to the infant mind. So then, Rome on Rome, Rome on Rome:—Pagan Rome first; Christian Rome after! Lay two or three long blue blocks ends together if you please, Piccola, here where I point."

Filia did as directed.

"That is the first range of our wall; it stands for the deep down, Mythical Rome,—the Rome you have to dig to get to,—dig in the ground and dig in the histories. Kindly remember at this point that scholars say one may get a superficial impression of Rome in ten years of study, but that twenty years would be necessary to know anything about it."

"The very reason I stick to kindergarten, Altezza," thus Filia meekly.

"Ecco! You have then there Pre-historic Rome, of which you are only reminded visibly here in the city by a few 'stones' still remaining, such as the block of the Servian Wall in the Via Nazionale, the Cloaca Maxima,—Etruscan by the way,—and a few broken pillars and pavements in the Forum Romanorum. Also, of course, by perpetual she-wolves,—the sixth century Capitoline wolf and various later ones, 'made in Germany,' probably."

"But the Temple of Castor and Pollux in the Forum," I interposed; "does not that belong to Primitive Rome?"

"Almost, but it was not dedicated until twenty years after the time when Republican Rome suddenly came into being. The date 509 B.C. is usually given for the ending of the Tarquins, and all the other Latin-Etruscan myths, and the beginning under Junius Brutus, First Consul, of the authentic Republic of Rome. Please lay your second blue row, Signorina."

"Republican Rome, — Pagan?"

"Precisely. This is Rome glorious, strenuous, virtuous, virile; the Rome which gave the basis of law to all the world; the Rome of patrician and plebeian; of consuls and pontiffs, praetors, tribunes, decemvirs, and senators; Rome before she became over-civilized, over-Hellenized, decadent. The struggles between Rome and Carthage, the story of Hannibal and the Punic Wars, you will remember, belong to Republican Rome. There was not much of notable permanent building, but the first paved road was laid by Appius Claudius in 312 B.C., — the Appian Way. Your third layer now, still Pagan, though turning Christian, must be blue and must be laid for Imperial Rome, Signorina Filia. Mr. Crawford says, — very well, I think, — that in the long tempest of parties the Roman Republic went

down for ever and Julius Caesar rose in the centre of the storm, driving it before him, master of Rome and of the world. Saluted as Pontifex Maximus and Emperor, his supremacy in religion, in the state and the army marks the change to the Empire. (I consider that I am talking rather well, but it is mostly Mr. Crawford.) It was about the year 45 B.C. that Julius Caesar was constituted first Emperor. The Julian and Claudian dynasties were followed by the Flavian. Under the Antonines the highest plane of Greco-Roman civilization was reached, the Golden Age of the Empire I think it is called. The greatest architectural achievements, such as the buildings in the Campus Martius, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Arch of Titus, the chief Fora and temples and the great aqueducts of the Campagna came before the Soldier-Emperors. Still we have the Thermae of Caracalla and Diocletian under these, and even later the Arch built by Constantine, the last ruler of the undivided Roman Empire and its Divider. Conventionally the Empire lasted until 476, but it died a slow death under a line of puppet rulers, the last of whom was Romulus Augustus."

"Rome began, and in a sense ended then, with a Romulus," remarked Filia.

"Bright child! Take your place at the head of the class. Now we will change the colour; take white blocks if you please for Christian Rome. But we

can no longer stick to a chronological sequence in our strata, for our next two layers, representing the Rise of Christianity, are really contemporary with our last, — Imperial Rome. We must remember this fact as we build. The movement is an advance morally but not in time, being included within the limits of the Empire. So then: the Author of the Christian religion was born, — you may have heard! — in a Roman province in Asia in the reign of Augustus, second Emperor; and during the reign of Claudius, fifth Emperor, his religion reaches Rome. The first great course which you lay is Roman Christianity, Persecuted and in the Tombs. This from about 64 A. D., to the date of Constantine's proclamation of tolerance, the year 313, — the Edict of Milan, I suppose I ought to call it. This period covers all the great Pagan persecutions, the obscure but rapid growth of the Church, and the dawning of Rome's modern, universal spiritual Empire. The chief Christian memorials of this age and the next are the Catacombs and a few remnants of Basilicas.

“ Now another layer; Roman Christianity on the Throne of the Caesars. The sites of Saint Peter's, the Lateran and some other churches stand for this epoch, but above ground there is little left. Christianity becomes the Imperial religion, but meanwhile the Empire is divided between West and East

and Constantinople gains sway while Rome loses. This means Byzantine influence throughout Italy; and we must recognize it in Rome also. Still we cannot give it separate classification. Byzantine rule passes out of sight with the beginning of the Holy Roman Empire, which I like to date from Charlemagne, A. D. 800."

"Shall I not lay stones for Byzantine rule and the Holy Roman Empire?" asked Filia.

"No, I think not. They really are all included under the third course of Christian Rome. Papal Rome begins to assume proportions at about the time that Imperial Rome decays. The third layer for Christian Rome, which marks, please notice, an advance chronologically again, must be very broad and inclusive. Lay the stone, and call it Papal and Mediaeval Rome. The Bishops or Metropolitans of Rome had been pressing harder and harder their claims to universal supremacy, and with Leo I in the middle of the fifth century these seem to have been acknowledged. When Leo III placed the imperial crown on the head of Charlemagne and saluted him as Augustus, these pretensions received strongest confirmation. Thenceforward, until the nineteenth century, the Papacy has dominated Rome, — aside from the interval of the Great Schism, the Avignon residence and all that. This is the period of the earliest appearance of the feudal lords such as the

Colonna and Orsini and the other great barons, who later made such endless confusion."

"What buildings do we find to represent that period?" I asked.

"There is almost nothing left to show. Successive devastations of the city by hostile armies and by fire have wiped out the traces of mediaeval as well as of early Christian Rome, aside from foundation walls and the Catacombs. But our next period builds a new Rome. In the thirteenth century the Italian Renaissance dawns. We must lay a course for that above the Papal and Mediaeval, and call it Papal and Renaissance. All Rome witnesses to the glory and ascendancy of this period, even these gardens of the Borghese; but the Dome of St. Peter's is the supreme achievement of the supreme Master of the Renaissance. Now one more — the cap stones: Modern Rome, or better, Italian Rome, — architecturally I must admit perfectly hideous, — but no matter. You remember that two thousand years ago Italy became Roman, forty years ago Rome became Italian. The Wall of Rome is built."

"Ecco! Rome on Rome it certainly is. And this is the wall that *I* built," with pride returned Filia, and cautiously placed the fifth white course on her somewhat tottering structure. "Gigi, caro mio, listen and hear me say my lesson backwards;" with this she lifted again the top stones from her

wall and laid them aside: "This is our own Rome of to-day;" then, — repeating the process, — "This was Rome Papal and Renaissance, when the splendid churches and palaces were built; this was Rome Papal and Mediaeval, when Rome fell and after a while the Holy Roman Empire finished up the Byzantine interference and began itself; this was Roman Christianity on the Throne of the Caesars, placed there by Constantine who divided the Empire; this was Roman Christianity, hiding in the Tombs and being persecuted by the Emperors."

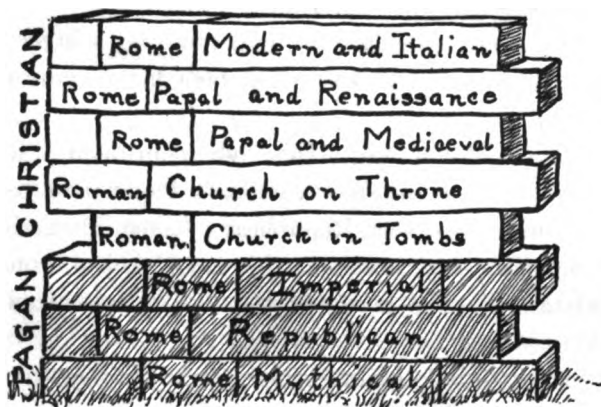
With each sentence Filia had removed a layer of white blocks. Only the lower blue layers now remained.

"Pagan Rome now. This," she continued, "was Imperial Rome, mostly A. D., part Pagan and part Christian; this was Republican Rome altogether Pagan and altogether B. C.; this was Mythical Rome, undatable." She scattered the blocks abroad with playful energy.

"Back to bare ground again, Gigi. Now you can have the blocks. You were angelic to let me play with them such a long while. And for you, Signora Contessa, — words fail to express my gratitude for thus condescending to my humble intelligence."

I echoed Filia's gratitude, finding indeed essential help in the process of my orientation in Rome through the Contessa's rapid résumé.

"It is a rough, a sketchy treatment, simple and unscholarly, but *en passant* it helps," returned our friend. "And now, Signora, for the letter of Horace. That is to be my reward."



IX

WHITE AND BLACK

“**E**NOUGH, Horace, of these mortuary musings. You loved the lesson of the roses, and now and again would speak somewhat like a death’s head over your temperate cups of Sabine *ordinaire*. Your melancholy moral was but meant to heighten the joy of your pleasant life, when wearied Italy, after all her wars and civic bloodshed, had won a peaceful haven. . . . In the lull between the two tempests of Republic and Empire your odes sound ‘like linnets in the pauses of the wind.’ . . . How human are all your verses, Horace! what a pleasure is yours in the straining poplars, swaying in the wind! what gladness you gain from the white crest of Soracte. . . . You seem to me like a man who welcomes middle age, and is more glad than Sophocles was to ‘flee from these hard masters,’ the passions. In the fallow leisure of life you glance round contented, and find all very good save the need to leave all behind. Even that you take with an Italian good-humour, as

the folk of your sunny country bear poverty and hunger.

"*Durum, sed levius fit patientia!* To them, to you, the loveliness of your land is, and was, a thing to live for. None of the Latin poets your fellows, or none but Virgil, seem to me to have known so well as you, Horace, how happy and fortunate a thing it was to be born in Italy. . . . 'Me neither resolute Sparta nor the rich Larissæan plain so enraptures as the fane of echoing Albunea, the headlong Anio, the grove of Tibur, the orchards watered by the wandering rills.'

"So a poet should speak —"

"Enrico! Pardon me for interrupting the charming letter, but there is my husband at last."

As the Contessa spoke our *al fresco* reading circle was approached by a distinguished looking gentleman, whom, in meeting, we found to have Latin gravity of manner combined with Sicilian beauty of person. The Conte was a grandson of one of Garibaldi's famous "Thousand," a Catanian hero, married later to a Roman lady. Conte Carletti is himself a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and, as might be expected, ardently White in politics. Unfortunately he spoke English with diffidence and hesitation, but Filia, who was now becoming fluent in Italian, relieved him, the general civilities of initiat-

ing acquaintance once over, by conversing valiantly in his own language.

Meanwhile, and for the first time, I found the opportunity I had desired to ask the Contessa concerning her literary work, of which Signor Aztalos had given us a hint. She met me with characteristic unaffected frankness, manifesting a vivid interest in the theme.

“ Oh, yes,” she said, “ I have been writing when I could command time for a number of years. Sometimes I write verses, very simple ones, you know, but I like better fiction — short stories best.”

“ But not in English? ”

“ Never. You can see I do not speak English idiomatically. I could not venture to write in it.”

“ How I wish I could read Italian! ”

“ I should like it if you could, for I think we should know each other still better if you read some little things of mine.”

“ What have you been doing of late? ”

“ A short novelle called ‘ Vertu in Rilevo. ’ It is to be published presently in Milan. Milan, you know, is now our great literary centre, superseding Florence and Rome, as New York I find has taken the place of Boston in America. Ah, there is a marvellous new life and initiative in Milan! You would love it if you once really knew it. But no Americans

ever stay more than twenty-four hours there, and they see nothing but trams and the Duomo."

"And your story is to be published in Milan; can you tell me anything about it? I should like extremely to know what you enjoy writing about, for that you do enjoy your work I can see."

The Contessa's face, which has the transparent clarity of porcelain, shone as from a light within, but in her eyes was a shadow of brooding thought.

"When you have been to Perugia you will understand better what this new story means, and how it came to me. I wrote it in Perugia, not two months since, when I was there for a week with Enrico. One cannot help being romantic, poetic even, in Perugia. Except Rome there is no city in Italy which so dominates my imagination. Perhaps, though, you may think it gloomy. But it is a place in which one can study Italy marvellously well, — thoroughly typical, you know; one might say Italy in miniature."

"I am sure I shall care very much for Perugia. We plan for a whole week there, when we leave here. Contessa Carletti, I have a bright, but a very bold thought: I *must* read this Perugia tale of 'Vertu in Rilevo,' and I must read it in Perugia. My daughter is a fair Italian scholar, you know, and she has a decided facility in translating at sight."

"Ecco! You will ask then to take to Perugia a

copy of my novelle, and there Signorina Filia will read it to you while you sit in your window of the Brufani looking out across all Umbria. The Tiber, flowing past the foot of the hill, shall carry back to Rome, to me, the sound of my own Perugia dreaming, done into English gently and sincerely by that dear simpatica soul! Gladly, most gladly I will lend the manuscript to you, Signora. It is really quite American: the persons-in-chief are American, not Italian in fact. I can always keep in touch with that point of view because I go over to visit my relatives now and again. As I told you, I spent the winter in Boston three years ago, and Enrico was with me. How famously he and your little Signorina are getting on! He looks positively enthralled. I am sure he would be by her Italian, for she has a charming little accent of her own, so different from most American-Italian."

"I fancy it may be Greek-Italian, Contessa."

"Oh, Signor Aztalos gave her lessons, you told me, on the steamer. No wonder he did!" added the Contessa, laughing. "It is fortunate that I am not Italian born, for do you know it is quite probable, if I were, that at this moment I should begin to turn a chilling and resentful shoulder to you and your daughter, for the simple reason that my husband so plainly finds the Signorina interesting."

"Oh, but no, Contessa!"

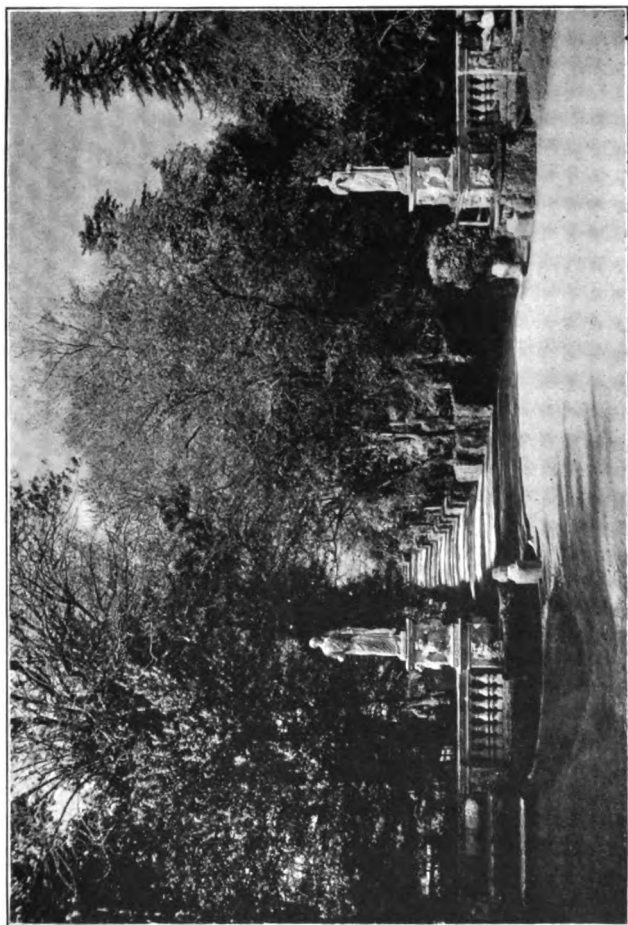
"Oh, but yes, Signora! Italian women are, in that regard, absolute children. It is most amusing at times, but also most to be regretted. And still they have often but too good reason for jealousy. Italian morals are not all they should be. There are few men, I am sorry to say, like my husband. Enrico! It is time to go. I shall be presently jealous; and besides, the children should be having their supper."

We broke up soon after this. The Conte and Contessa, having despatched the little family band with nurse and maestra in the motor-car, walked themselves to the door of our pensione with Filia and me.

While we dressed for dinner I inquired of Filia concerning the conversation with Senator Carletti which had been apparently engrossing and had lasted, despite various interruptions, all the way from the Villa Borghese.

"A Roman Senator!" cried Filia with rapturous gestures and upturned eyes. "Fancy having a Roman Senator talking Roman politics to you for an hour! Never did I hope to see this day. What did he say, you ask? He said everything interesting concerning the political situation here, everything, that is, for a White. I suppose the Blacks have another tale to tell, but we are of course inevitably and wholly White; at least I am. Are not you?"

"White being Quirinal, Black being Vatican — yes.



THE BORGHESE GARDENS.

I am at least whiter than I am black! But I should like to know what an intelligent sympathizer with the Vatican would say."

"Oh, I can tell you that. Il Conte told me that the Vatican considers the annexation of the Papal States to the Kingdom of Italy, and above all the taking of Rome for the national capital, as 'a mighty theft,' just bare, ruffianly robbery. The House of Savoy is a sheer usurper here, and a worse than any foreign usurper; indeed the correct thing in Black circles is to say that the present reigning house has not a drop of Italian blood in its veins. Savoy is now, as Signor Aztales told us, French, whatever it may have been. The fact that the kings of Italy have been good Catholics only adds to the heinousness of their offence; although personally even Pio Nono used to call Vittorio Emanuele II an honest man, and sent him permission to have the sacrament and also his blessing on his death-bed. Did you know that the old Pope died the very next month after the King? Strange, was it not? Then, to go on, the Vatican pose is that the Church in Italy is sorely persecuted as well as robbed, and that no one can be a sincere Catholic and not protest against the existing government. Consequently no Catholic could be justified in taking part in Parliamentary elections, either as candidate or elector."

"What a situation, — an absolute *impasse*, I should think."

"Yes, but under Pius X it has given way. But Conte Carletti told me a very interesting incident to illustrate the point, of a priest named Curci, a wise, fearless Christian man, who published a pamphlet during Leo's pontificate, in which he pleaded that participation in national politics was the duty of Italian men, also for reconciliation of the Pope with the constitutional monarchy; then besides he spoke of the Dogma of Infallibility as a stumbling-block in the way of the Gospel. For this publication he was expelled from the Order of Jesuits, his book was condemned by the Congregation of the Index, and he was required by way of retraction to assent to three propositions. Of course this meant that these propositions are what the Papacy holds as fundamental and essential. I forgot whether Curci retracted or was poisoned. Probably the last. They generally were."

"Do you remember the propositions?"

"Yes. First, speedy reestablishment of the temporal power of the Popes; second, the duty of all sincere Catholics to abstain from voting at political elections; third, the impossibility of coexistence for the Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy."

"Astonishing! I do not see how the kings have

tolerated the Papacy with such pretensions here in the very heart of their kingdom," I exclaimed.

"No other king or nation would tolerate it, Senator Carletti says. But very recently, that is since 1905, there has been a change of front. In general his idea seems to be that the Quirinal regards the Vatican pose with a kind of amused patience, knowing it is just a 'great game of bluff,' which may impose on foreigners but which Italians see through perfectly. So they smile sarcastically when the Papalists appeal to the nations to 'break the chains of Peter;' they let the Jesuits plot with the Socialists even to overthrow the Government, and intrigue with the Courts of Europe harmlessly for the restoration of the Temporal Power. The Vatican makes no headway with Austria, it seems. This pleases me to know: from the year 1866, so says Senator Carletti, when Austria resigned the Iron Crown of Lombardy, — that was the symbol of course of her Italian domination, — she has acted with simply magnificent loyalty towards the new Italian kingdom. She even urged Rome as capital. The Vatican can never forgive Austria that, naturally. The Pope knows now perfectly that Austria will never help in the recovery of his temporalities. The old Emperor and Vittorio Emanuele II became the best of friends in the end."

"Certainly Rome is the only city in the world

which is the seat of two mutually antagonistic governments, two rival thrones, two rival courts. I never quite realized the situation before, and really," I reflected, "I cannot see how it can have been sustained for so long, quite forty years now."

"Just fancy the King of Italy being excommunicated from the Church! Actually he could only be married in the Church of S. Maria degli Angeli because that is in the precincts of the *Thermae* of Diocletian, which is the property of the State and not under Papal jurisdiction."

"Does Conte Carletti admire the present king?"

"Enthusiastically. Umberto made no appeal to the pride, or passion, or to the imagination of the people, but he says that his violent death awakened Italy. Nothing he thinks could have been finer than the speech of Vittorio Emanuele III when he opened his first Parliament, the eyes of all Italy and all Europe upon him. He quoted a sentence which I scribbled on a page of my note-book. Listen and see if you are not altogether White: 'Unabashed and steadfast I ascend the throne, conscious of my rights and my duties, as King. Let Italy have faith in me as I have faith in her destinies, and no human force shall destroy that which with such self-sacrifice my fathers built.'"

"That rings firm and true. With a man like that on the throne time will heal the old wounds."

"But there is one thing I could see plainly from my talk with il Conte," continued Filia, "and that is really the worst wound of all: it has become nearly an impossibility for an intelligent and patriotic Italian to be a good Christian. I asked him whether he were himself Catholic, and he replied: 'The Catholic Church is the enemy of United Italy. Can an Italian, then, who loves his country, be Catholic?' Then I said that I supposed he must be Protestant, but he shrugged his shoulders and said that Protestantism did not suit the Italian temperament, that it was colourless. 'In reality,' he told me, 'we are all pagan here, and the majority, as in the days of Imperial Rome, have no gods.'"

"A melancholy state of things! I wish, however, I could ask il Conte a few questions about the Modernists, about Murri, and about Fogazzaro's dream of a purified Catholicism. I cannot help hoping that light is breaking from that direction."

At dinner we found certain friends of travel, Americans, discussing a presentation of *Il Trovatore* for the evening. They said it would not be good as it was summer theatre now, and no star singers were on, but they had purchased tickets, thinking it would be at least amusing. Being pressed to join in the adventure, Filia and I hurried away from the table to cabs which had been ordered for the party, and soon after eight found ourselves in the Teatro

occupying poltrone (orchestra chairs) before a stage of crude appointments and amid groups of men who kept their hats on and smoked cheerfully.

We soon discovered that Italians of position do not frequent the poltrone; the choice of these seats is considered over here an American aberration of mind. They are always offered, however, to *forestieri* who generally, as in our own case, know no better than to take them. As we were a party of sufficient proportions and respectability to feel no embarrassment we gave ourselves up to getting all possible local colour from our environment, and we found a plenty.

The whole performance was naïve and informal to a degree. People strolled about and changed their seats as they chose without restraint; the musicians laughed and chattered incessantly; the lights were kept on at full height all through; the enthusiasm was wildly sincere; the singers sang to the galleries frankly and without disguise. The leading lady was an Amazon of at least six feet in height, while the tenor, being tiny, watched her anxiously as she was predisposed to fainting turns, in any one of which he was likely to be exterminated. Leonora's elderly duenna had a confidential and affable air, and her person, which was portly, was packed into a satin gown of a high shade of pink — "Solferino" in fact. (See Battle of, June 24, 1859; by the same

token "Magenta," Battle of, June 4. The derivation of these colour names I had never perceived until I came to Italy.) The lady wore leg o' mutton sleeves, a waist line under her arms, and an umbrageous pompadour. The basso was a black-a-vised heavy villain slashed in red and yellow; the Zingarella was matronly but personable. Altogether the singers and the stage bordered perilously on absurdity, and Filia and I were kept on the edge of disgracing ourselves by betraying our acute amusement. But the redeeming feature was the singing of these bizarre creatures. They seemed to have their great chests full of song, which flooded the place like a surge of harmony. One never hears such singing in America; there was no question as to technic, it was simply nature, — and a great deal of it, a whole-souled outpouring which carried even us cold-blooded *forestieri* away to cry "Bis! bis!" with the rest in the end. There is an almost pathetic element to me in the unfailing fervour of response on the part of Italians to the airs of *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*. To the Southern nature Verdi's appeal is apparently deathless.

Our second week in Rome, shaped in great measure by the advice of the Contessa Carletti, yielded us far more satisfaction than the first, proved to us indeed that we could *bear* Rome, yes, love it. The excursions to Frascati and Tivoli were of all our experiences in Rome most ardently enjoyed. To my mind the

broad, billowing reaches of the Campagna, the tombs, the broken arches of the aqueducts, the great gray and white oxen, the thick sown poppies, the outline of Soracte, the Alban group and the distant Sabine mountains, the views of Rome from afar and on the return, exceed in lasting value of impression that of the minutiae of sight-seeing within the city gates. Among the most refreshing of all our visions of Italy are the pools and fountains, the mossy carvings beneath the cypress avenues of the Villa d'Este; the baths and porticoes of Hadrian's Villa; the ancient olives on the slopes of Tivoli; the Falls of the Anio, — stream dear to the heart of Horace. In the silence and shade of these scenes we felt a peace of deliverance from the confusion and suffering of Roman fever, — by which term I have defined the mania of seeing everything named in the guide-book until the congested brain loses all capacity for assimilation.

We had our part in the feverish throng, however, on Corpus Christi Day, when we stood in St. Peter's throughout the celebration of High Mass, and the pageant of the Procession of the Host. Cardinal Rampolla, as Vicar of St. Peter's, was the celebrant priest. He is an imposing personage, and looks quite one's conception of a supreme pontiff of the Roman Church, his heavily lined and broadly modelled features possessing a species of Romanesque facial

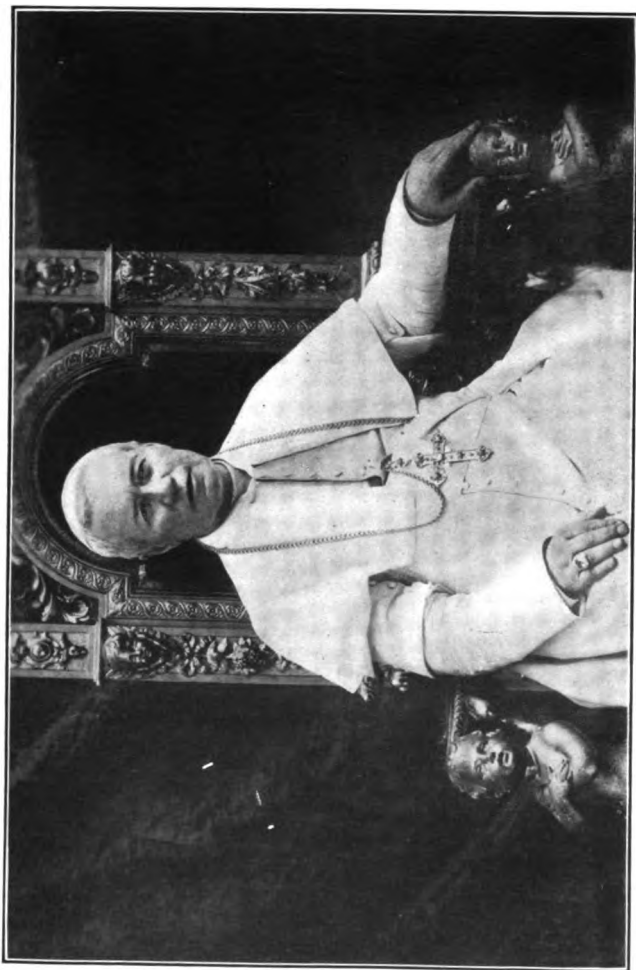
architecture. As he passed close beside us, with the procession, his hands, which held aloft the glittering ciborium, trembled noticeably and the great emerald on his right hand flickered and flashed out green fire. His face, in that moment of exposure to keen common scrutiny, wore the palpable ecclesiastical mask in which the sought-for spiritual exaltation subtly shades into automatic sanctity.

Throughout the prolonged ceremonies of the Mass we studied the faces of the canons and prelates assembled in the choir, arrayed in gorgeous vestments of crimson, purple, and marvellous lace. Even in the supreme moment of the Elevation of the Host one could not fail to note on their faces the half-impatient, half-sardonic look of enforced attention, the ill-concealed weariness of actors of played-out parts. We thought of these ecclesiastics in their political intriguing, in their sleepless worldly ambitions, their social diplomacies, their complacent participation in the pleasures of dining and card-playing among fashionable Blacks. We came away wondering less than before even that Italians "quietly refuse to take their political orders from the Vatican." At least there is no hypocrisy at the Quirinal.

Our audience with Pius X strengthened my previous conviction that the present Pope, whether he believes in his own infallibility or not, is no hypocrite. It was a sufficiently banal ceremony in which

we participated, after much preparatory red tape, including in the preceding days ascending interminable stairs to present ourselves in person to Monsignor Bisletti, the major-domo of the Vatican, a keen, ferret-faced Italian.

A hundred or more of us, including alike the faithful and the heretic, assembled at the appointed time in prescribed costume, were driven about from one hypothetical audience-chamber to another for half an hour or more. Some one must have been satisfied in the end, for having waited interminably in one long, desolate room, the signal was given and the Pope entered with three attendants. I was able to study figure and face at leisure as the old pontiff walked slowly and wearily the circuit of the company, his steps characterized by the soft shuffle of the ecclesiastic. The massive figure was clothed in white (not aggressively white) broadcloth, the feet in red slippers; on the finger was the great pontifical emerald. The face was heavy, inert but not stolid, and the first glance revealed, not indisputably a large brain behind, but a large heart beneath. There was none of the imposing intellectuality of Cardinal Rampolla, which would have well fitted him for successor to Leo XIII,—the marvellously subtle Pecci, with his keen zest for the tortuous mazes of diplomacy. The man whose tired gray eyes looked not unkindly into ours that noon convinced us, in



POPE PIUS X.

that moment's look, of his humility as a Christian and of his sincerity as a priest. His official acts must be interpreted *via* the Jesuit wire-pullers who surround him.

On the morning of our last whole day in Rome we rose early for a drive into the Campagna along the Appian Way. We had visited the Catacombs and the legend-haunted churches in our first days in Rome, as we had arrived brimful of reverent curiosity to seek out every trace of the Apostolic Church and of the first saints and martyrs. To-day we drove out through the Porta San Sebastiano and as far as the Tomb of Cecilia Metella for the ensemble in the morning light, for a last impression of the horizon hills, the aqueducts, the tombs, the hoary walls and portals.

Our cocchiere, eager to earn an extra lira, insisted upon drawing up to point out each conventional feature along the way, upon which, not caring to stop, Filia would call back an appreciative "Bello! bello!" and motion him to go on. In the end she found the exercise tiresome and declared that she should "bello" no more. Then I took up the parable, but the cocchiere appeared to take the suggestion and left us in peace. And there was peace in the vast reaches of the Campagna, in the dewy freshness shading off to the violet distance, silent, unbroken by living humanity. Once we saw a shepherd with his

dog, as silent as statues in the Capitoline Museum, which indeed they much resembled; the quiet sheep were grazing; twice we passed great oxen with cream white hides, branching horns, and magnificent, meditative eyes. Here and there larks rose singing from the poppy starred wheat-fields and soared up into the infinite blue above us.

From the clear purity of the morning without the walls we drove back into the stir and noise of Rome just beginning its day. Once more we passed by the Arch of Constantine and the Coliseum, and saw in the distance the pillars of the Forum. Then Filia bade the cocchiere drive home by the Fountain of Trevi, where we stopped.

"Yes," I remarked, gazing at the highly allegorical and fantastic front, "I see and I have seen it frequently. It is bad art, thrice dead Renaissance, done by a follower of Bernini 'gone mad in marble,' as Hawthorne says. Why do you wish to look at it again?"

Filia, who had now alighted from the carozza, called back:

"I am not looking at it, I am taking a last draught of it from my Sorrento cup, and I am about to throw a soldo into the basin to make sure that I return to Rome."

This ritual of the traveller completed, we drove home by way of the Quirinal for a last look at the



FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.



APPIAN WAY.

statues of the Obelisk, the Dioscuri with their horses, which may be counterfeits of Phidias but are no doubt thrilling and stirring figures and finely placed.

In the afternoon, according to an earlier agreement, we met Cousin Lucretia's artist friend in the Carthusian Cloisters of the *Thermae* of Diocletian. While I strolled alone for a little space in the lovely courtyard, filled with roses, the strange irony of juxtaposition smote upon me poignantly. Here were two twentieth-century, Protestant, American women asked in most casual fashion, in the city of Rome, to meet a friend in the Sixteenth-century Carthusian Cloisters, founded by Pope Pius IV, laid out by Michelangelo within the enclosure of the Baths of Diocletian! The vast *Thermae*, the largest in Rome, were built for the Emperor by 40,000 Christian workmen, for in the year 302 Rome was obscurely, but surely, thronged with followers of the Nazarene. The Emperor, in the years immediately following this particular building operation, began an eight-year-long persecution of his Christian subjects, which, in fury and extent, exceeded all persecutions which had gone before. But it was the last, for in the following year Constantine had his historic heavenly vision of the luminous cross seen at mid-day. And so within the walls of the great *Thermae* of the Church's arch-persecutor, the Renaissance pontiff built his Christian monastery. In the nine-

teenth century the Italian government, still Christian, suppresses the monastery and the cloisters are filled with memorials of pagan rites and divinities, some of which antedate Diocletian by a thousand years. And Protestant Americans of the twentieth century make pilgrimage to gaze at and to grasp what they may of the mordant satires of Time.

“This is Rome indeed,” I thought. “And what am I, insignificant, to snatch for my own the spoils of the ages after this sort?”

A few moments later I looked about me in the midst of the Museo Boncompagni, still within the Cloisters of Michelangelo, and saw the colossal group of the first Pergamenian School, — the Gaul slaying his wife with his own hand to save her from capture, — the glorious Juno Ludovisi and other works of authoritative excellence, brought from the gardens of Sallust. Then every element of the situation was forgotten save that splendour of classic art. In an hour we left the museum and moved on to another portion of the *Thermae* (its vast enclosure has been adapted to various uses, both public and private), where we were ushered into the studio of Mr. Moses Ezekiel, one of the foremost of American sculptors, and for over twenty years a resident of Rome.

Mr. Ezekiel is a Virginian by birth and has been knighted — rare honour for an American! — by the King of Italy. He received much of his training in



GAUL SLAYING HIS WIFE, MUSEO BONCOMPAGNI, ROME.



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Germany, where the merits of his bust of Washington admitted him to the Berlin Society of Artists. Among his best known works are the monument to Jefferson in Louisville, Kentucky, his portrait bust of Mrs. White at Cornell University, his symbolic statue of Religious Liberty in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and the bust of Lord Sherbrooke in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. From the artist himself we received cordial kindness of greeting and his personality commanded instant interest,—a genius unmistakably and an intelligence of the highest order as well. All about us in the studio was recent work, both completed and in process. The American type of ideal female beauty which Ezekiel has established made us glad to be American, it is so essentially spirited, so proudly and nobly beautiful. Statues of convincing distinction delighted our eyes, and that when we had come straight from those immortal antiques! Most impressive was a seated figure of Napoleon, recently completed.

From the working studio we were presently conducted for the recital of chamber music, by an outer stair, to Mr. Ezekiel's bachelor apartment, still within the *Thermae*, and, we were told, the oldest roofed building in Rome. This stairway was covered by a network of close vines, among which white pigeons flew about with their peaceful, melodious *gurring*. We now entered a vast and vaulted

chamber, almost, it seemed to me, as large as the Sistine Chapel and conveying in its proportions an effect of imposing stateliness.

Across one side of this room ran a gallery; above this the one enormous window, heavily curtained, occupying the entire wall space. Seated soon in a carved and canopied arm chair I looked about. The distant spaces of the room were almost lost in the mellow dusk which filled it, but about me I could discern an infinite variety of bronzes, antiques, curios, tapestries, pictures, and carvings. Candles in sculptured candelabra and antique lamps were lighted here and there. Soon I began to observe the people who were gathering in numbers and who, as our escort pointed out one and another, proved almost as interesting as the place.

An exquisite *brune* beauty in white with a broad white plumed hat was the daughter of Edward Labouchère; with her was the Princess Radziwill; very distingué were Mrs. Marion Crawford and her daughters; consuls, litterateurs, virtuosi, artists, abounded. Many persons came in after the music began, but these received scant welcome from Mr. Ezekiel, who within his section of the old imperial domain is himself an imperator. Absolute stillness was even sharply imposed, and we all listened in a species of enchantment to the Beethoven symphonies rendered by three violins, a cello, and piano. It seemed the

soul rather than the body of music. During the four movements, between which were short intervals, a few enthusiasts gathered in the middle of the great room about the performers as if drawn by an irresistible magnet, bending double, staring at the score enraptured, their ardent, dark, mobile faces in the candle-light making a Rembrandt tableau vivante.

When the last strains died away I found Contessa Carletti crossing to my side with affectionate welcome. We must come with her and be introduced to the hostess of the afternoon, Signora Liliana De Bosis. Butlers were bringing in trays and the tea equipage was arranged upon a massive carved table at the top of the room. Standing behind the tea urn the Signora De Bosis, herself American-born, a gracious woman, wife of the distinguished poet and translator De Bosis, did the honours while young girl guests, as in like functions in England and America, assisted her in serving. We met in succession titled German, French, and Italian folk and birds of passage from America like ourselves, but especially attractive we found certain members of the American colony in Rome. Among these, eminent by reason of long residence, but more for personal charm, literary distinction, and religious devotion to the Italian people, were Dr. and Mrs. Whittinghill and Miss Argyle-Taylor, well known to readers of the

Atlantic Monthly through her lovely sketches of things Italian.

It was time to go, and I turned for a last word, before parting, with Contessa Carletti. I found her, with Filia, in a group of brilliant persons who were earnestly discussing the political aspects of Fogazzaro's "Il Santo."

The Contessa turned quickly, smiling her luminous smile to me.

"It is really growing very late, is it not?" she said; "but I have still something quite interesting — I hope — to say."

"And so have I, and to do," I replied. "The manuscript of 'Vertu in Rilevo' was safely delivered at noon and now lies neatly packed in my portfolio, waiting for Perugia and the golden moment when we can read it."

"That is very nice," she said naïvely; "and you must like it — a little — for my sake. But I want to tell you that there is to my joy a chance that we may yet meet again before you leave Italy, for we have decided to go to Lucca, to the Bagni di Lucca that is, in August. You are to be in the north; then why can you not also come there? You have no notion how beautiful Tuscany is, and at Bagni we have the finest physician! One can get rid of every ill I assure you, for a year. He is in Rome for a little and chances to be here to-day. Do you see that fine,

fair man with the ironical crest on the wave of his earnestness? He is speaking at the moment to your daughter? That is Doctor Giorgi."

"I shall undoubtedly go to Bagni! The array of attractions is irresistible. Not that I ever heard of the place."

"Oh, pardon me, but you must have done that and forgotten. Shelley and Byron and Montaigne and the Brownings —"

"Oh, of course! I do remember. It never had the note of reality before. You speak as if it were Saratoga or Lakewood."

"The note of reality! I like the phrase. I apply it to my story, 'Vertu in Rilevo.' Will you promise me not to read the thing until you have been in Perugia days enough to impart to it this note of reality, — until you have seen the San Bernardino, the Via Appia?"

"Is there then a Via Appia in Perugia also?"

"Oh, yes, by all means. And thereby hangs the tale."

On the homeward way we drove for a little on the terrace of the Pincian for one last look over Rome. In his "Monte Mario" Carducci gives the impression of the moment:

"Cypresses solemn stand on Monte Mario,
Luminous, quiet is the air around them,
They watch the Tiber through the misty meadows
Wandering voiceless.

**" They gaze beneath them where, a silent city,
Rome lies extended ; like a giant shepherd
O'er flocks unnumbered vigilant and watchful,
Rises St. Peter's."**

X

AUGUSTA PERUSIA

“**I**MAGINE a rock in the midst of a melancholy valley, and on the top of the rock a city so deathly silent as to give the impression of being uninhabited—every window closed—grass growing in the dusty gray streets—a Capuchin friar crosses the Piazza—a priest descends from a closed carriage in front of a hospital, all in black and with a decrepit old servant to open the door; here a tower against the white, rain-sodden clouds—there a clock slowly striking the hour, and suddenly, at the end of a street, a miracle—the Duomo.”

Thus writes Gabriele d’Annunzio of Orvieto, which as we first caught sight of it on its skyey crest seemed a city coming down out of heaven, shining and glorious. On nearer approach the glory departed, giving place to a sense of forbidding gloom. The impression of desolation peculiar to Orvieto (it was one of the Twelve of Etruria and so of highest antiquity) could not be more keenly given than in

D'Annunzio's description. But then, the mediæval miracle — the Duomo — is only the more miraculous for its setting.

The "most glorious façade in Italy," men say; the "petrification of an illuminated missal," "a wilderness of beauties, on every square inch of which have been lavished invention, skill, and precious material." What if it is true that it is only a "frontispiece," that the Duomo itself is within but an inferior church, devoid of religious greatness, has it not the frescoes of Fra Angelico and of Luca Signorelli to glorify its walls?

Dennis advises the traveller to omit what places he will between Florence and Rome but yield to the urgent demand of Orvieto's cathedral. Not too vividly does he praise the "tenderness and celestial radiance of Fra Angelico's work," or the glories of composition, the boldness, and awful grandeur of Signorelli's.

Nothing could exceed, short of Buonarroti himself, the fierce, concentrated intensity shown in the *Fulminati*; it is not difficult to believe that Buonarroti "courteously availed himself to a certain extent of the inventions" of Signorelli in his treatment of the Sistine Chapel. Perhaps the average wayfarer fails to comprehend either giant and prefers to leave that task to the critic, but even Filia and I could wonder why we had heard so little of Signorelli, and why

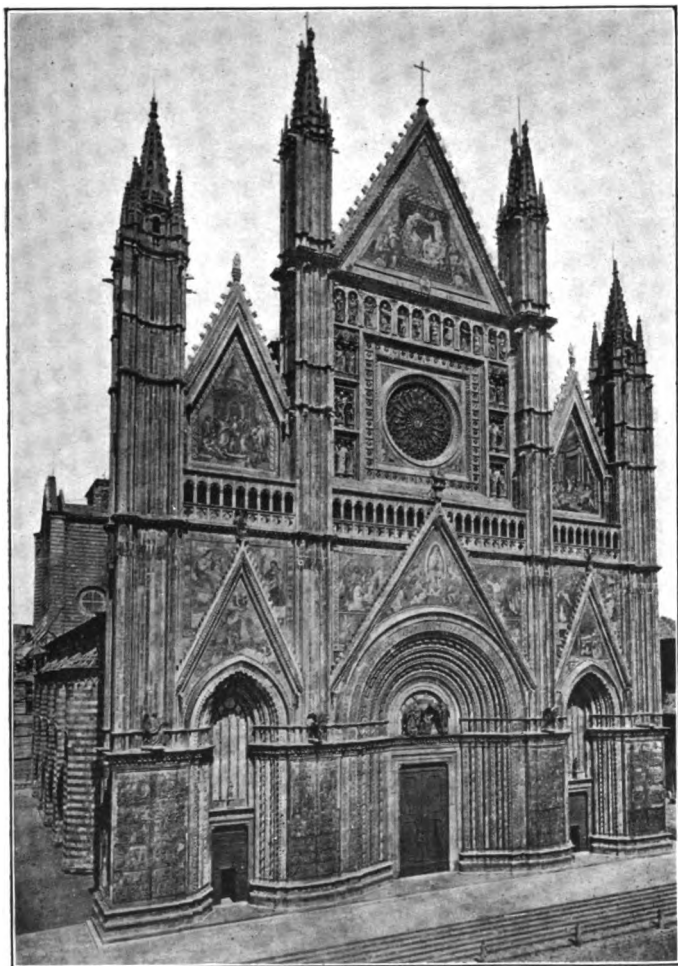
travellers stop so seldom at Orvieto. We felt that the work of the native Scalza alone would justify a visit, his beautiful Pietà being worthy to group with Buonarrotti's Pietà in St. Peter's and with that of Bernini in the subterranean chapel of the Lateran. But nothing within appealed to us with the bewildering charm of the cathedral's façade, before which we lingered until we lost our train for Perugia, so reaching that city late and weary that night. The ivory tinted marble set richly with gem-like mosaics, the endless intricacies of sculpture, the lovely bas-reliefs of Nicola Pisano which have been the study of Duccio and Giotto, Signorelli and Raphael, all confronted us with a purity and delicate perfection which made it incredible that they belonged to Dante's decades. And the consummate whole seemed greater far than the sum of all its parts.

Fresh as we were from the celebration of Corpus Christi Day in Rome, we found peculiar interest in the fact that the Orvieto Cathedral was built to commemorate the "Miracle of Bolsena," with which is associated the observance of the Festival of Corpus Christi. In the hours during which we waited in the Hotel Belle Arti for an afternoon train by which to proceed on our journey we read the story as given by a sympathetic writer.¹ I will here reproduce it in condensed form.

¹Edward Hutton in "The Cities of Umbria."

“The miracle of Bolsena, which the Cathedral of Orvieto was built to commemorate, happened in this wise. Raphael with his profound and scholarly insight has painted it, as it is supposed, opposite to the ‘School of Athens’ in the Vatican. A certain German priest had presumed to doubt in the little town of Orvieto the doctrine of the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Weary of his doubts he set out for Rome, so that there, in the capital of his religion, he might decide at last. Having set out for Rome he was resting one day on the shores of the beautiful lake of Bolsena. At the request of the villagers he celebrated a Mass for them in the church of Santa Christina, ‘which is with us even to this day.’

“As our German doubter (Raphael says he was but a lad) elevated the Host, more than ever troubled in his mind concerning the doctrine, he saw drops of red blood upon the Corporal, ‘each stain severally assuming the form of a human head with features like the Volto Santo, a portrait of our Saviour.’ What shame in his heart, what anger at his doubts, what love, what certainty, what gladness! Overcome by fear and reverence, he, sinner that he was, dared not consume the Holy Species; but with eagerness, with love, reserved the Body of Our Lord, and travelling in haste to Orvieto, where the Pope then was, he, not without shame, confessed to him not



ORVIETO CATHEDRAL.

only the miracle, but his doubts also. At the command of the Pope the Sacred Host and the Blessed Corporal were brought from the church at Bolsena, and Urban IV himself, with all his clergy, passed in procession with joy and music to meet the bishop who brought them. They rest to-day in the cathedral, in the Cappella del Corporale. The cathedral was erected in memory of the miracle by Urban, who in 1264 had promulgated by a bull the observance of the Corpus Christi Festival in connection with his strong desire to emphasize the doctrine of the Real Presence.

"Truth or lie," continues Mr. Hutton, "or what you will, the miracle of Bolsena has built the Cathedral of Orvieto; nor is there anything more marvellous upon earth. Fra Angelico did not hesitate to spend his genius on her walls. Signorelli, who is so much greater than his fame, in 1499 began to paint the vaulting and the walls; and amid all the magnificence and richness of the work around one, it is again and again to his work that the traveller will return — always with joy. . . . And in the Cappella del Corporale how magnificent is the casket which holds the blood-stained Corporal — perhaps the finest example in Italy of mediæval goldsmith's work."

The next morning we awoke in Umbria and awoke to Umbria, a glorious awakening. From our windows

in the Brufani we looked out over the Tiber Valley, the undulating plain, green as a garden of the Lord, at the violet hills, and, scattered on the hill tops, the cragged walls of mediæval towns. And one of those distant, hoary cities might be the shrine of St. Francis, Assisi. This thought and the sweet yet thrilling nobleness of the landscape quickened feeling to keen emotion. This was Umbria, word of nameless charm; this was the world in which Francis Bernadone once lived and loved, laboured and "went to meet death singing." Here, even here, in a Perugia prison, the legend says he first had thoughts of God.

Breakfast over we hastened to the Corso, whose proportions, we being new come from Rome, we found amusing, thence explored the Via Baglioni and came by an inevitable Via Garibaldi to the Piazza di San Lorenzo. Here we first of all turned with eagerness to find on the façade of the Palazzo Pubblico the "lean ferocity of feudal heraldry," — the bronze griffin and the bronze lion of Perugia and the Guelphs. There, in sun and wind and weather the stern old brazen beasts have stood guard since 1308, above the entrance where, in that century, the Priori and Podestà were wont to pass in and out with pomp of ceremonious procession. They look down upon the beautiful fountain, older yet than they, — "dear as the apple of their eye to the people of Perugia." This fountain of Fra Bevignate was perfected by

Arnolfo di Lapo and by the great master, Nicola Pisano, whose sculpture we had first found out but yesterday at Orvieto, by actual sight. And beyond the fountain rises for background the brown and bruised façade of San Lorenzo, facing down into the Piazza.

It seemed to me then, and looking back now when Florence and Siena, Verona and Pisa have been visited, that there is not in Italy a spot more sternly, profoundly feudal and mediaeval in its expression than that centre of Perugia. The date 1200 can serve as the keynote to the scene, the age of "ferocious broods of heroic ruffians," of the perpetual war of town with town, of fierce civic independence, of harsh austerities of life and action. Later come the Rise of Despots and the Rise of Art. Mystic Religion has already risen beyond the Umbrian plain, in Assisi, but its rays do not soften the bare, repellent contours of the Perugian Piazza and of the Duomo. The place is grim; the heraldic creatures are of savage aspect; the fountain is beautiful but strangely dolorous; the naked brickwork of cathedral and Palazzo is scarred and battered and stained with stains suggesting blood. But as we turned to study more intimately the detail of San Lorenzo, two things, which in the ensemble had escaped us, spoke with a gentler voice. Behind us from its pedestal the bronze statue of il Papa, Julius III (1556),

looked down in serene benediction, and close at hand, in the cathedral wall, was the small pulpit from which about the year 1430 the Franciscan, San Bernardino, preached repentance, forgiveness, and peace to them of Perugia, and saw, as after him Savonarola, a pyramid of vanities burn at his bidding. Even in this stern square, then, the Renaissance and the Order of Francis have their voice! Then entering, first the Duomo and afterwards the Palazzo, we found behind their severe, repellent walls the very sunrise of Umbrian art, — ecstatic, mystical, radiant with the Beatific Vision.

But the study of pictures we left for to-morrow; for to-day we must see Perugia itself. Our explorations took us through the Canonica, “the Vatican of Perugia.” Although bare and empty of aspect now, we found that it had some right to this pretentious title, since it has been the residence of the Popes on numerous visits to Perugia, beginning in 1216 when Innocent III died there on his way to Pisa. “No sooner,” says Miss Duff Gordon, “had the Pope breathed his last than all his Cardinals hurried into the Canonica to elect his successor, and such was the impatience of the citizens that they even set a guard over these princes of the Church, and kept them short of food in order to hurry their decision. We are not therefore surprised to read that the Papal Throne remained vacant for the space of

one day only, and that in consequence of this event the Perugians claim the privilege of having invented the Conclave."

There have been five Conclaves in the Canonica, and three Popes have died in Perugia. Later we saw in the transept of the Cathedral the porphyry urn which holds their ashes; they were Innocent III, Urban IV, and Martin IV.

A modern link is added to the chain binding Perugia to the Papacy. In July, 1846, Joachim Pecci, having been proclaimed Archbishop of Perugia, made solemn entry into the city and Cathedral. He had first performed his personal devotions within the sanctuary of the Portiuncula at Assisi, and had chosen the twenty-sixth of July, the Feast of St. Anne, as the day of his entrance upon his see. Sixty thousand people, one hears, assembled to meet the young prelate with royal honours and join in the celebration. Monsignor Pecci entered upon the labours of his office with zeal, especially elevating to foremost rank the Seminary of Perugia. He faced with courage the stormy times which followed the year 1846. Mindful of his services to the Church, Pius IX in 1853 bestowed the honour of the sacred purple upon him, according to an informal promise of his predecessor in the pontificate. Again all Perugia and all surrounding Umbria joined in an exultant festival in honour of the new Cardinal, and the popu-

lar heart was flattered and thrilled by this exaltation of the revered "pastor."

Twenty-five years later, the Conclave being assembled in Rome for the election of a successor to Pius IX, a solemn high mass *pro eligendo Summo Pontifice* was celebrated in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, Cardinal Archbishop Pecci himself being absent in attendance on the Conclave. While the Perugian congregation was calling down upon the electors the light of the Holy Spirit, in Rome the Papal cross had appeared in the loggia of St. Peter's, and Cardinal Catterini, head of the Order of Deacons, had made proclamation as follows:

"I announce to you tidings of great joy. We have a Pope, the most Eminent and Most Reverend Joachim Pecci, Cardinal Priest of the title of St. Chrysogonus, who hath given himself for name Leo XIII."

Soon after noon the tidings reached Perugia by official telegram. The city received it with "incredible joy;" tears filled the eyes of persons of every rank, all the bells were rung and all the houses illuminated. And so it was that Leo XIII may be called a Perugian Pope.

Leaving the Canonica we strayed aimlessly through narrow passages and arches of massive masonry belonging to the *Maestà delle Volte*. Then, unexpectedly we came upon a street named the Via Appia,

framed in by one deep and lofty arch beyond which it sprang out like the leap of a waterfall into the open below. Looking down we saw an aqueduct rise from the descending thoroughfare and stretch into the distance on an aerial plane, with curiously picturesque effect.

"This must be the street Contessa Carletti mentioned," said Filia; "do you not remember her speaking of the Via Appia as connected with her story 'Vertu in Rilevo'?"

"I do not wonder that she found a story here," I returned. "Have you ever seen a more utterly unique bit of Middle Age construction?"

"Middle Age, you say?" asked Filia deep in her guide-book. "The entrance to the Via Appia is through the original Etruscan wall of ancient Perusia! No mediæval novelty this! How cheerful to find 'Etruscany' so sudden-like and natural! Listen if you will: 'On the west of the city the Etruscan walls may be traced for a long distance, rising to the height of thirty feet, composed of travertine, . . . etc., etc. You meet them again on the height above the Church of San Francesco, from which point they continue to follow the line of the high ground, beneath the houses of the city in a serpentine course, eastward to the Via Appia, below the Cathedral, and then northward round to the Porta Augusta.' Then a little farther on: 'Afterwards you meet them

again on the south of the city at the Porta San Ercolano. Here is a portion forty or fifty feet high, in courses of eighteen inches, very neatly joined — the most massive masonry in Perugia.’ ”

“ By all means let us proceed to the Porta Augusta and the Porta San Ercolano! ” I exclaimed. “ I am more interested than I can tell in these remains of Etruscan civilization. How modern they make everything else seem.”

Taking the Via Vecchio we hastened to the Piazza Fortebraccio and stood to gaze at the majestic city gate towering above us, the inscription “ Augusta Perusia ” (AVGVSTA PERVSIA) above the arch speaking of Imperial Rome. The foundations are Etruscan and as massive as primitive rock.

“ The Contessa told us that we would find Perugia Italy in miniature,” quoth Filia after we had gazed at this impressive memorial in silence for a little space. “ We can see that already: those foundations belong to Tribal Italy; the superstructure of the arch is of Roman Italy; San Ercolano, whose church we have not seen yet, belongs to the period of Gothic Invasion; the Palazzo Pubblico, with the Griffin and the Lion, gave us the rise of the Free Cities; the Baglioni feuds are told on every side, and they mean the Rise of the Despots.”

“ You can carry it on still farther,” I said, “ for in the beginning of Cardinal Pecci’s archbishopric

here Perugia was the possession of the Papal States, and when he left to become Pope Leo XIII it was an Italian city."

"It is one of the Hundred," said Filia, nodding wisely, "the famous Hundred of Italy."

"And when first heard of it was one of the Twelve, one of the 'Heads of Etruria.' I consider that at once interesting, important, and mnemonic."

On our walk home to the Brufani we sought out the arch in the Etruscan Wall adjoining the picturesque Gothic Church of San Ercolano, the saint who was martyred by the Goths in 549.

"This church's date, my dear Filia, is 1200," I remarked; "and the present hour is twelve M. Both dates, to me, are satisfactory and familiar. You are hungry; I am tired; the heat smites amain. Let us climb up that fascinating stair, through the Porta Ercolano, so to the Via Baglioni, the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, to the hotel and our cool and darkened chamber. But what a morning it has been! Perugia, beyond a doubt, is the epitome of all Italy."

"And yet what a rest after Rome," returned Filia. "Do you not feel that you shall for ever love Umbria? The very sound of the word suggests a cool, serene, and shaded peace."

We stood on the ramparts by the Prefettura, and as we looked over the mighty landscape the fitness of Filia's words declared itself.

That afternoon, after the long siesta without which summer travel in Italy should not be thought of, we met a number of interesting travellers taking afternoon tea in the palm-shaded central court of the hotel. Then and in like hours which followed, I gathered a little store of travellers' truisms for Perugia which I will here record.

It is enacted that —

Feudal history is intensely complicated and few there be that find their way in it. The heads of enemies impaled on spikes appear to constitute the cheerful keynote.

That the Baglioni were the wildest of despots and Perugia the bloodiest town in Italy in the Middle Age.

That John Addington Symonds has given an incomparable study of the Baglioni in his "Sketches in Italy."

That Perugino is in the history of art vastly important, but in effect often mannered and insipid and personally an atheist and avaricious.

That young Raphael was painting here in the studio of Perugino in the last days of the fifteenth century.

That Grifonetto Baglioni was a contemporary of Raphael and beautiful as a young god but treacherous; he was the model, supposedly, for a figure in Raphael's Entombment now in the Villa Borghese.

That one cannot see Perugia's lake, that classic

sheet of water, "reedy Thrasymentis," from Perugia because of a ridge lying between.

That the lean lion and the rampant griffin of Perugia are on every piece of paper and scrap of pottery or metal one can purchase, but that the chains of Assisi and the keys of Siena are no longer in their grasp.

That the phrases *Perusia Etrusca* and *Perusia Romana*, or *Augusta*, are well-worked but still useful.

That the five city gates, the Porta Eburnea, Porta Susanna, Porta Augusta, Porta Mandola, and Porta Marzio, are all of Etruscan origin, with Roman additions.

That you must not fail to have the sacristan open the curious window in the choir of San Pietro and give you the wonderful view of Assisi and the world.

That a week at the Brufani is "an experience."

That there is sharp rivalry between Siena and Perugia; that they are not far apart, but that the stars in their courses will fight against you if you try to travel from the one to the other "across lots." It is necessary to go first to Florence and start anew.

That the San Bernardino Oratory has a façade of mysterious beauty and that this San Bernardino was a saint of Siena, a Franciscan prototype of Savonarola, little famed beyond Siena and Perugia.

That you will surely be examined as to whether you have observed the *porte del mortuccio* in the Via

dei Priori and the *lumiери* of the Palazzo Pubblico. Item: awake, observe or be for ever fallen!

Our second morning in Perugia was given to the Cambio and the Pinacoteca. I would advise any one who reads this record of a traveller's impressions, and who is so fortunate as to visit Perugia, to allow at least two hours for the study of the decorations of the Cambio, the old Hall of Syndics. Here Perugino, Raphael's master, may be seen at perhaps his best in the very beautiful frescoes of the audience-chamber, while close at hand in the Magistrate's chamber are Renaissance wood-carvings of exquisite loveliness most worthy of serious study. Nowhere in Italy did we see wood wrought to such perfection of artistic expression as here and in the choir of San Pietro, whose stalls are said to have been carved after designs drawn by Raphael.

From the secular or mingled sacred and classic impressions of the Cambio we plunged into endless vistas of purely religious art in the Pinacoteca. It was a new world, this of "Art's spring-birth so dim and dewy," of the early mystical Umbrian artists, the preraphaelites, who painted with the fervent realism of a childlike and single-eyed faith. In Rome we had seen Christian art sumptuous, ecclesiastical, full of the revived classicalism of the later Renaissance. Art and the world met there and joined hands as had, in the age of Constantine, the Empire and the

Church. Here in the brown old rooms of this ancient Palazzo, above the stern and isolated Umbrian town, we saw art in its first naïve simplicity. These men painted their Madonnas, their Saints, their Christs, with awe and love and mighty pity in their hearts, and the spirit of pagan Greece was not akin or known to them. Continually I was reminded of Rossetti's sonnet beginning,

"Give honour unto Luke Evangelist;
For he it was (the aged legends say)
Who first taught Art to fold her hands and pray."

From Alunno and Taddeo Bartoli to Raphael, what a distance! And yet by way of Perugino, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and Pinturicchio one can grope the way in some sort.

Bonfigli, a distinctively Perugian painter, interested and charmed me. The sentiment, poetic and tender, never passionate, of his pure, delicate Virgins and his pensive angels is enthralling. A feature of Umbrian art new to us, especially characteristic of Bonfigli, is the *gonfalone* or painted banner. These banners, adorned by foremost artists with scenes from the lives of saints and of intercessions with Madonna and Christ for the welfare of the city, were carried about in procession in times of pestilence, war, or other common calamity.

But nothing after all in the Pinacoteca delighted

us as did the Sala dell' Angelico. Here in small panels were certain of Fra Angelico's exquisite angels surrounding Madonna and child. I enjoyed the comment of M. Taine on this picture: "The Virgin is candour and sweetness itself. . . . Two angels in long dresses bring their roses to the feet of the small Christ with the dreaming eyes. They are so young yet so earnest." We had seen none of Fra Angelico's easel pictures since coming to Italy and we hailed with joy this foretaste of what Florence held for us.

It was something of a discord to follow Fra Angelico with the pagan spectres of an Etruscan tomb, but we did it. Luncheon, however, the siesta, and afternoon tea intervened. Then, when the shadows were growing long over the Tiber Valley, and the keen heat of the day was spent, we drove out through the Porta Costanzo to the south, and down Perugia's hill to the plain, clothed with the silver green of olives pricked through by cypress spires.

Little more than a half-hour's drive brought us to the entrance to the Grotto, or Tomb of the Volumnii. We noted with interest that this mysterious memorial of Primitive Italy had been discovered on the estate of the Baglioni, the feudal despots of Mediæval Perugia. The date of discovery is comparatively recent, 1840. Descending a long flight of steps we entered a vaulted chamber out of which opened many



MADONNA OF PERUGIA, BY FRA ANGELICO.

smaller ones. Around this chamber ran a low stone bench on which we sat and gazed in silence around us. The sepulchre is not of "highest antiquity," belonging to the third century before Christ, the period of the Roman Republic.

By the light of a torch in the hand of an attendant our eyes began to discern strange, alien shapes surrounding us on the walls and ceiling, — disks enclosing colossal faces, half-vanishing wings of enormous sweep, heads of serpent shape, mighty cimeters, harps, and also, as Filia suggested, harpies. Dolphins, sphinxes, Medusæ, grotesque griffins abound. Here undoubtedly was the origin of Perugia's griffin, we perceived, instinctively delighted at having tracked the wild beast to its lair.

Crossing the antechamber we seemed to enter the actual presence of the Etruscan family for whom the tomb was builded. Here were seven large white mortuary urns and on them figures of men and women recumbent or seated. Dennis vividly describes them thus: "Here a party of revellers, each on a snow-white couch, with garlanded brow, torque-decorated neck, and goblet in hand, lie — a petrification of conviviality — in solemn mockery of the pleasures to which for ages on ages they have bidden adieu."

The Medusæ, so marked a characteristic of all Etruscan art, carved upon these urns or ash-

chests are of singular beauty. Plainly the Medusa was relied upon as a species of mascot, a spell for the warding off of ill and danger from the dead. I recalled the scarabee of Egypt and instantly there flashed upon me a singular, unmistakable resemblance between the place where we stood and the tombs of the Egyptian kings. The weird monstrosities of Assyrian remains, seen in the British Museum, also recurred to my mind. I realized poignantly the evolution of our race from these mysterious, fantastic and symbolic religious conceptions to the calmly reasoned religion of one God the Father and Jesus Christ his Son.

Something oppressive in the place made it impossible for us, not being students of archæology, to remain long within its gloomy recesses. Nevertheless, when we came away we found that the stern, mysterious faces and figures had established an irresistible control over our imagination. Before we left Perugia finally we returned for a longer study of this lonely sepulchre, and found in it a growing attraction, in which repulsion must probably be for ever mingled. No better description of the impression made upon a sensitive mind can be given than this, in the words of the distinguished explorer, George Dennis:

“ Let the traveller on no account fail to see the Grotta de' Volunni. If my description has failed to

interest him, it is not the fault of the sepulchre, which, though of late date, is one of the most remarkable in Etruria. To me it has more than a common charm. I shall always remember it as the first Etruscan tomb I entered. It was soon after its discovery that I found myself at the mouth of this sepulchre. Never shall I forget the anticipation of delight with which I leapt from the *vettura* into the fierce canicular sun, with what impatience I awaited the arrival of the keys, with what strange awe I entered the dark cavern — gazed on the inexplicable characters in the doorway — descried the urns dimly through the gloom — beheld the family party at their sepulchral revels — the solemn dreariness of the surrounding cells. The figures on the walls and ceilings strangely stirred my fancy. The Furies, with their glaring eyes, gnashing teeth, and ghastly grins — the snakes, with which the walls seemed alive, hissing and darting their tongues at me — and above all the solitary wing, chilled me with an indefinable awe, the sense of something mysterious and terrible. The sepulchre itself, so neatly hewn and decorated, yet so gloomy; fashioned like a house, yet with no mortal habitant, — all was so strange, so novel. It was like enchantment, not reality, or rather it was the realization of the pictures of subterranean palaces and spellbound men, which youthful fancy had drawn from the Arabian Nights, but which had long

been cast aside into the lumber-room of the memory, now to be suddenly restored. The impressions received in this tomb first directed my attention to the antiquities of Etruria."

Our intention had been to drive to Assisi on the following day, but we found rain in torrents when we rose, driven before a wind which seemed to sweep all Umbria in fury. Changing plans, we invited to our spacious, great-windowed room two Canadian girls, artists, whom we always meet wherever we go, and a little Aberdeen lady, widow of a judge, who lives in Paris and appears to make yearly retreat to Perugia and Assisi. The artists brought sketches to work over, our cosmopolitan Scotch lady her knitting; I devoted myself to the tourists' penance, *i. e.* darning stockings and basting ruffles, while Filia read aloud to us all Contessa Carletti's story, 'Vertu in Rilevo,' turning it into English as she read.

XI

VIRTUES IN RELIEF

NICHOLAS MASSEY crossed the diminutive Corso of Perugia at ten o'clock, as the city bells insistently affirmed, and seated himself at a small table on the sidewalk before a café hard by the sculptured portal of the Cambio. While he sipped discontentedly a cup of that ominous liquid known in Umbria as coffee, he spread upon the table before him and read between his cup and his cigar a letter which had been handed him an hour before by the concierge at his hotel. He had begun his first day in Perugia with a satisfactory sense of vigorous initiative. The Brufani was so little mediæval as to possess well-appointed bathrooms. A cold plunge, after his early chocolate, had been followed by a long walk outside the city walls, the walk of orientation which the orderly mind prescribes for itself before attacking a new town. Letters of introduction from distinguished scholars of Rome, as well as of Cambridge, had preceded him, and answers now in his pocket opened wide the doors

for research into Perugia's Etruscan remains. To pursue these researches he had come thither. After his coffee and cigar, he would make his way to the University, — where it might be he had as yet no definite idea, — and, in fine, all was in train for a fair beginning of his work.

Massey threw away the end of his cigar, folded his letter, which bore the postmark of Cambridge, Mass., and was about to return it to his pocket, when he inconsequently and rapidly opened it again and turned to an inner page, which he read with an unconscious smile of whimsical although tender amusement. The sentences which he re-read were as follows:

“You will at least understand, Nick, the vague disappointment on my part in your having passed a year in Italy without a serious love-affair. I had hoped better things of you, lad. An unmitigated American might hesitate, but for you, with your father's example in your mind and your mother's blood in your veins, for you, surely, an Italian marriage would be safe. How sweet it would be to have once more in the old house the presence of a woman like your mother, gentle, grave, dovelike, permeating rather than dominating, — such women as only centuries of race and beauty can produce. But I might know how it will end; such a dream could never come true. You are a barbarously, offensively

modern youngster, and it is easy to predict the sort you will establish here to rule over us men-folk when you turn your attention that way. She will be tailor-made, well-groomed, high-pitched, appallingly clever, disastrously competent. She will, oh, Heavens, my prophetic soul! — she will run us by the laws of hygiene, which we knew not, neither our fathers, and be president of the Auxiliary for Municipal Reform. I know her! Good Nicholas, sweet son, spare me yet a little. Visit once more the circle of your dear mother's kin in Palermo. Surely there are still Sicilian women with the eyes, women of low voice, quiet manner, — not too clever, not emancipated."

Again the letter was folded and returned, this time permanently, to Massey's pocket, with an imperceptible shake of the head and a negative droop of the eyelids. Noting on the opposite corner of the Piazza, Mignini's book-shop with its brave array of prints of Perugia and tourists' manuals, he strayed over to it for a copy of the day's *L'Italie*, thinking, with a certain discomfort, as he went, of the vein of seriousness underlying his father's irony. If his father could see the modern Italian girl as he had seen her, might he not prefer even the emancipated American woman he had sketched? A vision of the daughters of the South passed before his mind, Signorinas with hard, unthinking black eyes, densely

powdered, opaque skin, primly knowing manner, desperately conventional, desperately uninteresting with their small talk never rising above "Il Trovatore" and rival diversions and resorts. Women like his long dead mother did not exist in Italy to-day, he was satisfied; at least, he had not encountered them.

Under the deep archway of the book-shop Massey stopped, the newspaper he had come for within reach of his hand, struck by a pastel drawing pinned up just on the eye line. Outside the pavement of the Corso burned in the stinging heat of the sun; within the dusky recesses of the narrow, book-lined shop the air was cold, and filled with a penetrating fragrance. An old woman with a broad basket of balls of sweet lavender encased in reeds, known as *spindi*, stood chatting with the *libraio*, and the odour of the lavender buds was keen on the air. Massey ever thereafter associated that fragrance with the figure which held his eye for some moments by its singular charm and its faint, elusive colouring. The sketch was plainly the copy of a relief on some ancient, perhaps crumbling façade; the face was marred slightly, the marble plainly time-stained. Below it was the name "Pazienza." A woman with the proportions of a Greek goddess seemed stepping forward from a shallow niche, gathering with one hand the sweeping, wind-blown folds of her drapery, while with the other she steadied a yoke, which,

pressing upon her neck, inclined the head forward in an attitude of submission, strangely moving by reason of its strength and calmness. The whole figure was Greek in its freedom and breadth of line, but Christian in its expression of voluntary, patient endurance of sorrow. What most enchained Massey's attention, however, was the poetic beauty of the billowing drapery, and the poise and exaltation of consciousness which the sketch suggested, whether the original relief bore them in equal degree or not. What was the original? Where was it? Why had he not known of a work of such convincing genius? And who had the spiritual penetration to discern and the artistry to reproduce, with so feeble a thing as coloured pencil, a conception thus profound and statuesque?

The peasant woman and the merchant still prattled on in their rapid guttural Umbrian in the cool dusk beyond him; a cloud of dust and a shriek of brass announced an automobile outside in the Corso. Still Massey stood immovable, gazing at the Paziienza, when suddenly he found himself surrounded with a whirl of chiffon, silk and feathers, like a man caught at some exposed point unaware by a rising ocean tide. The automobile had stopped and discharged its inmates at Mignini's door. Two large ladies with fluttering veils, stiff, rustling skirts and tinkling bracelets on their plump, gloved arms, were

already upon him and the fresh fragrance of lavender was smothered in fumes of Rimmel's costliest extracts.

Raising his hat, Massey withdrew quickly into the shadow of the shop interior, while the owner made obsequious haste to present himself to the *forestieri* and ask their pleasure. But, like Massey, the newcomers seemed unable to get past the sketch of the *Pazienza*. Plainly, indeed, it was for this they had come.

Suddenly the leading lady turned to Mignini and declared, in a commanding tone, still in English:

"You told me yesterday that the price of this little sketch was twenty-five lire," — then more distinctly, — "twenty-five, vinty-chink." The *libraio* nodded.

"*Si, si, Signora.*"

"Well, that is altogether too much, unless we know that it is the sketch of an artist of some reputation. Do you understand? We want to know whose the work is."

The man shrugged his shoulders helplessly, not having understood a word.

"Oh, dear, this is too tiresome!" exclaimed the lady. "Why do people say that you can come to Italy without the language? Isn't there some one — " Here she broke off, having looked about and for the first time caught sight of Massey's dark Italian face.

"Oh, monsieur," she exclaimed, in a pleading tone unconsciously patronizing, "do you speak any English? A few words, perhaps?"

Massey bowed with ceremonious gravity. In a low voice he then repeated to the merchant in rapid Italian, wholly without foreign accent, the contention of his customer, as he had just heard it. After a moment's dialogue, with a touch of perplexity on his face, he turned again to the ladies and said, courteously but without affability, "Madame, Signor Mignini says the name of the artist is not given. It would not be known outside Perugia. The price is fixed."

"Very curious!" exclaimed both ladies, turning to each other and forgetting Massey. They then looked again at the sketch, and murmured that it would be really quite interesting to have the work of a mysterious *inconnu* of Perugia. There was a clink of money and, a moment later, the picture, unpinned from the wall, was in process of wrapping. At this point the customer in chief turned to Massey with a smile as of general benevolence for all sorts and conditions of men and said:

"It is remarkable what good English you Italian gentlemen speak sometimes. Certainly very clever, for English is so difficult for foreigners, — *n'est ce pas?*"

Massey bowed. The *libraio* handed out the picture,

the women swept back to their automobile, followed by the seller of *spindi*, who made with them prompt sale of her wares. For an instant, Massey stood staring at the square of brown paint left bare by the removal of the Paziienza, with a curiously keen resentment, a sense of having been bereft of something intimately belonging to himself. Then he took up a copy of *L'Italie*, and gave the shopman a soldo, as he turned to go out.

"The Signore is from Rome?"

"Yes."

"Will be some time perhaps in Perugia? No? A day? A week?"

"Months possibly."

"*Va bene, va bene!* Come in and let us serve you. *A rivederla*, Signore."

Massey paused under the shadow of the famous fountain in the Piazza to consult his map. Looking back he saw Mignini in his shop door speaking to the seller of *spindi* with the manner of one who gives definite and emphatic directions. The woman nodded and went her way down the Corso.

Massey informed himself that, behind the Canonica, a street called the Via Appia would lead him to the University and its Etruscan Museum. In no mood for sightseeing, he passed the statue of Pope Julius III with scant ceremony, and received from afar without response the challenge of the Griffin and the

Lion over the portal of the Palazzo dei Priori. To be sure, they had guarded the Guelph citadel of Perugia for six centuries, but there would be time later for these modern things; to-day the dates he sought must be six centuries before the present era.

The Via Appia he discovered, after careful search, to be a narrow flight of steps in a vaulted passage cut through the city's original Etruscan wall. This discovery Massey found enlivening, and he went on his way down the Via Appia with fresh expectation. His interest was quickened further by the singular course of the street, which now emerged from the wall, broadened and dropped steeply, presenting on either side a row of quaint house-fronts. Midway between these was projected a narrow, massively walled aqueduct supported by arches, which, within the enclosure of the Via Appia, bore the sub-title of Via Aquedotto, and led foot-passengers over and above the street level, bridge like, to the outlying quarter of the town in which the University stood.

Massey found an indefinable delight in the aerial situation as he walked on by the aqueduct, on a level soon with the fourth story of such houses below as rose to that altitude. The sweep of the Umbrian mountains, purple in the sun, rose beyond, while behind him the wall of the mysterious prehistoric age enclosed the silent town. Below, at an increasing depth, lay the Via Appia with the red-brown tiles

of its house-roofs, lichen-grown and crumpled, studded with small dormer windows and fantastic chimney-pots. Presently the Aquedotto assumed the characteristics of a street proper; small dwellings with shining brass knockers and name-plates appeared, hard upon the enclosing parapet. Where they came from, Massey could not be sure, nor upon what they were established. One entrance caught his fancy peculiarly, by its mingling of seclusion and frankness. Involuntarily he stopped and studied the place. The small plastered façade, set into the face of the parapet, rose not far above his head, and was only wide enough to frame the green door whose threshold lay level with the aqueduct pavement. On the door was a lion-head knocker and the number ten. The door opened, or rather closed, upon a covered bridge of one span, which connected the Aquedotto with the fourth story of a tall house rising from a street crossing the Via Appia below. The house and its covered bridge were of pale yellow stucco, red roofed; the fourth floor dwelling was close under the mossy tiles. The panes of the small casement windows shone with cleanness, and at the sills pots of geraniums and pinks hung out in iron loops, wholesome and rich in leaf and stalk, but a little reticent of blossom, as is their wont in Perugia. The flower-flanked windows were closed and veiled with simple cottage curtains; the green door bore

the air of never having been opened; the sealed passage over the street far below — he noted the name of that street to be the Way of Perils — seemed never to have echoed to the sound of footsteps.

Massey pulled himself up with impatience and hurried on his way to the University, aware suddenly that he might be making himself more than a little absurd by his absorbed study of some matter-of-fact Perugian burgher's residence. But there was a unique quality, a mystery, a silence and a charm in the humble abode beyond the green door on the Aquedotto, which haunted him and stayed his steps not that morning only but in the days following, when he passed it constantly on his walk to and from the University.

II

Two weeks of engrossing study followed for Massey, in which two events only occurred to connect him by any personal interest with the old Umbrian city. The one was the acquaintance of a member of the Perugian medical faculty, Doctor Alfani, a man but few years his senior, who, however, had wife and child, a snug villa near the Porta Sole, and was well on the way to a considerable professional reputation. Alfani was of the fair and florid Italian type, incredibly facile and quick-witted, frankly selfish in his ambitions, not wholly *simpatica* to the American

student who had the fortune or misfortune of being born an idealist, and yet a fascinating companion.

Around the other incident Massey's thoughts had taken on a trick of hanging persistently. Four or five days after his first visit to Mignini's shop and the abduction, as he considered it, by the automobilists, of the pastel Paziienza, he had found one evening, at the entrance to the shop, a replica of the same sketch. Elated by the discovery, he had hastened to buy the drawing, which he found even fuller of charm and pathos than the other, as he remembered it. Making use of all the finesse of which he was capable, he attempted to obtain from the *libraio* some clue to the identity of the artist, but without result. Mignini remained imperturbably courteous, but imperturbably uncommunicative in this particular. He showed himself, however, sincerely amazed and even grieved that the Roman Signore had not thus far taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the famous work of which this little Paziienza was an insignificant detail, *ma*, a mere toy for the tourist. Not to have seen the façade of the Oratorio di San Bernardino, that consummation of the Quattrocento Renaissance, that chief glory of Perugia! Rome herself had not its equal. He begged the Signore no longer to do his city such injustice. He pointed across the Corso to a narrow lane in the shadow of the Palazzo dei Priori, and called by its name. This he

assured him would lead directly to the Piazza di San Francesco, and, *ecco!* he would have Duccio's marvellous masterpiece before him. Following counsel so urgent and direction so explicit, at the close of the long-drawn dinner at the Brufani, Massey had found his way to the ancient oratory, in spite of growing twilight and a rising tumult of one of the wind-storms which only Perugians can endure unmoved.

Alone on the deserted and wind-swept green before the oratory, the celestial beauty of Duccio's sculptured façade had broken upon him. The thrilling joy of the angelic choristers, the sweetness of the cherub heads, the swirl and sweep of the drapery, the subtle blending of soft blues, pinks, and creamy yellows in the terra-cotta and marble from base to pediment, imparted an almost aching sense of beauty. For the marvels and miracles of the macerated saint he had then no leisure and no mood, for the thing which smote most keenly upon his perception was the Greek exuberance of rapture, and of the love of life in the ensemble, unparalleled, he thought, in Christian art. Nowhere save in Bernard himself was faintest touch of austerity. What, in Duccio's thought, had been the significance of the all-pervasive wind, wrapping their draperies in transparent folds around the firm, round limbs of the happy angels and wheeling the airy mantles of the Franciscan Virtues into the sweeping curves of aureoles? Was

it the breath of God, which bloweth where it listeth, and the sound is heard, but whence it cometh or whither it goeth man cannot guess? Or was it the rushing, mighty wind that filled the place, giving high induement to saint and angel for labours tireless and divine?

Massey had pondered thus, when suddenly his eyes recognized his Pazienza, the figure so low and so small that for some moments he had failed to perceive it. He noted with keen interest the accuracy of the sketch he had bought of Mignini, but he was filled with fresh surprise at the difficulties which had been overcome and at the charm which the unknown artist had been able to impart; for he vaguely felt the sketch to possess a spiritual pathos over and beyond the relief itself. His eyes followed the lovely figures rising above the Pazienza, the symbolic Franciscan Virtues of somewhat doubtful identity, and then discovered, with fresh influx of delight, the shape of the Purita, facing the Pazienza across the portal. A long breath of irrepressible satisfaction escaped Massey's lips. Here was the crown of all, — this stately virginal creature, with the languor of her heavy-lidded eyes, the child's pouting sweetness of her lips, the faintly rosy lilies in her hand, and all the loveliness of her enswathed in that sweeping aureole of her chastity.

"Call her Purita if they choose!" cried Massey to



PAZIENZA, BY DUCCIO.

himself, "and well they may, but she is the bride, not the nun, the bride for a man, not the bride of the church."

Up to this time Massey had remained indifferent to the rising storm, which, howling down the narrow funnel of the Via dei Priori, now struck the exposed piazza where he stood with unlooked for violence. A sharp sound as of flapping paper called his attention to a black-gowned person, a religieuse, he took it from the garb, who had probably been sitting at work all the while in the shadow of the wall to the south of the Oratory. The wind had searched her secluded corner, and had evidently torn the sheet of water-colour paper on which she had been working from the frail pins which held it to the drawing-board, and it had gone whirling through the air above Massey's head.

A quick bound, the reach of a long arm, and the flying thing was captured unharmed. He crossed the green to restore it to the owner, who stood awaiting it, with one hand unconsciously lifted, the black folds of her ample scarf and skirt billowing around her in lines worthy of Duccio himself. When he saw her face, Massey knew perfectly that she and not another had copied the Paziienza he had learned to love. He could not describe her face accurately to himself afterward; he knew it was pale, serious, and strangely quiet, and that on the smooth fore-

head below the black line of the falling scarf rested unmistakably the imprint of silent endurance of sorrow.

She had shown scant interest at his interposition in her behalf. She had acquiesced, quite as a matter of course, in his request that he might carry her kit of artist's tools up the steep street down which the wind was tearing its wild way. He had felt as he gave her his assistance and walked by her side that the woman bore about her a child's artless unconsciousness, indefinably mingled with the hauteur of an intense reserve. Her manner of receiving his passing attentions implied that they were in no way unexpected or of importance to her. That she was, after all, not a nun he had assured himself as they proceeded up the Via dei Priori. The black cashmere scarf which covered her head and shoulders was fastened to smoothly parted hair showing above the forehead, and on her hand were rings. Her face he noted as being wholly without the nun's guarded austerity. Its passiveness seemed to him that of unawakened rather than of suppressed womanhood.

At the corner of the great church which the Perugians call the Chiesa Nuova, albeit its date is from 1218, they had been met by an elderly woman with a printed kerchief tied under her chin, who broke out at once into exclamations of excited apology. His companion put an end to these with a gesture, took

her belongings from his hands, and gave them into those of the servant. Then with a slight smile and a "*grazie, Signore. Buona notte,*" turned off from the Via dei Priori, and was immediately lost to sight in the labyrinth of vaulted passages in which that quarter of Perugia abounds. This could have been fairly expected to close the episode, at least for that night, but still more material was added for his thoughts to brood upon. As he stood a moment, puzzled by a sense that he had somewhere before encountered the elderly servant, a young woman with a baby in her arms came down from the portico of the church, in the shelter of which she had been bending to nurse the child, and bade him a smiling *Buona sera*.

Supposing her to be straight beggar, Massey put his hand in his pocket for a soldo, upon which the woman, with a nod of her head in the direction taken by the artist, and a melancholy smile, remarked, "Ah, the dear being! *simpatica*, is she not, Signore? *Nostra Santa Pazienza*, so we call her. The Signore is not of Perugia, perhaps, and does not know."

"Can you tell me the lady's name?" asked Massey, slipping a piece of silver into the baby's hand.

For answer he was told that it was too hard to pronounce, — such names the *forestieri* had, to be sure! But what mattered it since every one in

Perugia knew the Signorina for what she was, Santa Pazienza? Did she not paint ever and always the Pazienza of San Bernardino? Four years ago she had come to Perugia with her mother, and both were painters, and like sisters, *ma*, they breathed one breath. Such looks of happiness, of tenderness, of gaiety in each other's company, like two angels in Paradise,—never a frown nor look of care. Did the angels perhaps envy such happiness? It cannot be determined. But the worst came, and the mother, even without a day's sickening, lay dead. Ah, Misericordia, it would break a heart of stone! And yet what does our Signorina do next? All said, she will return by the great ship to her own country — Ah-merica. But no, she remains in Perugia. She will then make it her task to visit the grave without a stone in the strangers' cemetery? No. Not that even. She makes of the *casa* where she and the Signora lived their sweet life side by side her holy place. She keeps it as it was ever, fresh and pure and full of light, those say who have entered. And there she lives alone, without tears, but also without laughing, with no care to speak or to be spoken to, except when she helps the poor and the sick. She is poor herself, the holy child, for all that she lives upon she must earn for herself, they say, but *Domeneddio* cares for such as she, is it not true, Signore? ” . . .

Massey had hastened away, perceiving painfully the nature of that yoke of sorrow and submission which the Pазienza of his picture bore. To inquire further concerning the lonely artist had become all at once impossible, but to forget her even more impossible.

III

It was early September, and after prolonged work at the University, on a certain evening Massey had fallen in with Doctor Alfani and they strolled together down the Aquedotto, pausing to lean upon the parapet and enjoy the prospect of the Tiber Valley in the sunset light. Continuing their casual talk, Doctor Alfani remarked, as he lighted a cigar:

"And you say you are tired of your hotel life, Signor Massa?" This was the Perugian version of Massey's name.

"The hotel is probably the best in Umbria," replied the American, "but the crowd of servants always about, with their confounded civilities and calculations on the contents of a man's purse, makes the atmosphere *antipatica*. Besides, I am tired of the long walk by the Corso in the sun four times a day."

"Why not come over here?" asked Alfani, pointing down to the row of houses below them in the Via Appia.

"How could it be managed?"

"Quite simply. There are very decent people, the Famiglia Cetti, in a house yonder near where the Aquedotto starts, you see? — Numero 23, who would rent you a couple of rooms. They do it often, keep them tidy for you, send in your chocolate or whatever in the morning, give you the freedom of their garden, — not a bad place for your cigar and newspaper."

Massey stood silent, looking down at the quaint red-roofed dwelling, and its garden beyond the high wall, where pink poppies and tall rows of hollyhocks were blooming between fig-trees and trellised vines. It might be rather agreeable, and yet there would be no cold plunge in the morning, no electric light to work by in the evening; he would lose certain other comforts; perhaps, on the whole — Massey turned his head quickly, hearing a door behind him on the silent Aquedotto open and close again. It was the green door of Number 10, the mysterious entrance which he had never yet seen open, and which had retained an inexplicable hold upon his imagination. A woman upon whom the door must have just closed was passing them at the moment, with a basket on her arm. A pungent fragrance of fresh lavender passed with her. He had seen the woman before, — she had been selling *spindi* at Mignini's shop that day, and once again he had encountered her — it was clear now.

"Who lives in that curious fourth floor with the bridge?" he asked Alfani, as they strolled on.

"Oh, the Casa del Ponte? The best nurse in Perugia," replied Alfani, carelessly. "As it happens she is a countrywoman of yours, or so I think, at least foreign born. But she is wholly of Perugia now. I do not know how long she may have lived here."

"What did you say is the name?"

"She is addressed as Signorina Constance, in reality her first name, but the last, — I am not sure that I have heard it properly pronounced. It is rather difficult and perfectly immaterial. The lady is really better known as Sister Paziienza, — Santa Paziienza the poor people call her, and she is as poor as they. If you remain here you may see her, but never in the more public places. You would know her by her garb, — a fair woman, rather tall, in semi-conventual dress."

"Why does she affect such a costume?"

"Simply for convenience in her work as artist and nurse. Possibly for protection also. It is a good thing. She might be beautiful otherwise."

Massey's next remark struck Alfani as irrelevant. Plainly the humble affairs of Sister Paziienza did not interest the American scholar.

"I believe, on the whole, that suggestion of yours appeals to me about an apartment in the house yonder, the one with the garden and the

singular Lady Chapel excrescence. You know the people? ”

“ Oh, very well. I spent three months in the house myself when I came, a bachelor, to Perugia. If you wish, we can cross over when we reach the end of the Aquedotto, and I will introduce you.”

“ Thanks. I should be glad to have you. This Signorina Constance whom you mentioned just now, she supports herself, then, by nursing? ”

“ No, no, no! What she lives on only God knows. She sketches a little and sells a drawing now and then, perhaps pays her rent that way. She does not take money for nursing when it is among the poor, which it is in general. She is hard to get for upper-class cases.”

“ Pray what does she eat? — her heart? ” asked Massey, curtly.

“ Perhaps not,” Alfani replied, with languid lack of interest. “ These poor beggars whose children or friends she has nursed send her in bread, if they chance to be bakers, a little macaroni, perhaps a lettuce now and then, you know, if they have their bit of garden. She does not starve. Saints do not need much to eat.”

Massey could not repress an impatient ejaculation, which Alfani, having no faintest guess at his inward rage, interpreted as ennui at the subject of conversation, which he accordingly made haste to change.

The following morning, Massey took an early train to Florence, returning late. A day or two after saw him established at Number 23 on the Via Appia, much to his satisfaction. He had found a strategic point from which to conduct operations connected with the siege of the green door on the Aquedotto, to which he had impetuously dedicated himself.

IV

It was nearly noon of the bright September day, and the sun was flooding with light a spacious bed-chamber in the Casa del Ponte.

Whatever air of mystery, real or fancied, might invest this house from without, within its aspect was of frank simplicity, touched by the radiance of essential refinement.

The Signorina Constance, with the transparent ruffles of her night-dress falling back from her throat, her hair hanging in two heavy, loosened braids down her back, sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes open with both white fists, looking remarkably like a sleepy child.

"Gina!" she called, in a clear and imperative voice, "Gina!" Then, as there was no response, she scrambled from the bed and pulled vigorously at an antiquated crimson bell-rope between the opposite windows. Opening wide the casement, she cautiously drew aside the muslin curtain, to examine

a pot of carnations blossoming in the iron ring at the window ledge.

At that moment the chamber door opened, and the old *spindi* seller entered with a small tray, on which were oranges and part of a loaf of bread.

"See, Gina," cried her mistress, a note of exultation vibrating in her voice, "there are three new blossoms on the carnation, so I am going to pick one for my breakfast. Oh, the sweet thing!" and pressing the flower against her breast with both hands, she returned to the bed. "What time is it? I have slept so soundly. It must be very late."

"Nearly noon, Signorina, and you have needed every wink of sleep you had, being up the whole night this time. Thanks to Madonna and all Saints, the Mandorla has the new nurse from Siena now. They send word she has come. *Ma*, the Contessa will find the difference, though! I say no more. But look, *cara* Signorina, you can have better than one carnation with your bread and oranges this morning. A man from the *Spedizione* was here a full hour ago. By good luck he came up from the Via Pericolosa and did not disturb your sleep. Madonna! there is richness! It is not my affair, but I judge from the shape. I have seen the way the Florentines send flowers before now. Shall I bring it in? And, Signorina, good luck is never lonely — a new com-

mission sent by *il padrone!* Another picture has been ordered."

"At the same price?" Constance, who was now attacking an orange with vigorous appetite, asked the question with practical decision of tone.

"Yes, oh, yes, twenty-five lire."

"Excellent, it shall be done, — the *Pazienza*, of course?"

"No, *Signorina*, not so. This customer will have nothing but the figure opposite. Here is the writing about it. This was sent to Signor Mignini, and he bade me give it to you."

Constance studied the concise Italian memorandum. "One pastel sketch of the Purita of Agostino Duccio della Robbia on the façade of the Oratory of San Bernardino. Size the same as in previous sketches by same artist, price 25 *l.* Order to be filled in two weeks. Send to Hotel Brufani, Care Concierge."

Constance looked over the edge of her orange thoughtfully for a moment.

"But you will do it, *Signorina*?" interjected the old woman, with obvious anxiety.

"I must," was the laconic answer. "What is it, Gina, about flowers?"

Before the question was asked, Gina darted from the room and returned bringing in her arms a circular hamper, carefully corded and sealed, which she placed upon the bed. Cords being cut and covers

removed, there was disclosed a profusion of magnificent crimson roses of delicious fragrance; below these the hamper contained choice fruit in variety and abundance, together with dainty caprices of chocolate, almonds, marrons, and the like in enticing tinted boxes, ribbon tied.

Constance, whose surprise had mounted to a pitch of incredulous bewilderment, presently discovered a note among the roses, and glanced at its address with swift eagerness.

"English — no, American!" she exclaimed, *sotto voce*, and read on.

The note, dated Florence, said in frank, explicit terms that the sender of the flowers and fruit was a fellow countryman of hers, who, travelling through Italy, had chanced to hear of her good works and devotion to the poor and sick in Perugia. Not being able to perform such service himself, he asked the privilege of seeking to soften her own personal life in some small degree by sending trifles like the enclosed from time to time. As the writer was even then leaving Florence, not to return again, and had taken the liberty to arrange the matter in that city before he left, there could be no question of accepting or rejecting on her part, nor of acknowledgment. If the small matters received unhappily failed to please, she could distribute them in any way she chose.

The figure instantly conjured before Constance's

imagination by this note was of The Benefactor, precise and unmistakable, — a bald-headed American millionaire of comfortable proportions, fatherly manners, and philanthropic tendencies. For a moment she visualized him with unquestioning satisfaction. Then, womanlike, her thoughts came back to herself, and the first calmness of a somewhat impersonal gratitude was touched by sudden, poignant self-pity, an emotion to which she was unused.

“ I am so *hungry* ! ”

The girl sobbed the English words to herself, but Gina, whose hard brown hand was laid upon her head with incredible tenderness, winked away the tears from her sunken old eyes, and understood. For love, for language, for food, for fragrance, for warmth and colour, for the human touch of spirit with spirit, her Signorina was starving, although, perhaps, until then, she had not fully known it.

Meanwhile, the Italian memorandum sent by Signor Mignini and the anonymous American note sent from Florence were crushed into intimate contact under a heavy sheaf of roses, without betraying by the curve of a line that they were possessed of the smallest consanguinity.

On the following morning at seven o'clock, an hour when she could be quite safe from either *forestieri* or students of the technical school adjoining the Oratory, the only persons likely to disturb her at her

work, Constance began the study of the Purita ordered through Mignini.

As she passed along the Aquedotto to her work in the early morning freshness, she had looked over into the garden of Number 23 on the lower level of the Via Appia. The perennials in this garden were her peculiar delight, never passed without notice. Among them she now observed the Roman archeologist, Signor Massa, sitting at a rustic table, with his morning newspaper and chocolate. Constance knew the gentleman by sight now very well. Had he not once helped her up the Via dei Priori in the storm? Nor was she at all surprised at his presence in the garden down there. The Famiglia Cetti had exulted openly, as the Signorina knew from Gina, in their distinguished lodger, who was perfectly understood to be conducting serious work of highest importance among the Etruscan remains at the University, and who had preferred their *ultimo piano* to all the grandeurs of the Brufani. To be sure it was near his work, but it must have been highly recommended!

Thus it was also not surprising when, on the second morning of her work on the panel of the Purita, Constance observed that Signor Massa, with a surveyor's line in his hand, was busily engaged, even at that early hour, in taking measurements of the Etruscan gate of San Luca, hard by San Bernardino.



PURITA, BY DUCCIO.

Presently he strolled across the little green and stood not far from her camp-stool, lifting his hat with the unsmiling courtesy of an Italian. A bit of talk followed concerning the reliefs, the identity of Duccio, and his relation to the della Robbia family, during which Constance worked on steadily, speaking briefly and not lifting her eyes from her drawing-board. This morning light was precious, she had her commission to fill, her five-and-twenty lire to earn, and however illustrious this Roman scholar might be, it was of little concern to her.

V

All the while Massey was studying in eager, side-long glances the pure, pathetic face under its black scarf, bent over the drawing-board; the sure, trained touch of the flexible hand; the unconscious dignity and grace of the attitude. And still she was the Pazienza. Still there rested upon her young shoulders the weight of that invisible yoke of sorrow, of deprivation, of loneliness. So palpably was this yoke present to his sense, so keen his pang that this queenly creature should thus bend to bear it, that tears rose unconsciously to Massey's eyes as he watched her. With them rose a swelling tide of passionate protest and a strong renewal of masculine determination to lift that yoke, to transform the submissive, unawakened Pazienza into her counterpart across the

portal, — Purita, the sweet man's woman with lilies instead of a yoke, with the head lifted to the sun.

"The figure you are drawing is the most beautiful of the sequence enclosing the doors," he said, presently.

"You find it so? The Pazienza appeals to me more strongly. But then many do not fancy her nose being fractured."

"It is the yoke I object to."

Silence.

"Do you not see that this Purita, which is plainly the purity of perfect love and joy, not of austerity, — indeed, I should name her Joy, — is the higher conception?"

"I see the Purita is more visibly beautiful. The pose pleases, while that of the Pazienza, for some persons, is painful."

"I do not mean the pose, nor even the extraordinary beauty of the Purita. I mean that the conception of a pure and heavenly, yet human joy, is a better thing, essentially, than that other conception of endurance, of the bending to bear a burden of sorrow, of loss, whatever it may be."

"But no, I cannot agree with that. It is the pagan view. The Pazienza is the Christian conception peculiarly."

"It is a phase. It has a place. To perpetuate it is a mistake. Do you see? It cannot be eternal, else

what were heaven? Patience has not immortality; it is a transient thing, to be left behind as soon as may be. It is love and joy like that of the Purita which are immortal, which have part in the life everlasting."

Something in his voice caused her involuntarily to look up and meet his eyes. They were clouded and stern with a trouble she failed to interpret, and something wholly mysterious to her in their look made her tremble.

"Then you think it is only happiness which is religious?" she asked, turning back and drawing a bold line with a single stroke of her pencil for the lily stalk.

"No," he said, very gently. "There is religion in the Patience, something indeed of the divine; nevertheless, to bear a yoke when one might wear a crown, not to know when the yoke has been transformed into a sceptre,—you are drawing it there at this moment in the hand of your Purita,—that would be, I am confident, irreligious. If you think it through carefully I believe you will agree with me, Signorina."

Massey added the last sentence with a return to the formality of casual interchange between strangers, bowed and crossed the green to proceed with his examination of the line of the Etruscan wall. He took care to avoid an encounter with Constance for

a good week following, passing her occasionally in silence, on the Via Appia or the Aquedotto, with respectful but distant salutation. Thus he hoped to neutralize his one outbreak of ardent feeling, to leave the seed sown to germinate in silence. Without personal curiosity, interest, or desire, without glance to betray the man's ardour toward her, the woman, without overture, they must meet and go their diverse ways, until, if the heavens were propitious, there should dawn within her some faint sense of attraction toward himself, if for no other reason than that of his aloofness.

Meanwhile he fancied he detected, when he passed her, an unaccustomed elasticity in her step, a lessening of the pallor and the sorrowful hauteur of her face, a more earthly and girlish animation in her eye, sometimes a smile tucked decorously into the dimples about her lips. The casements under the crumpled tiles of the Casa del Ponte stood open now morning and evening, he noted, and on the sills appeared jars of flowers, never grown in Perugia. Thus Massey felt the two lines by which he was deliberately laying siege to the green door silently converging. When these met, somewhere, somehow, — he had full prescience that the times and seasons would be beyond his control, — he must "stand ready to strike once and strike no more."

One day, growing impatient, he tried to grasp the

situation with a strong hand, putting it to the touch to win or lose it all. He had been at lunch in the Corso with Doctor Alfani, who had recounted to him certain features in a very interesting case then in hand, that of the Contessa Mandorla. The beautiful Villa Mandorla abutted on the city wall, near San Bernardino; Massey knew it well. Since the birth of a still-born infant, the Contessa, a charming woman, plainly Alfani's most illustrious patient, had sunk into melancholy accompanied with low fever of a most stubborn character. The doctor was seriously disturbed, Massey perceived, his anxiety at the moment being augmented by the fact that a highly recommended nurse, imported from Siena, had failed to alleviate the condition of the Contessa in any appreciable degree.

"In fact," Alfani declared, "I would get rid of the Sieneſe altogether this minute if I could, and whether or no I ſhall have Sister Pazienza back this very evening, for the night nursing. She is the only perſon who has ever been able to control the Contessa, and I was a precious fool to let her go when I did. There is a relation there of long ſtanding; the Contessa was devoted to the mother of Pazienza. By the way, our little ſiſter is growing as pretty as a roſe; ſomething of human warmth and colour is dawning there. Per Bacco, Signore, there is a face worth

looking at under that black cowl if one had time for a bit of relaxation."

Massey rose and, excusing himself, haughtily left the place and straightway started homeward. He passed the Cettis' house, however, walked along the Aquedotto, and knocked boldly at the door of Number 10. He had a perfectly plausible errand, and below it a perfectly explicit purpose; this girl was to know that she was not without a guard of honour as she came and went her lonely way.

The lion's head smiting the panels of the green door awakened harsh reverberations within the recesses of the covered bridge. Then silence fell. Footsteps followed, and Massey's pulses quickened as the latch was pressed and at last the green door swung on its hinges for him. Behind it stood Gina, who made obsequious reverence, and yet wore no welcome on her grim old face for him or any other stranger. Nevertheless he caught at last a glimpse of what lay behind the green door. The walls of the passage bore faded and pallid frescoes; at intervals stood tubs of prim, close-clipped euonymus. At the far end of the covered way the door was thrown wide. Down the long and dim vista he saw, as if it had been a scene on a stage viewed through a glass, a slender, girlish figure bending over a polished table on which were flowers and a glass bowl of water, which caught and scattered the rays of the afternoon sun. He had

never seen Constance without her black draperies. Even from that distance the contour and poise of her head, free and firm yet delicate, were a discovery which thrilled him with an artist's satisfaction.

He insisted with some imperiousness upon speaking to the Signorina on a matter of business, at the same time placing in Gina's hand an envelope containing twenty-five lire. In another moment Constance stood before him, the reluctant Gina having withdrawn to the inner door, where she stood stiffly as if on guard.

"You will pardon my intrusion, Signorina," Massey began, with business-like conciseness; "it is in the matter of the sketch from the San Bernardino for which you have, I believe, received my commission through Signor Mignini. As I have left the hotel, it will be better for you not to send the drawing there."

A vivid colour rose to Constance's cheeks. Soon it tinged her throat even to the narrow white line of embroidery which showed above her square-necked gown, such a border as Bonfigli used to give his angels. She wore a handful of Banksia roses at her belt. The texture of her beauty matched them in fineness. They were his roses! Massey glanced aside, lest the exultation in his eyes should betray him, for in that moment he found the troubadour

sentiment which had at first inspired him transmuted into a man's passion, full statured.

"The sketch is finished," said Constance. "I was about to send it."

This was as he expected.

"I did not know, Signore," she added, diffidently, "that it was for you."

"I supposed I mentioned it," he returned, "one day when we spoke together."

"Oh," she said, "that day when you were so sure that the Purita was better than the Pazienza," and she smiled, but her eyes fell, as if troubled in meeting his.

"Are you not convinced that I was right, now, after your longer study?" he asked, quickly.

"It is good to be glad when one can," she replied, after a little pause. Then, as if suddenly recalling the fact that this was a purely business interview, she turned from him and gave a rapid order to Gina.

Behind Massey, on the pavement, a child had been standing since the door first opened, a crippled and twisted little fellow, who belonged somewhere in the neighbourhood, and often hung about the Aquedotto. When Constance turned back, she observed the child, and, holding out her hand, said, gently: "Come in, Vittorio. There is a flower for thee in yonder and sweetmeats."

The small, pinched face of the cripple was suddenly enlightened by a smile of positive rapture.

"The good God has been busy again, then, Suora Pazienza?" he exclaimed, in a voice of exquisite sweetness, and followed Gina, who had just placed a portfolio in the Signorina's hand.

Constance watched the child as he swung down the passage on his crutch after the old woman. Massey saw that tears had sprung to her eyes.

"It is like Christmas with me all the days now," she said, as if some explanation were needed. "A benevolent person whom I do not know, but, you see, a Benefactor, sends fruit and flowers to us constantly, so that we live like the very rich," and she laughed with sudden, childish gleefulness in the thought of her mysterious luxury. "Vittorio thinks it is the good God himself taking care of us."

"Not a bad idea," Massey returned lightly, disguising a very keen emotion. "But you are much kinder to Vittorio, I observe, than you are to me. He is bidden to enter and have flowers and sweetmeats. I am not suffered to cross the threshold."

"It is unfortunate," she said with serious simplicity, "but you see, it is not *convenable*. I can do no otherwise."

"I see perfectly, and even if you asked me to enter your Paradise," and he made a motion of one hand toward the distant inner door, "I should forbid

myself, for your sake, and if another should intrude upon you anywhere, in any sort, depend upon me to deal with him. Remember, you can command me."

She bent her head in gravely surprised assent.

"Nevertheless, Signorina," Massey continued, and sudden prophetic passion made his voice low and subduing, "it is my devout, my religious faith that one day you will open this door yourself to me and bid me enter. Good night."

The sketch was already in his hand. In another moment he heard the green door close as he walked away, trembling physically with the reaction of his own unpremeditated onrush of daring.

VI

November was a month of perpetual wind and rain that year in Perugia. But there came, in a week of desolating storm, one morning of perfidious brightness. Having worked several hours in the library of the University, Massey came down at noon to find, to his surprise, that the clouds had returned, that the Piazza outside the vaulted entrance was flooded, and the rain was pouring again in torrents. Having sent the *facchino* for a cab, he turned away and, escaping the noisy throng of outgoing students, he stood absorbed in looking over a handful of loose sheets filled with notes, the fruit of his morning's work.

Suddenly he felt a touch on his shoulder. To his unqualified surprise, the Signorina Constance stood at his side. He had not seen her in weeks, except as she passed below his window in the early mornings, returning from her night duty at the Villa Mandorla. The black scarf had fallen from her head and lay heavy with moisture on her shoulders; a vivid bloom, the result of haste and excitement, was on her cheeks, and she panted for breath.

"Oh, if you please, Signore," she cried, in her soft, rapid Italian, "can you tell me where I may find Doctor Alfani at this hour? He is wanted at once, but at once, you understand, at the Villa Mandorla. The Contessa is suddenly much worse. It is a collapse. We fear the worst. I have left her with the nurse from Siena and have hurried here thinking to find *il Dottore*."

"You have not been allowed to come on foot all this distance, in this storm!"

"*Si, si, si*, Signore," was the hasty reply. "That is not important. It was the quickest way. *Il Dottore* — where is he? Do you know?"

"Yes, as it happens, I know. He had an operation at the hospital at noon to-day, a slight affair. He cannot have left there yet, however."

Constance turned swiftly. Massey followed her to the outer doorway. The carriage he had ordered for himself was at the moment driven up. The rain

streamed from the coachman's hat brim. Without ceremony he placed the girl within the cab, ordered the man to drive at utmost speed to the hospital, then entered himself and closed the door upon the beating rain. As they rattled on over the rough cobblestones, the grim Perugia streets shut out from sight by the milky mist which condensed into drops on the carriage windows, Massey felt that despite this enforced closeness of proximity, he had in reality never been farther from Constance. Her spirit, he perceived, was far from him, uplifted in urgency of prayer for the life of her friend as she sat motionless by his side with drooping eyelids and quiet, folded hands. He would not have dared to speak or to seek, in any way, however slight, to make his presence felt; none the less the dilapidated carriage, with its soggy cushions smelling of wet and ancient woollen, seemed to him just then to enclose a little heaven.

They halted for a few moments at the hospital. Massey dashed in and returned promptly, bringing with him Alfani. The doctor, flushed and nervous, took the seat facing Constance, whom he scarcely greeted. Plainly he was angered by the tidings from his patient. The Contessa was highly important to him, with his expensive family and the new villa in the Rione Sole. He paid scant attention as well to Massey, the accident of whose presence seemed to him immaterial.

"How did this happen?"

Alfani asked the abrupt question with sharp, unconcealed displeasure. Constance faced him anxiously, with the humility of a subordinate in her face; the yoke of the *Pazienza* seemed to Massey's fancy to rest just then visibly upon her shoulders.

"We do not understand," she said low and hurriedly. "All seemed to be going well, even better than before. Then, suddenly, the heart action became irregular, and this collapse followed. Of course we used all the usual stimulants."

Brusque, impatient questions followed in rapid succession; each received quiet, explicit answer.

Then suddenly with a strong gesture of reprobation, Alfani exclaimed:

"All this makes not the slightest difference! If you had followed my directions this misfortune could not have occurred!"

Constance was silent, but every vestige of colour ebbed gradually from her face. Massey's rage reached a climax. He glanced at the girl's white face; her lips trembled like a child's; unshed tears hung on her eyelashes, and yet she lifted her head with unconscious loftiness, and turned away from Alfani, there being plainly nothing more to be said between them. The doctor's lips wore a sardonic sneer and an almost malignant frown contracted his handsome eyebrows. It was easy to guess that Constance might expect

little mercy at his hands if worst came to worst. Massey knew that the doctor did not speak English. Without lowering his voice, but with the ceremoniousness of the strong constraint he was forced to put upon himself, Massey deliberately addressed her in his own language.

“ Miss Constance, may I say a word? ”

The girl turned and looked up in his face in acute surprise. These were the first words of English she had ever heard him speak.

“ If you will allow me, I will take care of this matter for you,” he continued earnestly. “ It cannot be permitted that this man should speak to you in this way, or should lay upon you the responsibility which belongs on his own shoulders. I protest! Only a coward could address you as he has done. I beg you, let me tell him that you withdraw from the case at this point. You are certainly justified in doing so.”

While he was speaking the eyes of Constance were fastened to his face, the extremity of her amazement at his use of her native language making her almost unable to take in the tenor of his words.

“ But, Signore, it is incredible!” she cried, then extended her hand in frank and fearless recognition. “ How can I have been so mistaken? Then you are not Roman? Not Italian even?”

“ No.”

"Nor English?"

Massey shook his head.

"Then you are of my own country, and —" she broke off suddenly while wave after wave of colour broke over the pallor of her face.

Massey, divining that the two lines of his attack might be nearing the converging point, and that she saw herself perhaps surrounded, cried urgently:

"But you do not answer! I beg you will let me act for you in this matter."

The carriage stopped. Alfani was bursting open the door with frantic haste.

"I cannot," she said gently. "It is not needed. The worst is not to happen. If it were — could I be glad as I am at this moment?"

For an instant her eyes wide with a child's wonder met his, her hand rested in the clasp of his; then she vanished behind the garden door with Alfani. Massey gave the word to the coachman and was driven on alone to the Via Appia.

For forty-eight hours Massey brooded over an inward and spiritual game of chess. The next move would be crucial; it must mean capitulation for one or the other. He feared checkmate for himself if he moved too swiftly, and accordingly held back. Constance did not pass by the Via Appia on the mornings immediately following, which was not surprising, as the crisis of the Contessa's illness would

involve her remaining at the villa. He inquired of Alfani concerning the condition of his patient and received a reply of insolent carelessness implying that he could probably learn what he cared to know of the nurses. Plainly *il Dottore* understood the significance of a few English words after all. His insinuation maddened Massey, but, although he could not again speak to the doctor, he forbore a quarrel for Constance's sake. For the same reason it was impossible for him to knock again at the green door, but on the third morning, as he passed on the Aquedotto through mist and rain, he was startled to discover that the pots of flowers had vanished from the windows of the Casa del Ponte, and the shutters were fast closed. A few steps farther, as he walked on with a chilling weight of dismay at his heart, he saw the crippled lad Vittorio, clinging forlornly to the wet parapet.

"*Va bene ?*" he asked, stopping.

The child shook his head disconsolately; his face was more wan and pinched than ever before, Massey fancied.

"No, no, no, Signore," he replied, "*va bene* never any more. She is gone away, all gone, for good and all."

Massey asked no more explicit account; there was no question of whom Vittorio spoke.

"You know it?" he said simply, feeling his own face grow gray.

"Si, si, si, Signore. I had it from Gina, but now she has gone also, perhaps to the Signorina. I do not know."

"Gone where? "

The boy shook his head hopelessly.

Massey slipped a handful of coppers into the yawning pocket of the little ragged jacket and passed on. Perugia, modern, mediæval, Augustan, Etruscan, crumbled for him in that moment to ashes and dust.

At the end of the Aquedotto he glanced back, through the fine rain which fell, at the Casa del Ponte. Never had the green door worn an aspect so mysterious; never had it appeared so impenetrably sealed.

It was checkmate beyond a doubt. The citadel had resisted his siege.

At the end of the week Massey sat at an unwonted hour of the morning at his desk in the apartment on the Cettis' *ultimo piano*, his belongings scattered in confusion about him. His work was over at the University. He was to leave Perugia on the following day. So much was decided. Where he was to go next remained still unsettled, but he inclined to Boston and had written to Naples and to Genoa for sailing lists. There was work enough to do still in Rome and elsewhere before he could write his book, but why should he write a book? He could think of no reason. Furthermore, all Italy had lost its charm

for him; the dust and ashes of his blighted Perugia had fallen over all.

A daughter of the Famiglia Cetti rapped on his door and held out a letter in a business envelope; he could see that the postmark was Genoa and the address in the handwriting of a stranger.

"Lay it on the table, please," he said indifferently and returned to his pile of papers. No doubt this letter contained the sailing lists he had sent for.

"May it bring joy, Signore," said the girl cheerfully. "For us, we grieve that you depart, but you come again to Perugia when the fine weather returns, is it not true? Rome is not so far."

"No, no, Maria," he answered. "I am not going to Rome now. I shall sail for America very soon, probably next week."

The girl expressed despair, admiration, awe, and wonder in a lively gamut of exclamations, then withdrew.

Massey lifted some papers covering two pictures which had been uppermost upon his desk before Maria's knock. They were the pastel Paziienza and Purita, the one as full of pathos, the other as serene in her joy as ever. As he hung over them, worship was in his eyes until they grew dim with the passion of his pain.

"Where is she fled?" he cried, "and was it I she feared, and I from whom she fled? Which is she

now? — the Pazienza bearing somewhere in silence a yoke even heavier than before, or this other? If I could but see her with her head lifted free for ever like this, her lips proud and glad, I would be willing never again to see her — ah!" He rose with an impatient gesture, exclaiming aloud:

"That was a lie and a useless one into the bargain!"

For a moment he paced the room stormily, then, his eyes fixing themselves upon the letter lying on the table, it occurred to him that, although tiresome, it might not be unsuitable to learn whether he could get passage to Boston from Genoa the coming week. He tore open the envelope with a hasty, careless hand, and in the next moment felt himself guilty of profanation. For the letter was from Constance herself, written to give him the explanation clearly, she said, his due.

She was in Genoa, ready in an hour to sail for Palermo with the Contessa Mandorla. They were to spend the winter in Sicily, but they hoped to keep Easter in Rome with all troubles passed. It had been necessary to leave Perugia without delay and they had come with extreme haste. The alarming depression of a week ago had proved to be merely incidental to the breaking up at last of the fever. The Contessa had gained ground ever since that day. For herself, she had begun to believe that she owed to Massey much more than she dared to know unless

he chose that she should; much more in another sense than he could guess. If they should ever meet again, some things might be better understood.

In a letter to his father in Cambridge, posted the following morning before he took the train for Rome, Massey gave a general outline of his plans for the winter. It would be best for him to spend several weeks at least among the old Greek remains of Sicily, after which it was his intention to settle down in Rome and forge ahead with his book, now fast assuming proportions in his brain.

"If you ask me when I mean to return home," the letter concluded, "I must remind you that last August you almost interdicted my return until I could bring a wife with me. I am hard at work, believe me, in the matter, but it may take time. If I win the girl I love, I must tell you, however, that she will not be wholly Italian, as you wished, neither quite American, as you feared, but angelic altogether and dear to God and Heaven."

VII

The sunset bells were ringing over Perugia on Easter Monday, and vespers were being sung in the Duomo in the Chapel of San Onofrio. On the outer edge of the small and scattered company of worshippers Massey leaned against one of the great pillars of the nave, in order, as it appeared from the ex-

altation on his face, to "hush and bless himself with silence."

He and Constance had been married in the early morning in the private chapel of the Palazzo Mandorla in Rome, and the noon train had brought them to Perugia an hour ago. Constance had asked him to let her go alone to the Casa del Ponte for a little time that she might make sure that Gina, long since come back from Sicily, had arranged the rooms to her mind. Consenting to the hour's separation somewhat grudgingly, Massey had named the Duomo as the place where he would await summons.

And here was Gina already, clattering up the aisle behind him with an air of no small importance, her brown face wrinkled with an ecstatic smile.

"*Buona sera*, Signor Massa, *buona sera!*" she whispered dropping a series of curtseys. "*Si, si, si, donna mia* is ready for you. The *casa* is in fine order and the *colazione* fit for a palace, and all without a soul in Perugia guessing. *Ma*, the Aquedotto could not hold the poor wretches if the common folk had known our Santa Pазienza would be at home tonight. *A rivederla*, Signore." Gina had now dropped on her knees, flat on the pavement, and was fingering her rosary expeditiously.

"*A rivederla*," she repeated, turning her head and chattering on untroubled by scruples of reverence. "I shall return to the *casa* in the morning. Now I

must say a few prayers for you and my lady. It brings good luck."

He left her, still chattering cheerfully over her beads, and made haste to the Via Appia and so to the green door on the Aquedotto. All the hoary walls of Perugia, the twisted chimneys, and the fantastic roofs were gilded with the light of a brilliant sunset, and beyond the city gates its splendour flooded the Umbrian plain and the Tiber Valley. For dust and ashes, Massey found again a city having foundations and clothed in light.

He knocked once, having paused a moment the deeper to taste the joy of daring. Constance herself opened the door wide, gave him both hands and bade him enter. He crossed the threshold then at last and closed the door behind him. She was dressed in her bridal white, glistening and voluminous, and behind her along both walls of the covered way stood rows of tall Easter lilies, taking the place of the tubs of clipped euonymus.

Before he spoke, Massey broke off a tall stem of the lilies, and placed it in her hand.

"My queen, by right divine," he said, and kissed her on her forehead and on her lips.

"Oh, love," she cried, not knowing that tears of sheer delight fell fast as she spoke, "you have taken the yoke from your poor Pazienza and given her a sceptre and a crown. I am re-created."


"No," he said, "you are yourself."

"Come!" she cried, taking his hand as if they had been children, and so she led him between the lilies into the silence and the sweetness of her own habitation.

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XII

"THE LITTLE BROWN CITY VOWED TO GOD"

N the drive to Assisi, Filia, who had crammed a large Life in the library of the Brufani the night before, rehearsed in refreshment of our memory the main points in the life of St. Francis.

"Pietro Bernardone, my dear mother," she began impressively, "was a wealthy cloth-merchant of Assisi; Madonna Pica was his wife; St. Francis was their son, born about 1182, — a time, you remember, when the world was a very wicked, stormy feudal world. It was also a busy world commercially, and Assisi appears to have had quite a thriving trade in cloth, and to have been warlike with the rest. Between Perugia and Assisi there was perpetual war, and this beautiful country through which we are driving was continually burned and battled over. Francis became a gay and gallant youth, fond of making money in his father's shop; also fond of spending it in extravagant revelries and eccentric pranks.

" In 1202 Perugia and Assisi were fighting as usual, and somewhere about here in the plain, half-way to Assisi, there was an encounter in which Francis Bernadone, then twenty years of age, was taken prisoner to Perugia. After his return to Assisi he attempted to enter upon his former life of dissipation, but in the year in the Perugian prison some serious thoughts seem to have been aroused in him, and, after a severe illness, an incipient spiritual crisis came on. He made various useless attempts to drown the voices which called him to a dedicated life by throwing himself into martial and social activities. But more and more he now began to withdraw from his gay associates and to seek seclusion in a certain rocky cave among the olive-trees. Gradually the call to a spiritual vocation acquired complete possession of him. It was during this mysterious period of conflict that Francis, being asked on account of his silence and abstraction, if he were thinking of taking a wife, replied:

" " I am thinking of taking a wife more beautiful, more rich, more pure, than you could ever imagine."

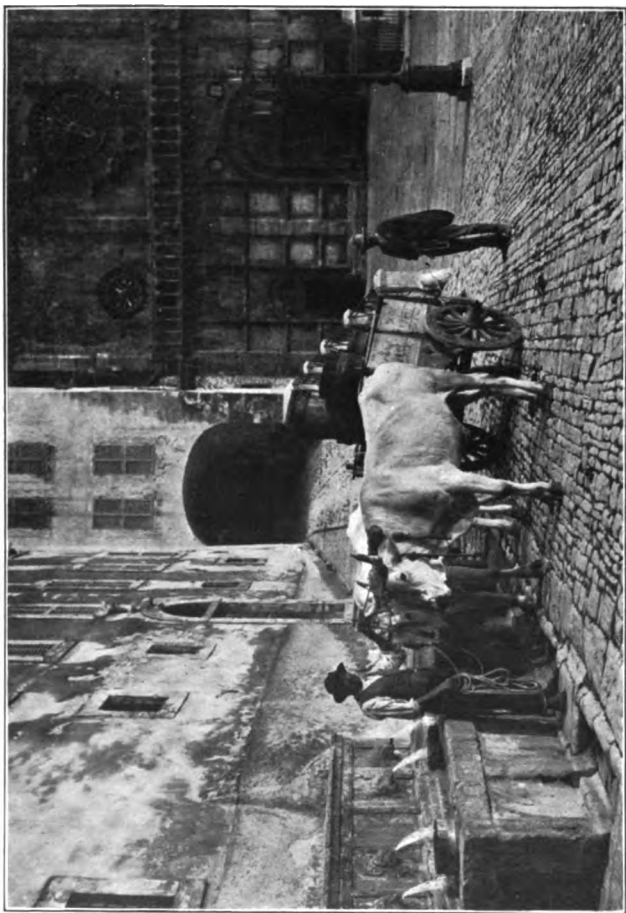
" Lady Poverty! "

" Yes, the supreme moment seems to have come at the little ruined chapel of St. Damian hidden among olives to the east of Assisi, where in contemplation of the Byzantine crucifix above a rude stone altar the love and will of Christ were fully made

known to him. From this time until the end of life the intimate, mystic communion between the soul of Francis and the Lord never ceased. He came out from the chapel with a new life and an immediate purpose in token of his consecration, that of restoring the forlorn shrine of St. Damian.

"There followed a return to Assisi and sharp conflicts with his father, ending in complete rupture with the family. Then on his way back to St. Damian in the mountains he fell among thieves, who asked him who he was, and he made the famous answer, 'I am the herald of the Great King, but what is that to thee?' They stripped him and threw him into a ditch, saying, 'There is thy place, poor herald of God.' From that he arose and came singing through the forest to a monastery; he served in its kitchen, then made his way to St. Damian's. But before reaching the chapel he visited a leper-house where he had once come, as Sir Launfal is shown in Lowell's poem, in all the brilliant splendour of a young, conquering knight. Now he is a beggar, naked, hungry, and outcast. In ministrations to the lepers Francis seems to have entered yet more deeply than before into the fellowship and mind of Christ.

"His rebuilding of St. Damian's with stones begged and brought by himself is certainly a picturesque and touching episode. Another small ruined shrine was on this side of Assisi, Santa Maria degli



STREET BEFORE DUOMO, ASSISI.

Angeli. This was also restored by Francis with his own hands and called the Portiuncula or little portion. This now becomes the very heart of the Franciscan Cult, and here most of the legends centre. We shall come in sight of this church soon, I think, as Baedeker says it stands apart from the town, near the station. I imagine that we shall care comparatively little for the church itself, which is large and pretentious, but much for what it encloses, — the Franciscan Holy of Holies. It was in the Portiuncula that Francis received what Catholics call ' the grace of his vocation ' in 1208. He entered from that time upon the work of an apostle and established his new Order.

" The Order of the Penitents of Assisi, God's jongleurs they loved to call themselves, because they made such light-hearted pilgrimage, grew with surprising rapidity. Their Rule was very simple, composed of passages from the Gospel enjoining Poverty, Purity, and Singlemindedness. Presently, the thing assuming proportions on his hands, Francis goes with eleven brethren to Rome to seek the approval of the Pope, Innocent III, upon his new Order."

I broke in upon Filia's narrative to speak of the resemblance between Francis and Martin Luther at the Papal Capital which has suggested itself to me. Both absolutely simple, sincere souls, brought in the fulness of a childlike confidence into contact

with the crafty, worldly intriguing of Rome. A situation intensely dramatic always declares itself in the coming together of pontiff and poor friar. It is curious to compare Sabatier and Hutton on Innocent III; the one, the keen psychological analyst of motive; the other, the special pleader for the spiritual integrity of the Bishops of Rome.

"I can quite imagine," continued Filia, "how homesick the poor Penitents were in Rome among the 'jeers of the pontifical lackeys' and how glad to get back to the free, pure air of these Umbrian highlands. It was in the year 1210, having at last won a reluctant *permesso* from Innocent, that Francis's career as a preacher in the Duomo of Assisi and elsewhere began, and the whole region became aroused to enthusiasm. The people of Assisi just then were divided class-wise sharply into nobles and burghers,—the *majores* and *minores*. With his genius for penetrating reality in each phase of his development, Francis seized upon the suggestions of these terms for his Order. The Brothers were to count themselves always *Minores*, least of all and servants of all. Brothers Minor henceforth they were called, but the order was a labouring, not a mendicant fraternity.

"The Order became so large that a permanent abode was needed and the Benedictines of Mount Subasio gave in perpetuity to Francis that dearest

shrine of all to him, the Portiuncula. The Brothers built around this as centre and sanctuary a few huts surrounded by a quickset hedge. The enclosing forest was their cloister, Sabatier says. Isn't that pretty? That was the first Franciscan convent. There the heart of Francis's life and ministry was lived; there sweet Santa Clara came to take her vows of perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience; from there the irresistible power of an unreserved religious consecration rayed out over all Umbria and all Italy."

" Where was the convent of Santa Chiara? "

" Why, you know I think that is one of the loveliest touches of the whole story! Francis sent her to St. Damian's and gave that humble chapel to her as a conventual foundation for the Order of Poor Clares. From her terrace Clara could look over to the Portiuncula. I am most eager to go up to the convent; for they say it has been kept almost intact from the thirteenth century."

" Is that where the present Order of Poor Clares have their nunnery? "

" No, I find that that appears to be connected with the Church of Santa Chiara, inside Assisi where she is buried. This present Order is very rigid and conventionally austere, wholly different from the original sisterhood of Poor Ladies founded by St. Francis which was like Francis himself, captivately naïve,

free, and artless. Nothing is so beautiful as his joyousness; his *Canticle of the Sun*, I love to think, was composed just after a long conversation with Clara. I am sure she was a poet as well as a saint and knew how to call out all that sweet exultation and spontaneous happiness in the life of nature which was his in such a degree."

"I am trying to recall where Francis was when he received the Stigmata."

"In the Casentino,¹ on a hill above the Arno called La Verna. He went there to prepare for death in the same spirit of really divine gladness that he met life with. The birds of Verna, the legends say, showed joy at his coming, and yet though he delighted in these things there was a great weight upon him. He said just before he received the Stigmata, 'Ah, if the Brothers knew what I suffer, with what pity and compassion they would be moved!'

"As death approached his followers carried him from Siena, where he had been for some reason, home to Assisi. Is it not most characteristic that they had to go a roundabout way to avoid Perugia, because there was reason to fear that the Perugians would try to get possession of the dying man that so their city might have the honour of being the

¹For description of La Verna see Noyes's "*The Casentino and Its Story*."

scene of his death? Poor Francis! Even he could not make over those fierce, greedy people. In Assisi he was taken to the Bishop's Palace. When told that death was near he stretched out his hands with an expression of inexpressible delight, crying, ' Welcome, Sister Death! ' From that day the palace ' rang unceasingly ' with his songs of praise. At the last they removed him to the Portiuncula, to a little cabin facing the shrine his own hands had built."

We rode on in silence, a certain tender awe upon us as we approached the scene of so holy a life, so exalted a death. Before us on the hill rose Assisi and nearer on the lower level now appeared suddenly graceful and lily-like the tower of a large church.

" Santa Maria degli Angeli! " cried the driver, turning to make sure that we followed his pointing finger.

" And within those walls, below that dome, is the Portiuncula," murmured Filia, her eyes tender with unshed tears. " I hope we are in time for Mass. To-day I am Catholic — at least Franciscan! "

I think no one can enter the inner shrine of St. Francis without kneeling and I think no one can kneel unmoved. Francis loved the Portiuncula better than any place in the world. I wondered as I crossed the threshold with its inscription, *Hic locus sanctus est*, whether he would love it as well to-day with its Overbeck fresco and its big, pretentious,

enclosing Basilica, shutting out God's world, so dear to him.

A young, dark-eyed Franciscan, in the brown garb of the Order, conducted us from the sanctuary to the small chapel — once a hut — in which Francis died. After we had studied lovingly the beautiful statue of Luca della Robbia and the not wholly convincing monastic cord of the Saint, the young monk told in his soft, gentle Italian, the telepathic tale of the noble Roman lady, Jacoba di Sentensoli, who seems in a way to have usurped Santa Clara's privileges and prominence at the last.

"She was the greatest lady of her time in Rome," said the Franciscan, "and had a great devotion to St. Francis, and by divine revelation she came from Rome to Assisi to be present at his death. For St. Francis called unto him one of his companions and said to him:

"'Brother most dear, God hath revealed unto me that on such a day I shall pass away from this life; now thou wottest that the beloved Lady Jacoba di Sentensoli, who is so devoted to our Order, would be sore grieving if she heard of my death and had not herself been present; whereby send her word that if she would see me alive again let her come here straightway. Go then and bring me inkhorn and paper and pen and write as I shall tell thee.' And when he had brought them St. Francis dictated the

letter: ‘To the Lady Jacoba, the servant of God, Brother Francis the poor little one of Christ, greeting and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit in our Lord Jesus Christ. If thou desire to see me still alive, when thou hast seen this letter, do thou arise and come unto St. Mary of the Angels. For if thou art not come by such a day thou wilt not find me still alive: and bring with thee a shroud of haircloth to wrap my body in and the wax that is needed for the burial. I pray thee likewise that thou bring me some of the food that thou wast wont to give me when I lay sick in Rome.’

“ And while this letter was writing it was of God revealed unto St. Francis that the Lady Jacoba was even then come nigh the House, and was bringing with her all the things he was asking for by letter. Therefore, having this revelation, St. Francis said unto the brother that he should write no more: at the which thing the brothers marvelled much, in that he finished not the letter and desired that it should not be sent. And after a little space there was a loud knocking at the door of the House, and the door being opened, behold! there was the Lady Jacoba, the most noble lady in all Rome, with her two sons that were Senators of Rome, and a great company of horsemen. And the Lady Jacoba went straight unto St. Francis and of her coming he had exceeding great joy and comfort, and she likewise,

beholding him still alive, and having speech of him.

"Then the lady told him that as she was praying in Rome one night, she heard a voice from heaven saying: 'If thou desire to see Saint Francis still alive delay not to go into Assisi and take with thee the things thou wast wont to give him when he was sick and the things that will be needed for his burial;' and even so have I done. So the Lady Jacoba abode there until such time as St. Francis passed away from this life and was buried; and she paid great honours unto his burying, and bore the charges of whatsoever was needed. Then returning to Rome, after a short time, this gentle lady died a holy death; and of her devotion to St. Francis she desired to be carried to Assisi for burial, and so it was done."

"And where is the Lady Jacoba buried?" asked Filia at the close of this recital, which we enjoyed more rather than less for recognizing it as having been committed to memory from the *Fioretti*. "Did she not desire burial in the enclosure of Santa Maria?"

"Signorina, she desired it, but it might not be since she was not a religious. The lady is buried in the Lower Church of San Francesco."

"And what about Santa Chiara?" I asked. "Did she have last words also to comfort her, poor little thing? She was but eighteen when she founded her Order, I believe."

" Signora, Madonna Chiara was a religious. She was permitted to look upon the body of St. Francis through the grating, and to kiss his hands, the Brothers kindly bearing the dead saint to San Damiano that so she might have this consolation."

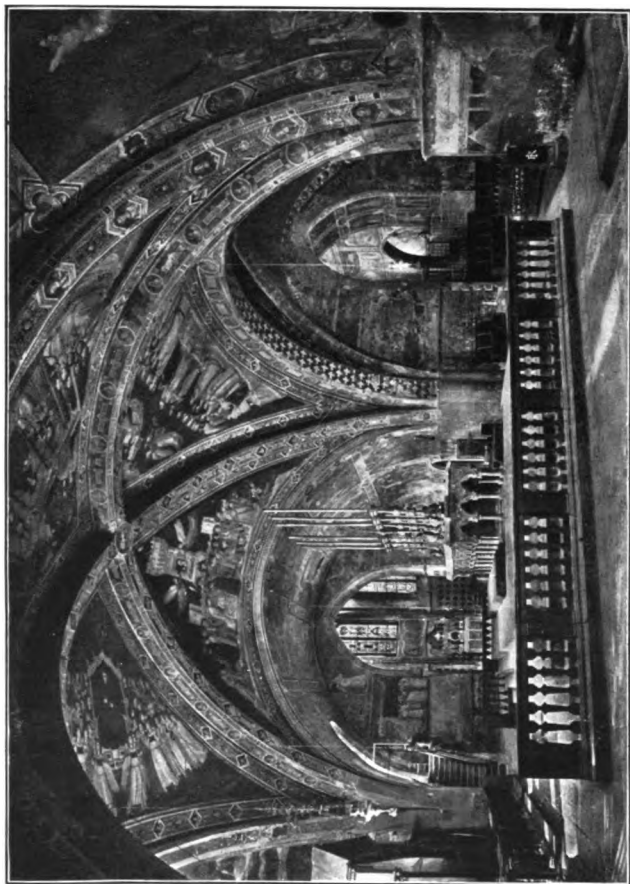
I tried not quite successfully to feel satisfied, and we moved on to the sacristy where a Christ by Perugino was noteworthy, and then to the garden of thornless roses and to the Chapel of Roses. As we were about to depart our mild-eyed Franciscan detained us and brought us again into the sacristy. With a smile in which I felt a curious sweet craft he proceeded to bring out a series of most engaging souvenirs which he pressed upon us. To Filia he gave a small metal cross on which, in relief, were figures of Francis and the Portiuncula; to me, a neat little book descriptive of Santa Maria degli Angeli; to these he added various coloured tracts with pressed rose leaves and prints of the Della Robbia St. Francis. Who could have left thus fitted forth, without a willing alms to the church so gently suggested?

Steeply the road led now up into the whitened, time-worn little town, and we were deposited with our luggage at the door of the Subasio. The heat and glare of midday drove us for refuge into a cool chamber, and not until afternoon did we venture out again. It had, however, taken some exercise of

self-control to delay our first sight of the Church of St. Francis; to it we now hastened.

My first impression as we entered the Lower Church from the bare sunny causeway, was a vague memory of the blue-and-gold gloom of Capri's vaulted Grotto, but the light here was violet rather than azure and dusky dim with manifold richness, not translucent, clear and cold. A few steps brought us deeper down the nave and we stood beneath those marvellous groined arches, where the lovely frescoes of Martini and the loftier conceptions of Giotto encompassed us with their celestial radiance. It was a breathless moment, and for my own part I cared little to break into the sensation which the place as a whole made upon me, by a study of details. For that day the ensemble and the frescoes of the high altar sufficed. Filia joined a little company of pilgrims to the crypt, to the tomb of St. Francis, while I met Francis at Giotto's hand, living and wedded in rainbow glories to Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience amid ranks of fair-haired angels. The Upper Church could not be even thought of until to-morrow. What was one visit, with fifty Giotto's to learn and love, and this noble Madonna of Cimabue, among all Mater Dolorosas the noblest in Ruskin's estimation?

When we first entered the sunshine of the early afternoon had illuminated the whole place, and



INTERIOR OF THE LOWER CHURCH, ASSISI.

brought out from their lurking-places many hidden beauties which we never saw again in equal distinctness. But as the day waned the light dimmed, and our eyes grew tired with searching out of too much loveliness. We turned gladly into the Cappella di San Antonio from which access is gained to the ancient Campo Santo. Here double cloisters surround the tiny graveyard over which cypresses stand watchful. The place was not gloomy, and in its humility spoke of il Poverello more distinctly to me than the rich and myriad-formed symbolism of the church built in his name.

The church itself, its origin and the circumstances under which it was built, assumed a vital interest, after we had given ourselves over to the indescribable influence which Assisi and its associations exercise when in their presence. Two years after the death of Francis, Gregory IX came in person to Assisi, July 26, 1228, to preside over the ceremonies of canonization and to lay the first stone of a great basilica, worthy to be burial-place and monument to the Saint now appropriated by the Church. Brother Elias, one of the master's companions, was deputed to carry out the enterprise. The site, given by one Simon Puzzairelli on the hillside, known since as the Collis Paradisi, demanded peculiar treatment. Vasari says:

" There was a great scarcity among good archi-

fects at this time, and the church, having to be built upon a very high hill, at the base of which flows a torrent called the Tescio, an excellent artist was required for the work. After much deliberation a certain Maestro Jacopo Tedesco was called to Assisi as being the best architect then to be found, and having examined the site, and consulted the wishes of the fathers, who were holding a Chapter in Assisi to discuss the matter, he designed the plan of a very beautiful church and convent."

All evidence points to the south of France as affording the peculiar architectural type embodied in San Francesco, which is the first Gothic church built in Italy. The conception is a bold and a novel one, that of raising one church above another, the long colonnades of the convent thrown out along the mountain ridge in fearless sweep. The whole edifice was complete in 1253. For all its commanding beauty and interest to us who now make pilgrimage for its art's sake, San Francesco as it arose on the hillside of Assisi was watched by the faithful companions of Francis down at the Portiuncula with hearts sick with sorrow. Where was Lady Poverty, the Bride of their Master, to be found amid all this pomp and splendour? "Build poor little cells of mud and wood," he had said; "also cause small churches to be built; they ought not to raise great churches. Little cells and small churches will be better ser-

mons than many words." Brother Elias, the great administrator of the Papal enterprise, a crafty and ambitious churchman, was later excommunicated for unruly conduct and is described by Miss Duff Gordon as at once " the black sheep of the Franciscan Order and one of the greatest citizens of Assisi." It was in large measure through his influence that the Order lost the initial ideals of its founder and became a conventional, manageable instrument in the hands of the Papacy.

That night I sat long on the terrace of the Subasio looking down at the silent plain, the distant Apennines, and the red lights of Perugia on its hilltop. What a different world this from that of Southern Italy! Nature here in Umbria is rich in hues of amethyst and emerald; she is nobly, largely generous, yet nowhere is there the voluptuous, tropical lavishness of the South; neither does one find the classic calmness and imperturbable grandeur of the Roman Campagna, nor the rugged loftiness of the Italian highlands. All is grave, yet full of religious joy; it is the world into which it was meet that Francis Bernadone should be born. Sabatier says: " The ever-thickening barriers which modern life, with its sickly search for useless comfort, has set up between us and nature did not exist for these men, so full of youth and life, eager for wide spaces and the outer air. This is what gave St. Francis and his compan-

ions that quick susceptibility to Nature which made them thrill in mysterious harmony with her. Their communion with Nature was so intimate, so ardent, that Umbria, with the harmonious poetry of its skies, the joyful outburst of its spring-time, is still the best document from which to study them."

As I sat and dreamed in the limpid sweetness of the June night, the haggard, ascetic town sleeping around and below on its steep hillside, I seemed to see Assisi a devotee, wasted with long vigils, with prayer and fasting, climbing those great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God, fainting with human weakness in that awful quest of the Divine, but holding up in her emaciated hands gifts, myrrh and gold and frankincense. In one hand she holds the "treasure of the humble," the poor hut of Francis Bernadone, the Portiuncula; in the other the treasure of the proud, the jewelled casket of San Francesco rich and radiant, and if alloyed with human ambition, still dear to God, who knows the frame of men and remembereth that they and their best gifts are dust.

"The imperious desire for immolation" is in us all, but it is too great for us. Is not the endless magnetism of St. Francis herein, that he vicariously for us lived this human life at its highest terms of Christlike love and sacrifice? In him we realize with a thrill of joy, compunction, terror, that it is



CLOISTER OF SAN FRANCESCO, ASSISI.

after all possible for the servant to be as his Master.

The Spell of Italy! It lay heavy on my sense there in Sorrento in the perfumed night; it brought intellect into captivity among the mighty monuments of Rome; but here, in the Galilee of Italy, here at this Umbrian shrine, a deeper spell was laid, for it is to the immortal spirit which dwells in our hearts that Assisi speaks.

Three days we lingered there, but they were far too few. The upper church, obvious, pictorial even to panoramic comprehensiveness in its mural painting, demanded much time, but it never won upon us as did the lower, with the strange hush and mystery of its dim recesses and those ineffable symbolic visions of Giotto.

It was pleasant to go to San Damiano, to look from its tiny garden across to the towers of Santa Maria degli Angeli and think of Clara's faithful eyes turned ever towards the abode of the Master who had called her.

The walk to the Hermitage, the Carceri, through groves of olive and over the hard, rocky hills, was a difficult one, but the views of the Tescio winding through its valley were most lovely, and when we had climbed to the Carceri we found full reward. Here was much to remind us, not of St. Francis only, but also of San Bernardino whose memorial in Perugia

was the theme of Contessa Carletti's story. Bernardino was a follower after Francis's own heart. Coming a century later he yet kindled a like ardour of love at the same fires and espoused the same bride. The cells of the Carceri which he and his companions inhabited are cut into the naked rock and are primitive in the extreme.

The ilex-trees, hoary with age, surround the cells and caverns. This was the favourite retreat of Francis when he wished to go apart to a desert place to pray. The slope was sweet with flowers and the songs of birds. The friar who guided us assured us that these ilex-trees stood now as they had stood in the time of Francis and that it was to the birds in their branches that he used sometimes to preach.

"But really, Frate," asks Filia, "are you quite, quite sure?"

"Certissimo, Signorina."

What would you have more?

The end of the week found us back at the Brufani with Sunday still left us for Perugia. Summer heat was augmenting daily and we must hasten on to Siena and Florence, then north to the coolness of the lake region.

Returning to it after three days of absence, we found even more distinctly than before the dreamy, solemn charm of Perugia. By the Via dei Priori we

made our way a second time to the Oratorio di San Bernardino, towards which our thoughts had been turned with longing since we had read " Virtues in Relief." Even more beautiful than we had remembered we found it, touched by some strange, ethereal loveliness, some consecration of a poet's dream.

XIII

"SIENA THE SORCERESS"



AFTER two days in Siena I made a discovery, having met at the Chiuserelli many men of many minds. This discovery is that Perugia and Siena are touchstones of temperament, the preference for one or the other revealing something at least of the cast of mind. Like thorn-crowned Assisi, Perugia is mystical; Siena is magical. Perugia is sombre gray, massive, austere, reticent. Siena is clear-toned, brilliant, graceful, with treasure of jewelled surfaces and much Byzantine gold. For me, I delight in Siena, I brood over Perugia. In the one I acquire, in the other I dream. Each has a potent charm.

Our arrival in Siena was in the midst of a *sciopero*, to use the Italian equivalent for strike. No carriage or cart could be found for luggage even; no shop of any sort was open. It was two o'clock and the afternoon warm. Thus we had an illustrious opportunity for the display of controlled tempers, as we toiled up a steep, sunny hill laden with our light luggage,

which seemed just then far from light; then, by the gates and beneath the Sienese, Rome-borrowed Lupa and her twins, to the pensione and a dinner “late and feeble” (see Grant Allen’s Guides), served out of due time.

At five o’clock Filia and I dove down into a valley redolent of the odour of tanneries, — smell sacred like everything else in Siena to Santa Caterina, — and up again on the farther side, where we presently found our way through endless arches and picturesque, deserted streets to the Piazza del Duomo. We stood breathless for a little, gazing at the Cathedral’s east front, its intricacies of lace-work in marble and of jewels in mosaic flung up against a sky of purest blue.

“Heavens!” cried Filia, at last regaining breath, “how preposterously beautiful!”

“‘Earth hath not anything to show more fair,’” I quoted. “‘Conceived by Titans and finished by jewellers,’ — is it not so?”

“Same architect as Orvieto,” murmured Filia, in fragmentary fashion, — “Lorenzo Maitani. Purest Italian Gothic. Too many horizontal lines; otherwise a perfect thing.”

We agreed that the exterior was all the ecclesiastical beauty we could bear in one day, and so asked our way presently to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, wishing sight of the famous Torre del Mangia without

delay. Our question was put to two shining military beings in gold lace uniform, who were the only citizens visible in the Piazza. They saluted with punctilious gallantry, gazing at Filia's Stella d'Italia given her on the *Illustrissima Principessa*, and worn to practical advantage, as indicating that she was to Italy simpatica and probably annexed. The speech of these officers was the first we had heard of Sieneſe, with its delicious Tuscan aspirant. Earnestly they besought us not to venture to-day on the Piazza Vittorio, as there might be shots fired in the crowd gathered there because of the *sciopero*. For perfect ladies it would, alas, be no place; on the Via Cavour (Havour they called it) ladies might proceed with safety. Many salutations, many wishes that all may *va bene*. Plainly we were regarded as belonging to "Hig-liffè" — the Italianated High Life. And so we wended our way to the Via Cavour, all of whose shops were closely barred and bolted. Suddenly we came upon an opening between the tall houses, framed by an arch, on the high hill's crest. Through it we caught instant vision of Siena's marvellous civic tower, the Mangia, soaring upward from the vast, shell-shaped Piazza below. Howells says that its proportions of perfect grace make all other secular towers vulgar; even after seeing the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio I agree with him.

Like a swarm of indignant ants the concourse of

people far below in front of the Palazzo Pubblico ran to and fro and did apparently nothing. They did not even shoot, which Filia considered disappointing. On the way home we found ourselves cheerfully followed by a perfectly harmless-looking individual, an Italian custom which we had learned to regard with indifference. We shook our retainer off by going into the great bare church of San Domenico to hear a Miserere. The antiphonal chanting in this soft Sienese Latin was a pure harmony. The whole scene was unforgettable, — the tiny chapel lighted with flickering candles, the vast vaulted arches of the church beyond, dusky and gloomy, the swaying censers, the wreathing smoke, the vestments of the priests, the kneeling company praying to all saints for alleviation from the terrors of the *sciopero*.

The next morning we visited San Domenico again in the interests of Santa Caterina, the strike being settled, and Siena betaking herself to her wonted avocations, the Saints having shown themselves favourable. Our first hour was spent before the Chapel of Santa Caterina, learning to know and love Sodoma's great conceptions of the supreme moments of her life. A most extraordinary quality we found possessed by the “Ecstasy,” — that of appearing to project itself. As I sat on a bench at a little distance, the figures, warmly lighted, appeared to leave the canvas and advance, full-bodied, towards me.

Above the chapel is the inscription: "This Chapel holds the head of Catherine. Dost thou seek her heart? Nay, that Christ bears inclosed in his breast."

A little old woman, serious and voluble, led us about the church, showed us the chill Chapel, the Cappella della Volte, where Catherine was wont to pray, to dream dreams, and to see visions. A bit of the ancient pavement which she is known to have trod was pointed out, and the pillar against which she leaned in her ecstasies; but the chief and most precious treasure is the authentic portrait of the Saint by Andrea di Vanni, her friend and contemporary.

Saint Catherine's feast-day in Siena is April 29. On that day the awful relic, the Saint's head, is exposed to view behind the bars of the shrine in her chapel. Embalmed immediately after death, the face is described as fair and white, like parchment, the features having the aspect of sleep rather than death, the lips delicately ascetic, the nostrils finely chiseled, altogether no slightest room for sense, but only for spirit.

I cannot do better for my readers than to condense here a brief summary of Caterina Benincasa's life story from a standard source.

"St. Catherine was one of twenty-five children born in wedlock to Jacopo and Lapa Benincasa, citizens of Siena. Her father exercised the trade of dyer and



ECSTASY OF ST. CATHERINE, BY "IL SODOMA."

fuller. In the year of her birth, 1347, Siena reached the climax of its power and splendour. It was then that the plague of Boccaccio began to rage, which swept off eighty thousand citizens, and interrupted the building of the great Duomo. In the midst of so large a family, and during these troubled times, Catherine grew almost unnoticed; but it was not long before she manifested her peculiar disposition. At six years old she saw visions and longed for a monastic life; about the same time she used to collect her childish companions together and preach to them. As she grew, her wishes became stronger; she refused the proposals of marriage which her parents made, and so vexed them by her obstinacy that they imposed on her the most servile duties of the household. These she patiently fulfilled, pursuing at the same time her own vocation with unwearied ardour. She scarcely slept at all, and ate no food but vegetables and a little bread, scourged herself, wore sackcloth, and became emaciated, weak, and half-delirious. At length the firmness of her character and the force of her hallucinations won the day. Her parents consented to her assuming the Dominican robe, and at the age of thirteen she entered the monastic life. From this moment till her death we see in her the ecstatic, the philanthropist, and the politician combined to a remarkable degree. For three whole years she never left her cell except to go to

church, maintaining an almost unbroken silence. Yet when she returned to the world, convinced at last of having won by prayer and pain the favour of her Lord, it was to preach to infuriated mobs, to toil among men dying of the plague, to execute diplomatic negotiations, to harangue the republic of Florence, to correspond with queens, and to interpose between kings and popes. In the midst of this varied and distracting career she continued to see visions and to fast and scourge herself. The domestic virtues and the personal wants and wishes of a woman were annihilated in her; she lived for the Church, for the poor, and for Christ, whom she imagined to be constantly supporting her. At length she died, worn out by inward conflicts, by the tension of religious ecstasy, by want of food and sleep, and by the excitement of political life.

“It is well known how, by the power of her eloquence and the ardour of her piety, she succeeded as a mediator between Florence and the Pope; that she travelled to Avignon, and there induced Gregory XI to put an end to the Babylonian captivity of the Church by returning to Rome; that she narrowly escaped political martyrdom during one of her embassies from Gregory to the Florentine republic; that she preached a crusade against the Turks; that her last days were clouded with sorrow for the schism which then rent the papacy; and that she

aided by her dying words to keep Pope Urban on the papal throne. When we consider her private and spiritual life more narrowly, it may well move our amazement to think that the intricate policies of Central Italy, the counsels of licentious princes and ambitious popes, were in any measure guided and controlled by such a woman. Alone, and aided by nothing but a reputation for sanctity, she dared to tell the greatest men in Europe of their faults; she wrote in words of well-assured command, and they, demoralized, worldly, skeptical, or indifferent as they might be, were yet so bound by superstition that they could not treat with scorn the voice of an enthusiastic girl.

“Absolute disinterestedness, the belief in her spiritual mission, natural genius, and that vast power that then belonged to all energetic members of the monastic orders, enabled her to play this part.

“Her personal influence seems to have been immense. When she began her career of public peacemaker and preacher in Siena, Raymond, her biographer, says that whole families devoted to *vendetta* were reconciled, and that civil strifes were quelled by her letters and addresses. He had seen more than a thousand people flock to hear her speak; the confessionals crowded with penitents, smitten by the force of her appeals; and multitudes, unable to catch the words which fell from her lips, sustained

and animated by the light of holiness which beamed from her inspired confidence. She was not beautiful, but her face so shone with love, and her eloquence was so pathetic in its tenderness, that none could look on her or hear her without emotion.

“Catherine died at Rome, on the 29th of April, 1380, in her thirty-third year, surrounded by the most faithful of her friends and followers; but it was not until 1461 that she received the last honour of canonization from the hands of Pius II (Æneas Sylvius), her countryman. Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini was, perhaps, the most remarkable man that Siena has produced.

“The hundreds of the poor Sieneſe who kneel before St. Catherine’s shrine prove that her memory is ſtill alive in the hearts of her fellow citizens; while the gorgeous library of the Cathedral, painted by the hand of Pinturicchio, the ſumptuous palace and the Loggia del Papa, deſigned by Bernardo Roſſellino and Antonio Federighi, record the pride and ſplendour of the greateſt of the Piccolomini. But, honourable as it was for Pius to fill ſo high a place in the annals of his city; to have left it as a poor adventurer, to return to it, firſt as biſhop, then as Pope; to have a chamber in its mother church adorned with the pictured hiſtory of his achievements for a monument and a triumph of Renaiſſance architecture dedicated to his family (*gentilibus ſuis*), yet

we cannot but feel that the better part remains with Saint Catherine, whose prayer is still whispered by children by their mother's knee, and whose relics are kissed daily by the simple and devout."

I think no shrine in Italy, save that of the Portiuncula, is so moving in its simplicity as the house of Saint Catherine in the steep Via Benincasa. Above the door is the inscription: "The House of Catherine, the Spouse of Christ," and on entering we are greeted by the tender words:

"Living, I beheld Him whom I loved."

We passed through the Oratories with their multitudinous frescoes, thence into the narrow cell once Catherine's own chamber, and were silent. A poor little place, austere, gloomy to a degree; in it hoarded the touching womanish, yet monastic, trifles said to have been hers, — the scent-bottle, the lantern, the veil, the portion of the hair-shirt. A piercing sense of the reality of Catherine's life dwells here, and again, as at Assisi, we felt the thrilling nearness of glory to our dust, of God to man.

The landscape of Tuscany, as seen about Siena, was arid and monotonous to us, coming fresh from the rich and verdant valleys of Umbria. It possesses nevertheless a certain delicate charm and suggestiveness of its own, with its conventional lines of cypresses and pines, its villages which seem just

stepping from the distance of a Preraphaelite painting, and the silvery bloom of olives half veiling the red and sandy soil. The whole landscape is dominated by Siena itself, rising proudly and nobly with its lovely civic tower and the glittering pinnacles of the Duomo. We heard much of the Races of the Palio to occur a month later, and enticing were the suggestions of their mediæval pomp and pageantry which continually reached us. A month in Siena would have been by no means too long, and only the ever-increasing heat drove us on and away. But to return and dwell within the walls of "soft Siena" is a thing to hope and plan for. Here the Italian language is spoken in perfection; here life has a certain clear-cut, cleanly radiance, as against the oppressive, shabby gloom of some ancient cities, while the treasures of painting and architecture are only less inexhaustible than those of Rome, Venice, Naples, and Florence. Take it all in all, Siena is thoroughly livable and lovable.

Meanwhile for Filia and me there remained but three or four days, and days of glowing sun, to make harvest in for eye and memory. Plainly much must be left ungarnered, but we determined not to be disconsolate over the much left, but happy over the much gained.

A king delight was the Baptistery of San Giovanni, the Crypt of the Cathedral. We came

upon it almost unawares as we turned from scanning the front of the Palazzo del Magnifico. A bold and striking external sweep of stately stairs leads at the left of the Baptistery up to the Cathedral entrance in the square above; there is no other communication between church and Baptistery. Having on our previous visit approached the Cathedral by another way, this first view of so novel and picturesque an architectural effect at once arrested our admiration. But the doors into the Baptistery stood open, and before ascending to the Cathedral we entered, not knowing what awaited us. Here in the dim chiaroscuro of the interior rose a marvel in marble, delicate as a flower, the Font of San Giovanni, on which the art of Della Quercia, Ghiberti, and Donatello are mingled in bewildering richness. This was our first acquaintance with the work of Jacopo della Quercia, Siena's great master sculptor, Ghiberti's competitor and rival. Later we saw fragments of his nobly beautiful figures, carved for the Fonta Gaia, but now removed to the Opera del Duomo. He is of the group of great Italian sculptors, and all we saw by him was memorable.

From the day we first entered it until we left Siena for Florence, we gave ourselves the privilege of an hour daily within the walls of the Cathedral. I remembered at our first entrance into it the remark of Contessa Cecilia, that there were no beautiful

churches in Rome. Assuredly we had seen none to name with this Tuscan Cathedral, whether in the effect of the whole or in the beauty of detail. Nothing can exceed the frank and vivid brilliancy of Pinturicchio's frescoes on the walls of the Cathedral library. Arthur Symonds says, "Nothing so bright was ever put on a wall as the picture of that room in which Æneas Silvius is made Cardinal." The contract for the decoration of the walls of the Libreria was dated June 29, 1502. It was made between the "most reverend lord Cardinal of Siena and Messer Bernardino, called il Pinturicchio, painter of Perugia." The leading episodes in the life of Pope Pius II (Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, native of Siena), were to be the subjects of the frescoes, and the express stipulation was that il Pinturicchio shall "make all the designs of the histories with his own hand, in cartoons and on the walls, and paint all the heads of the figures in fresco with his own hand." (None the less it is believed that Raphael himself lent a frequent helping pencil.) Further, great emphasis is laid upon the free use of "gold, azure, ultra-marine, enamel-blue, azure-greens and other pleasing colours." In truth il Pinturicchio filled his colour contract well. Peculiar interest attaches to the great scene in which the young Piccolomini rides forth to seek his fortunes, as one of the retinue, a beautiful youth, mounted on a richly caparisoned bay horse, and



RAPHAEL, DETAIL OF FRESCO BY PINTURICCHIO.

holding a hound in leash, is believed to be an authentic portrait of Raphael.

One might devote days of study to the endless intricacies of the Cathedral pavement, the famous graffiti, where in strong contrast of black and white marble and in powerful outlines, Saints and Sybils, heraldic beasts and Scriptural characters appear in endless sequence, so stern, so grotesque, and yet so beautiful that they haunt the memory.

And Siena's pulpit, who shall describe it? That masterpiece of Nicola Pisano, which marks so nearly the year of Dante's birth! The busts of the Popes in the cornice; the Capella del Volte, with its sweet, archaic pictures of the young knight, Alberto Aringhieri, and the lovely scenes in the life of the Baptist; the glories of the choir and high-altar, — should not things like these be mentioned rather than that small detail of the horizontal layers of black and ivory marble in pillars and walls, which appears the only point observed by casual visitors? They go away and ask the next man they meet if he has seen the zebra church, and chuckle at their own originality!

Nowhere have we seen civic pride in such magnificent apotheosis as in Siena's Palace of the Comune. The rise of the Italian Free City and the small Republic could hardly be better illustrated than here, on these deep coloured, sumptuous walls, painted

by Simone Martini, while the Wars of the Towns in the days when Siena was in feud perpetual with Florence can well be realized in Vanni's and Andrea's frescoes. For the student of history as well as for the student of art and of language Siena has much to offer.

But this civic pride of the old days, preëmpting the Saints to bless, the angels to protect, the Virgin to crown our own city, has a curious irony as one looks about to-day on Siena's empty streets and forsaken palaces. What a spur it gave to art, though, in its day, and how one must be for ever grateful to that impulse when we see a man like Bazzi, "Il Sodoma," who could paint falsely, who could even betray the best traditions of Sienese art, prompted to paint so nobly, so truly an ideal of Christian knighthood as in the St. Victor in the Sala del Gran Consiglio.

Endless are the art treasures of these signorial halls. Innumerable are the balzane (Siena's black and white shield), over doors and windows, and everywhere the Lupa and other insignia are exalted. Wearied with endless symbol and allegory, we came out upon the Piazza, the Campo where the races were so soon to be run, crossed to the Fonte Gaia (poor copy of Della Quercia's beautiful originals, in fragments now in the Opera del Duomo), and looked back. There with a thrill we saw above us



ST. VICTOR, BY "IL SODOMA."

that thing of soaring grace, the Torre del Mangia, rising bare and fearless above all the riot of colour and figure within, and we found it greater than these.

The Picture Gallery, or Belle Arti, of Siena is arranged in a particularly lucid chronological sequence. From the thirteenth century painters of the Stanza Prima with their strong Byzantine set and hard archaic figures, on through the lovely but still primitive conceptions of the Lorenzetti, to the exquisite mysticism and shadowless sweetness of Sano di Pietro; then on to Neroccio in full breadth of Renaissance power, and to Bazzi, the prodigally gifted Lombard follower of Leonardo, imported by the Sienese about the middle of the sixteenth century, — thus proceeding we felt that we had watched a tight-closed bud of stiff, rough calyx and little promise grow by hardly perceptible degrees, to burst at last into bloom of colour, grace, and life. The whole story of Italian Art was displayed in miniature before our eyes. In the Oratory of San Bernardino we later found charming frescoes by Beccafumi, whose scenes from the life of St. Catherine we had already delighted in, upborne later by finding that Vasari agreed with us! For, says that authoritative chronicler: "Likewise in the predella he (Beccafumi) did certain stories in distemper with incredible spirit and vivacity, and with such facility in drawing that

they could not have greater grace, and nevertheless seem done without a trouble in the world."

For the work of Duccio di Buoninsegna, the first great Sienese master, Giotto's contemporary and peer, one must go to the Opera del Duomo. There, neglected and restored with equally sad results, maimed and marred, still remains in fragments the reredos, his masterpiece, which has been called the supreme picture of the Middle Ages. Below the great central throne Duccio has inscribed this prayer: "Holy Mother of God, be Thou the cause of rest to Siena; be life to Duccio because he has painted Thee thus."

XIV

THE CITY OF FORESTIERI



WE had met heralds of Florence all the way from Naples. Here and there our road had been lighted by shapes of seraphic singers, by a sudden vision of jewelled colour and burnished gold. Then we would be told: this is merely an outrider of the Florentines; a stray master-bit of the Della Robbia's, a transiently imported brush of Gozzoli, or Angelico, or Lippi. Wait until you reach Florence for royalty itself in largess!

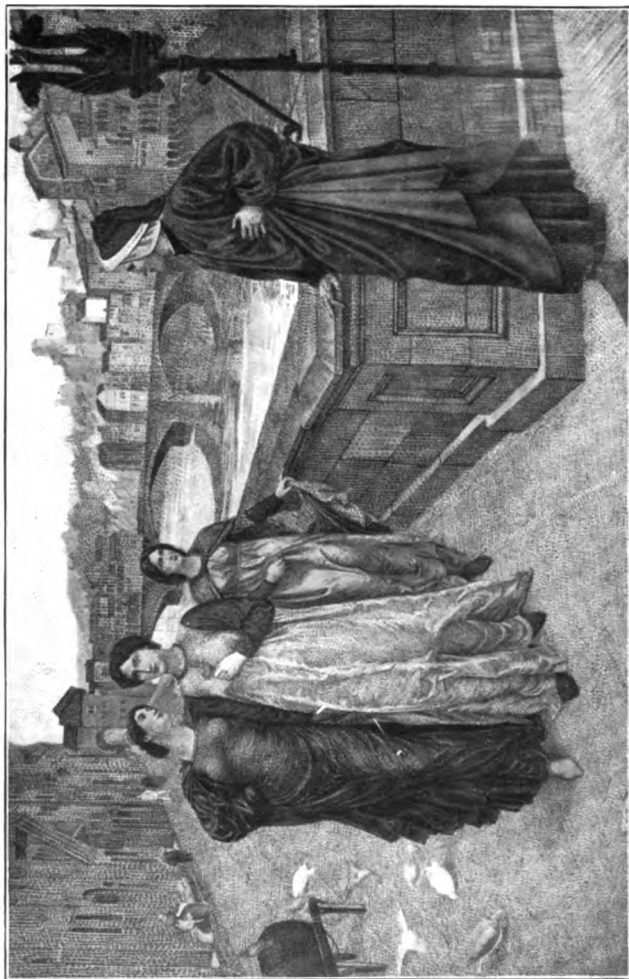
Notwithstanding being thus warned of the wise, the burst of the full-orbed sun of Florentine art on our first morning in Florence in the Belle Arti dazzled us completely. Such riches were incredible, and ours, all ours for walking through certain streets and squares, quite as if one were going to see silks or muslins by the yard! And after the Belle Arti and that almost unendurable, poignant beauty of Botticelli's Spring and Fra Angelico's Last Judgment, there were still the hoarded treasures illimitable of

the Uffizzi and the Pitti! And then the Bargello and the Palazzo Riccardi with the Gozzoli's, and Or San Michele, Santa Croce, il Duomo, and the other churches; and what would Ruskin do to us if we failed in our duty by Santa Maria Novella? Besides all these, the glories of the Baptistery and Campanile and the Loggia dei Lanzi, —

“ where is set
Cellini's godlike Perseus, bronze or gold,
(How name the metal, when the statue flings
Its soul so in your eyes?) with brow and sword
Superbly calm.”

And then San Marco, above all San Marco! Truly it is to despair, and all this is not Florence. Florence itself will still remain unwon, for we have still not accompanied with her Dante, her Buonarotti, her mightiest. To come here and have no time to brood over the Florence in which Beatrice walked, “ crowned and clothed with humility,” while Dante looked and worshipped from afar, — the pity of it, oh, the pity of it! It is almost to cheat one's own soul to have but that beggarly tourist's fortnight to be teased to tatters in by all this bewilderment of things most precious!

What wonder that Florence is, like Venice, *par excellence* the City of Forestieri, since here are more masterpieces than are brought together in any city of the world? What wonder that, as Mr. Arthur



THE FLORENCE OF DANTE AND BEATRICE, BY HOLIDAY.

Symons says, Florence is a woman praised so long that she has become overconscious? Perhaps it is no wonder even that in Florence the last thing you shall see is Florentines, the last language you shall hear is Italian. Each freshly arrived ocean liner pours out its freight of sightseers, who hasten by the hundred from Genoa and Naples to this tourists' Mecca, while massive Tedeschi and superior Inglesi, superknowing and superconscious, stream like a glacial flood southward through the passes of the Alps, seek out their wonted haunts, fall to on their esoteric divination of Botticelli, and gaze at newcomers in cold dislike.

Filia knew that it was in my heart to write a book, as other folks do, when they go to Italy. She had regarded this enterprise respectfully, but when we returned from our first Ramble (I think that is the usual word) in Florence, as we paced the Lung' Arno pensione-wards in ambient heat that quivered and snapped and splintered into needle-points from the paving-stones, she exclaimed with a perceptible trace of sarcasm:

"How delightful it will be to describe Florence! I should think it would require rather a long chapter."

"Filia," I said resentfully, "to think I should undertake to describe Florence is a reflection upon my intelligence. I at least know what not to do."

"There *have* been several books written — " Here Filia laughed feebly, slightly stupefied by the dazzling brightness of the street.

"You notice, I suppose," I commented, "that we are the only persons in Florence who do not know better than to walk along the Lung' Arno at high noon. Italians never show their heads out-of-doors in summer between eleven and four."

"Italians?" murmured Filia, vaguely, "but there are no Italians in Florence. Every one I don't care about in America has turned up and embraced me to-day. I have seen solid phalanxes of Tedeschi and cohorts of Inglesi, but — "

"There are a few Italians in Florence," I interrupted, unceremoniously, pointing to a jeweller's window. "They trade in trinkets here and on the Ponte Vecchio. Other some keep pensiones. Here, by a merciful dispensation, is ours at last."

This Darling of Nations, Lily of the Arno, and all the rest of it, is, I am assured, the hottest of Italian cities in summer, the coldest in winter. I am prepared to endorse the first proposition. As a result of the heat, which made sightseeing a perilous enterprise that mid-June week, and of the suggestive swarms of tourists all about us, I found myself at this point in my travels weakly yielding to a temptation with which I had struggled from the first week after my arrival, that is, the temptation to

give instruction and advice to those as yet untravelled in Italy.

This is a subtle and an insidious temptation, to which some are plainly more open than others. The most temptable person I have met was a teacher from a college in Kansas, who, having landed for the first time in his life in Naples on a Wednesday evening, gave instruction to the whole personelle of the pensione, at dinner on Thursday evening, as to the best way to visit Pompeii, Sorrento, and Capri, and, of course, the Naples Museo, in twenty-four hours. He having done this with complete satisfaction to himself, clothed his elation in decent sobriety, while pity was in his gaze for such as found a week too short for his one day's winnings.

I say this temptation to give advice as to methods and measures in travel is subtle because it masquerades as a pure piece of altruism, while in reality it is the egoism of wishing to manifest one's own keenness and capacity. I can see this clearly, nevertheless the temptation is too insidious for me to resist, and I yield. Plainly it is merciful not only to myself but to my readers, since it saves them one more failure in the attempt to describe Florence.

Why indeed should one try to describe Florence when Browning has written:

" Lo, the moon's self !
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,

Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.
Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect, till the nightingales applauded."

And when Mrs. Browning gives us lines like these:

"For me, who stand in Italy to-day
Where worthier poets stood and sang before,
I kiss their footsteps, yet their words gainsay.
I can but muse in hope upon this shore
Of golden Arno as it shoots away
Through Florence' heart beneath her bridges four,—
Bent bridges seeming to strain off like bows,
And tremble while the arrowy undertide
Shoots on, and cleaves the marble as it goes,
And strikes up palace-walls on either side,
And froths the cornice out in glittering rows,
With doors and windows quaintly multiplied,
And terrace-sweeps, and gazers upon all,
By whom if flower or kerchief were thrown out
From any lattice there, the same would fall
Into the river underneath, no doubt,
It runs so close and fast 'twixt wall and wall.
How beautiful! The mountains from without
In silence listen for the word said next.
What will men say,—here where Giotto planted
His campanile like an unperplex
Fine question heavenward . . .
What word will God say? Michel's Night and Day
And Dawn and Twilight wait in marble scorn,
Like dogs upon a dunghill, couched on clay
From whence the Medicean stamp's outworn."

"Casa Guidi Windows" is primarily a political pamphlet, struck out at Mrs. Browning's white heat of passionate Republicanism and Mazzini-worship in those crucial years of 1848 and 1851, but it abounds in passages of pure poetry like this. One day I shall come to Florence with time to read it where it was written; with time to follow Robert Browning, carrying home to Casa Guidi in high glee his memorable find, — that small quarto, "part print, part manuscript," "through street and street, at the Strozzi, at the Pillar, at the Bridge!" How one loves to fancy those two immortals in the hour after, with heads bent together over the rough, yellowed leaves of the "*Romana Homicidiorum*" within the walls of Casa Guidi, above the "stone slab of the staircase cold!" Did his lyric Love half-angel and half-bird, first flash into his brain a hint of the great poem whose germ was held in the dry husk of that faded manuscript? I think so. There was —

"Some interchange

Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile."

This parenthesis is excusable, for it is hard to drag one's thoughts away from the Brownings in Florence. The place seems consecrated to their memory, and I would rather miss Donatello himself than my precious moments in Casa Guidi and at Mrs. Browning's grave in the Protestant Cemetery.

But to return to my present avowed purpose. It cannot have escaped the observation of those who have thus far followed our wanderings, that my intent in describing them is not to give more light to the initiated, but to offer a modest twinkling candle, in a spirit of humility, to the uninitiated. To them, to those who dream of Italy as a heaven unattainable or at least unattained, this chapter is especially dedicated. It is a chapter of ways and means, of temporalities and frugalities.

My first point is that Italy is in a sense indispensable. Edward Hutton does not overrhapsodize when he says: "Without Italy I am beggared. Though God saw fit to make me an Englishman, it was in Italy I caught my first glimpse of heaven. Yet He knows under her sun and sky I envy no archangel in Paradise."

According to my observation, many Americans who travel moderately both at home and abroad deny themselves Italy as if it were an extravagance, a thing vaguely impracticable, while Jamaica, Los Angeles, London, Brussels, and Paris are easy and accessible. But in point of fact those who visit California and the West Indies spend more money in a week than they need spend in a month in Italy, since nowhere is travel so exorbitantly expensive as on our side the Atlantic.

It is perfectly true, however, that in the days

when one must land in England or some channel port and cross all Europe to reach it, Italy was somewhat inaccessible. The Mediterranean service of to-day makes it so no longer. While the voyage to the southern is slightly more expensive than the voyage to the northern ports, it is much more beautiful and, being longer, and the last three days full of interesting "sights," one can at least be said to get as much return for one's money. Arrived in Italy, the lower rates of living and moderate cost of travel, either by carriage or by rail, make the sojourn a less expensive luxury than an equal time spent in England, Holland, or in Switzerland. It may be possible to live as cheaply in Germany. I do not know, as my life in Germany was at an earlier date.

The perfectly practical questions are: What can we travel and live on in Italy? and, How well can we live and travel on an economical basis?

In railroad travel, first-class is not shockingly luxurious or enervatingly comfortable, but second-class is always possible, and one does very well on the whole. I have not found Italian railway carriages the dens of untidiness and iniquity which they are often represented, and in punctuality and safety the service is better — since the Government has taken the roads into its hands — than in our own country. I have known American women of

refinement and good judgment to travel third-class in Italy, and they did not find it hideous or alarming. However, it does not seem to me advisable except quite in the north. On the basis of second-class travel, the railroad tickets from Naples by Rome, Florence, and Bologna direct to Milan will cost about eighteen dollars. This covers the length of the peninsula practically. Side trips, as to Siena from Florence, to Venice between Bologna and Milan, to Pisa or Verona, do not make very formidable additions. Food en route is difficult to obtain, and it is always wise to take a luncheon from the hotel or pensione one is leaving. This is expected, and the luncheons are almost invariably well prepared. Fresh water — *acqua fresca* — and light wines are offered at the car windows at most stopping-places. On some trains there is a dining-car, but in general these are the high-priced express trains which do not carry second-class passengers. The dining-car rates are a little less than in this country.

One important consideration costwise is luggage. All that goes in the carriage with you goes free; for all besides you pay, and pay extortionately. For every reason, the best method is to take the lightest trunk and the smallest you can do with, and make one trunk do for two persons. I should not advise women to make the experiment of travelling without a trunk unless they are willing to forego certain

shades and degrees of comfort and of self-respect. Good dressing always has its reward, and to dress well several months out of a hold-all is rather impossible; the way of the Bare-poles tourist is hard. Premising then a trunk, my suggestion is to ship this trunk by *petite vitesse* (slow express or freight) or by *grande vitesse* (fast express) in advance of your own journey. The charges by this method are moderate, and there is safety and no bother. Great tales are told of the perils to one's luggage in transportation, and Italian officials are usually described as pirates and robbers. I believe there is little basis in fact for these tales, at least at the present day. At all events, in a prolonged stay in Italy (certain results of which have been condensed and incorporated into this chapter) we never experienced the slightest irregularity, and our trunks were sent at one time the length of Italy from a tiny village in Lombardy, and again to an obscure mountain resort in Tuscany from over the line into Italian Switzerland. Always they awaited our coming in good and regular standing.

Another item in travel is the fees to porters. Never fail in starting on a journey, or indeed on a day's round of any kind, to take a pocket full of coppers. Small fees are in order, but fees of some kind are in order perpetually. With these and the small coin of kindly and gracious courtesies, you

shall come well on your way anywhere. The frowning, curt, fault-finding traveller is never the well-spiced one in Italy. There is, however, one contingency in which courtesy and kindness will fail: this is the event of an encounter with the persistent and even insolent street urchins and beggars, who occasionally beset forestieri in Italian towns. We learned by experience that we could protect ourselves from this annoyance only by an air of inflexible severity, with the imperative "Basta!" or "Niente!" (Enough! Nothing!) and with mention of carabinieri or guarda. The little gamins are often distractingly handsome with their big, dark eyes, but the slightest expression of interest, indulgence, or amusement on our part always opened the way for offensive and persistent importunities. With all other classes in Italy gentleness wins the day and the way. The Italians of the better class are the most courteous, obliging, and responsive people in all Europe. Beside their courtly and deferential manners and their sincere desire to make the common round a sweet and gracious thing, our American brusquerie, our crass intentness on our own affairs and interests, have sometimes a savour of brutality. Another Italian characteristic is that of a fairly preternatural swiftness of perception and intuition. The Anglo-Saxon mind beside the Italian suggests an elephant by the side of an antelope. This *en passant*.

A delightful way of travel and one much to be recommended is by carriage. This is by no means an extravagance in Italy, where, as I have mentioned, a two-horse carriage and coachman can be hired to drive twenty odd miles for two dollars. A *trustworthy* driver is, however, imperatively requisite. So much for the economics of travel. What of living?

I think the pivot on which this question turns is that of length of stay in a given place. If economy is an object and at the same time the object is the gain of permanent impressions instead of a fleeting phantasmagoria of cloisters, campaniles, maimed statues, and faded frescoes, avoid rapid travel. To begin farther back, do not take Italy as part of the grand tour if you can help yourself. Do it the honour and yourself the grace to hang it in a separate frame. Six months should be given to it if a year is impracticable, and in no case should one devote to it less than two months. "One-night stands" should be avoided as scrupulously as one avoids the spectre of Roman fevers. They are much more disastrous in reality, and slay their thousands. Also they drain one's resources at a fearsome rate. An axiom of travel should be: Never stay less than five days in a place. This for reasons various and sufficiently obvious. As, for instance, certain of the best hotels make a rate not in excess of

rates at good pensiones if one writes in advance requesting it and agreeing to remain a week or at least five days. There are places where it is necessary to go to hotels. In general, my own experience leads me to seek out a pensione wherever I can. I prefer the less pretentious life, the association with interesting people, and the usually lower prices. Rome is the highest-priced city we visited; there we paid eight lire a day, and our pensione was a fine and famous one on the Via Sistina. A better location is impossible, and the house was agreeable. Much more often we paid seven lire; the best pensione we found had a uniform price of five lire from May to September, six and seven from September to May. At this pensione (it is in Florence) we had the invariable Italian breakfast of rolls and coffee, with the addition of a delicious crusty brown little loaf, also jam, honey, and eggs *if we chose to pay for them*. Luncheon consisted of four courses, one of these usually macaroni and one always roast chicken: the last course, six kinds of cheese and every fruit obtainable in perfection and unstinted abundance. Afternoon tea was served by the white moustached butler Antonio, in the drawing-room, and marvelously good with its inexhaustible trays of plum-cake and thin bread and butter. Dinner was a seven-course affair with *vin ordinaire* included. Italian cooking is much like French; so also

is the coffee. Which is to say that it is usually chicory.

These Italian pensiones may not be kept as scrupulously as we — theoretically at least — keep our own houses, but they are quite as cleanly as American boarding-houses or hotels of the better class, or as those which I have found in Holland, Switzerland, or France, and they are always supplied with good libraries, free to guests. The coolness of the Italian houses in midsummer is marvellous, and is owing to the immense thickness of the stone or plaster walls, to the brick or tiled floors, to the height of the ceilings, and the great number of tall casement windows, open all night from floor to ceiling, barricaded all day as in state of siege from the blinding sun. The coolness of the houses and the coolness of the nights, together with the dryness of the climate in general, — barring sirocco, — convinced me that spring is the time to visit Italy, lapping over into summer as long as one may. Ruskin and many other men less famous than he, and probably less wise, declare summer the *only* time to see Italy truly. But one must do as Italians do, — keep out of the sun. If caught in it unavoidably, take a carriage, precisely as one would if caught in a shower. The cost of cabs is ridiculously little, — twenty to thirty cents a course (United States money), — and it is in general wise to make

liberal use of them. Nothing is so extravagant as overfatigue.

The conclusion of the whole matter economic I should state thus:

Supposing that one lives in the United States, some or anywhere, on the moderate basis of the large and favoured class to whom neither poverty nor wealth is allotted, an additional two hundred dollars for any given four months is enough to allow for the excursion to Italy. This implies that our share pro rata of the home expenses of all kinds amounts to about ten dollars a week. In any period of four months at home one will be likely to be at some expense of travel; one's wardrobe will be replenished and purchases will be made. The living in Italy will in the average cost much the same as at home, the local travel not essentially more. Clothing can be less varied and costly, and for large purchases we do not allow. There is then allowance of a hundred dollars and fifty dollars for the voyage and fifty dollars to play with. This calculation is based upon actual experience and careful cash accounts. To spend four months in Italy with but two hundred dollars margin, however, requires constant self-control and good calculation, but it is consistent with ease, comfort, and — bliss!

I should be glad to say a word concerning the desirableness of some knowledge of the Italian

language. Time, money, and temper, all are saved to those who have the language, while whole vistas of knowledge and experience are opened which remain closed to those who have it not. Naturally if several persons travel together, the use of the language by one of the number is all-sufficient for practical purposes.

I think there still lingers in many minds a dread of nameless baleful influences abroad in Italy, in the guise of impure waters, miasmas, malarias, and the like. These fears may safely, I believe, be relegated to the past, and yet even in Italy common sense is an excellent thing to have about you. Albany has pernicious water, New Haven is malarial, but Americans seem to find it possible to live in both.

In our Florentine pensione I observed two pairs of women travelling without male escort, who illustrated respectively the perilous and the safe method of "doing" Italy in summer heat. The first pair were an Englishwoman and an American artist from Paris, who, travelling at first apart, struck up a partnership in sightseeing. They always appeared at the breakfast-table with hats on, "saddled and bridled and ready for flight," rushing the instant their coffee was swallowed to begin upon the six churches or four galleries which they had assigned themselves for the forenoon. At luncheon they would

appear, breathless and driven, with faces as scarlet as the Baedeker they laid beside their plates, while they hurriedly consumed their food, discussing eagerly the best line of march for the next four hours. From the table another dash would be made into the blithering heat of the early afternoon to hunt up some fresco, some statue, some view, thus far omitted. They never came back for afternoon tea, which they despised as a concession to weakness, and only ended their day's work in time to lay off their dusty garments for dinner. From dinner they fled to their beds, too tired for words. These two women exulted in season and out of season in the variety and extent of their accomplishments in seeing Florence, and verily they had their reward.

The second pair were an English mother and daughter, who, with no more time to spend in Florence, spent it in a different way and in a way which I regard as worthy of imitation. They never seemed in a hurry or in a worry. They were determined to see a few things and to see them carefully. They took breakfast very early, before most of us appeared, and went out directly to some one of the churches sure to be opened. From the church they went to one of the galleries for the remainder of the forenoon, and came home always in a closed carriage at mid-day. Luncheon over, their programme called for a siesta of two hours in their hushed and darkened

rooms. After this rest and an hour of writing and reading, they would appear in the drawing-room in fresh, light garments, cool and pleasing to the eye, for the afternoon tea. Their presence gave the function a touch of grace and charm; their quiet tones and unhurried ways were a rest to us all.

They were not eager to impart or shrill in recounting any exploit, but rather seemed to me to be brooding in radiant wonder over the things which they had felt even more than they had seen. After tea they would drive for an hour or two in the Cascine, to the Certosa or Fiesole, or go for a walk in the Boboli Gardens. The glories of the Italian summer night were of the privileges they prized highest, and for hours they would stroll along the Lung' Arno and the Bridges. Thus they learned, unwearied, in the coolness that marvel of the double span of the arches, in the river below, against the crimson or primrose sky above, while the street singers along the parapet filled the silent spaces with "Sole mio" and "Santa Lucia" and the cypresses of San Miniato pierced the violet heavens southward beyond the river. They, too, had their reward.

A few last paragraphs of gossip concerning books, and I will tell no more in mournful numbers of this didactic strain.

Since Mr. Howells went, in 1861, as consul to Venice and began writing about Italy, there has

sprung up a crop of books on Italian travel, ripening to a heavy harvest, in addition to the product of earlier years. Many of these recent books have merits of their own, but only a few of them are essential. Of these few some should be read before going to Italy, others on the spot, while still others may very well come later, illuminated by the journey's afterglow.

We will be thankful that we are not obliged to fall back with Ruskin upon Rogers's "Italy," which, however, the famous critic declares, determined the main tenor of his life. Among older books still vital are "Roba di Roma" by Story, and Mrs. Oliphant's admirable "Makers of Florence" and "Makers of Venice." Goethe's "Italian Journey" remains indestructible in interest by reason of his genius, as do also Shelley's "Italian Letters." Some, but, alas, not all of the latter have been charmingly arranged in a chronological sequence, together with the poems of the same years, by Anna McMahan. Her book is called "With Shelley in Italy." It is an almost incredible improvement on her earlier treatment of Florence in the poetry of the Brownings.

Dividing books which seem to me important, by a necessary classification, into books historical, books descriptive, and books on art, I would suggest in the first, second, and third divisions alike the writings of John Addington Symonds. His "Life of

Michelangelo," his "Age of the Despots," his "Renaissance," his "Italian Literature," are all books of the first order, and almost constitute an education in themselves. These are too bulky to carry about when one is on the wing, but the two light Tauchnitz volumes of "Sketches in Italy" I regard as indispensable adjuncts of the journey. There is no second author whose output upon this chosen line seems to be so superlatively important as that of Symonds, but I regard the writings of the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco as not less valuable on their own line, that of the history of Modern Italy. In this connection it is a pleasure to call attention to the work of William Roscoe Thayer; in particular to his latest volume, "Italica." Mr. Thayer has the honour, as far as I am informed, of first introducing the author of "The Liberation of Italy" to American readers with some biographical detail. His sketch of Countess Cesaresco was first published in *The Nation* in 1903, and is now reprinted in "Italica."

English by birth, Italian by marriage and residence, Countess Cesaresco is peculiarly fitted for the vocation of inspiring interest in modern Italy by the enthusiasm of her own Italian sympathies. In her earliest girlhood in an English rectory, Countess Cesaresco — then Evelyn Carrington — devoted the ardour of a sincere and poetic nature to the ideals of liberty embodied in Garibaldi and his fellow patriots,

then in the thick of "making" Italy. Her first literary work was on an Italian theme, and her love for Italy has been the ruling passion of her later life and labour. This supreme interest was given place and permanence by Miss Carrington's marriage to a nobleman of perhaps the most distinguished line of Lombard patriots, — Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco, — and her subsequent residence in Italy.

In 1890 Countess Cesaresco published "Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification," breathing, as Mr. Thayer justly says, into every bit of biography the breath of life. "The Liberation of Italy" appeared in 1894. It tells the story of the struggle and victory of a nation with a passionate patriotism always controlled by a fine sense of justice. The monograph on Cavour (1898) in the Foreign Statesmen Series, marks an even higher literary achievement than the earlier books. The distinguishing features of Countess Cesaresco's writing are penetrating insight into character, dramatic instinct for situation, historical grasp, and compelling charm, — that rarest of all distinctions.

Bolton King, in his "Italy To-day," has presented an amount of general non-historical information which is undeniably valuable; the book, however, seems to demand to be written over to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. It is a ponderous volume, and yet it strikes one as containing little



COUNTESS MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

of value which is not found in two marvellously condensed essays of William Roscoe Thayer's in the aforesaid "*Italica*," viz., "*Thirty Years of Italian Progress*," and "*Italy in 1907*."

Among my indispensables are the volumes on Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Verona, etc., published in London by J. M. Dent and Company under the generic title, "*Mediæval Towns*." These little books, exquisite in artistic finish, are the result of close study by competent writers who have gone into more or less prolonged residence in each town under consideration for the purpose of elucidating its history, legends, architecture, and plastic art. Into them are condensed the best content of whole local bibliographies. They should be purchased on the spot, to be used there and then and studied afterwards. The elaboration of detail makes them undesirable for previous reading, as the memory refuses to appropriate such minutiae of material before actual contact clarifies perception.

More vitally suggestive, perhaps, than books strictly concerning travel or art are those which we may call Impressions and Appreciations. To these belong such books as Pater's and Vernon Lee's, Hewlett's, Hutton's and Arthur Symons's. These are of varying value, and one finds the charm of humour only in Mr. Hewlett's. His "*Earthwork out of Tuscany*," as well as "*The Road in Tuscany*,"

is as fresh as morning, as humourous as Don Quixote. Mr. Hutton is a rhapsodist, and almost foams at the mouth at times for very joy over his Italy, but his is a petulant rapture and a peevish, and he seldom starts to soar without stopping a minute to kick something or some one. None the less his "Cities of Umbria" is a book to depend upon, even though all sympathizers with New Italy and all incredulous of the miracles of his favourite saints have to "catch it" at his hands. Mr. Symons says many things vividly, as: "Every road does not lead to Rome, but every road in Rome leads to eternity." "Since I lived in Rome I have come to find both London and Paris, in themselves, a little provincial; for I find them occupied with less eternal things." His book, "Cities of Italy," is full of colour and fine characterization.

We cannot leave fiction wholly out of the account, since many of us prefer getting our knowledge fiction-wise rather than otherwise. And why not? It has been said recently in high quarters that the best description of the Papal Conclave ever written is that of Mr. Shorthouse in "John Inglesant." And the author of "John Inglesant" never visited Italy! For that matter, neither did Dante Gabriel Rossetti. These statements are true, though improbable. Unluckily few novels belong in the class of "John Inglesant." I can hardly make mention of those

of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in which the scene simply shifts now and then to Italy for picturesque accessories and by reason of the exigencies of fiction. Mrs. Wharton has given us in "The Valley of Decision" a philosophical and psychological study, rather than a romance, of eighteenth century Italy, always distinguished, usually dull.

Mr. Bagot writes controversial and somewhat mechanical novels of Rome, in which the Scarlet Woman's robes seem always fluttering around the corner ominously. His stories are interesting, however, to lightly read when one is in Rome, giving a gratifying sense of being behind the scenes and of knowing what goes on within the frowning palaces, even within the Vatican itself, which he regards from a strictly White viewpoint. He says things often in a clever way, as: "Cæsar had believers in his divinity, the Pope in his infallibility. Perhaps he believes it himself." Again: "What is the use of holding the keys of heaven if the Vatican cannot use them to oblige a friend? Instead of a Roman Emperor creating a minor deity, we have a Roman Pontiff creating a saint." "We Latins have grafted the rose of Christianity on the briar of Paganism, but the stock is the same." Mr. Bagot has produced a wholly meritorious book on the Italian lakes, which has been exquisitely illustrated.

Of classics such as "Romola" and "The Marble

Faun " what need is there to speak? I suppose a book has become classic when one collects illustrations for it at the fountain-head and has them duly bound in hand-sewed vellum or hand-tooled calf. Thus robed for ascension, the book rises and takes its seat with the Immortals. The mouth of criticism is stopped.

Mr. Crawford's books are not yet quite immortal, not even his "Ave Roma Immortalis," which is big but not great, compendious rather than vital or illuminating. His novels of Italy, if not important, are extremely readable. More I cannot say; I could not say less. He is as definitely Black as Mr. Bagot is White.

The best novels of Italy are, after all, written by Italians, which seems fairly reasonable. Certain by De Amicis have been translated and, fortunately, the profoundly significant Trilogy of Senator Fogazzaro is available for English readers. To have read these books, "The Patriot," "The Sinner," and "The Saint," sympathetically, is to know New Italy from within: its worst and its best, its passion and its pathos, its blindness and its insight. These and "John Inglesant" are the only novels of Italy of the first rank with which I am acquainted, except we add Zola's "Rome."

Among books of travel the volumes of E. H. and E. W. Blashfield are notable, while the notes on

Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," by these scholars, are suggestive, concentrated, and penetrating.

I am not of the number who think Baedeker's guide-books fit butt for ridicule and depreciation, as wooden, superficial, and encyclopedic. If they attempted art criticism they would cease to be what they are, an indispensable, practical guide in small compass. To ridicule them seems to me to indicate one's own superficiality in depending on them for what they do not profess or purport to give, rather than to reflect discredit on them. Grant Allen's various local guides are extremely good working adjuncts to Baedeker, although often amusing by reason of the author's peculiar prepossessions and descriptive adjectives. His "ugly and florid" frescoes, "vulgar and insipid" decorations, "ugly, late angels," "debased balconies," and "bad capitals" become the bywords of travellers. A small pamphlet by Mrs. M. S. Hall, called "What to See in the Great Galleries of Europe," by reason of its size and lucidity of arrangement, is a relief when the larger and more complicated guides become wearisome to hand and eye.

It can fairly be said that the traveller who has familiarized himself with the studies in Renaissance Art of Mr. Bernhard Berenson is well prepared for the study of Italian painting. Possibly some better books may yet be written than these and

the Blashfield Vasari, but they have not been written up to the present moment.

For the necessary knowledge of the lives of the saints, Mrs. Jameson's compilations remain the standard of comprehensive detailed completeness. Mrs. Clement's "Saints in Art," in abridged form, is more convenient for hasty reference. There are many excellent lives of St. Francis and St. Catherine of Siena. I prefer Sabatier's life of Francis and that by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori" of Catherine. Edmund Gardner's St. Catherine is more exhaustive, however.

It is hopeless to try to enumerate the specialized art books which have sprung up around every Italian gallery, such as Julia Addison's "Art of the Pitti Palace" and Mary Potter's "Art of the Vatican." They are a luxurious delight to one who has learned to love the world into which they lead.

There are other books of sumptuous beauty which convey a thrill of almost sensuous longing to the book-lover and Italy-lover, but their name is legion. Time and space fail; I sit no longer in the city gate as judge and adviser, but turn to take up again my pilgrim staff and cockle-shell.

The last evening of our stay in Florence was spent up aloft at "John Milton's Fiesole," with a few friends who supped with us *al fresco* on the bit of lawn before the old Franciscan convent. A brown-

gowned brother brought us cold water in a long-necked, straw-encased flask, while three brown-eyed children looked on with restrained rapture at us and at the food of which we partook. When these three had been satisfied and our friends had hurried away, having other engagements ahead of them, Filia and I came with an unhurried young man from the Boston Tech, to the old stone seat behind the parapet on the terrace overlooking all Florence and the Val d'Arno.

I read then to these two from my note-book a part of the foregoing travel hints and bookish suggestions. When I stopped reading Filia sat in silence, looking off over the landscape for a moment, and then asked, mischievously:

"But what are you going to do with Ruskin?"

"For me, I have cut his acquaintance entirely," gaily interposed the Boston Tech young man; "like Henry James, I refuse to be so bullied by any one. 'Mornings in Florence' is more than can be borne. You know the rock on which Mr. James split — that awful dictum concerning Ruskin's favourite chapel in Santa Maria Novella? — 'If you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not, by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it!'"

"Sir Oracle!" laughed Filia. "I think he is quite, quite too terrible. And you know the critics

now say he admired the wrong things half the time in that fast and furious way of his."

"Nevertheless, I should always read him," I replied, "if I felt sure that I had moral stamina sufficient to hold my own against his fierce dogmatism. He made mistakes, and some he saw and acknowledged, but I believe the whole initiative for the study of Italian art in our time was his. He is the dynamo at which all the rest have kindled their sparks, for he discovered, first of modern Englishmen, the treasures here and 'stabbed our spirits broad awake.'"

"I loved him before he got learned, when he was about as big as I," commented Filia, "and had never heard of a good emperor or a good Pope, and supposed the malaria in the Campagna to be the consequence of the Papacy!"

"Delicious," said the Bostonian. "I did not know that Ruskin could be funny. By the way, are you running out of adjectives?" As he spoke he drew a small address book from his pocket. We both confessed to alarming exhaustion.

"Here are a few I cribbed from Vernon Lee. She has thirty-seven in a string on Botticelli, — 'eager, earnest, pale young faces,' 'wavy hair streaked with gold threads,' 'slim, erect, quaint, staglike figures, all draped in tissues embroidered with roses and corn and gillyflowers,' 'delicate, wreathed tresses droop-

ing on to infinitely crinkled and half-transparent white veils, 'defiant,' 'fascinating,' 'capricious — ' "

"Hold! Have done!" cried Filia. "I can no more."

XV

VERONA



WE arrived in Verona just before dinner, after an interesting and easy journey, and drove directly to an Italian pensione in the Via Nuova.

By the time we had reached the salad I was in an excellent humour, and Filia chose this as the psychological moment for proposing that we see what we could to-night, as we had but the one day following and Verona was said to be inexhaustible.

"I insist on taking ices in a café in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, and seeing life," she announced.

"But we have no man to go with us," I objected.

"But, Angel Mother, this is just a provincial town, where the people are as peaceful and sedate as in a New England village."

"I'm afraid, Filia," I remarked, severely, "that you have not been reading up your history if you consider the Veronese a peaceful people."

"Oh, yes, I have, but the rows they used to indulge in are all over now, though the Contessa said

that there are still family feuds, and they make much of caste and class distinction even to-day. But they don't 'up and smite' each other the way they used to. They just glare and ignore."

"I see. Well, tell me what you can about the history. You monopolized the Baedeker all the way from Mantua, and ought to have gleaned something."

"Indeed I have," declared Filia, complacently, "and I will tell you all I know. Verona was founded by somebody, and afterwards was made a Roman colony."

I smiled at this triumphant beginning. "Plausible but not over intelligent," I said. "Go on."

"In the Roman period it was very prosperous. Then came the Goths; Theodoric the Great lived here, and there are lots of legends about him. Then the Lombards took it. Then the Franks, and by and by came the period when the Guelphs and Ghibellines fought so fiercely. The Ghibellines gained the upper hand and the Scaligers started their grand period. They were some of them very good, and some of them very bad, and almost all of them were 'Cans.'"

"'Cans?'" I repeated, perplexed.

"Yes. 'Can' This, That, and The Other. The most noted one was Can Grande First, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. He was a splendid

patron of art and letters, and among others Dante came as an exile to his court."

"To be sure:

" 'Thine earliest refuge and thine earliest inn
Shall be the mighty Lombard's courtesy
Who on the ladder bears the holy bird.'

"What would I not give, Filia, to remain long enough to read Dante here in Verona! I believe I could feel him here better even than in Florence. The town looks so much more like him some way; the streets are so much more picturesque. One can fancy him proud and tortured, tasting Can Grande's food and finding it salt, and treading his steep stairs, — the dependent, the exile, eating out his own heart all the while for love and hate of his Florence."

"What would I give for my Rossetti this minute!" cried Filia. "I had forgotten all about that splendid poem of his, 'Dante at Verona.' What is it he says about the taunts the women used to throw at Dante in the streets?"

Later we had access to the poem in question, and from it I subjoin a few spirited verses:

"For a tale tells that on his track,
As through Verona's streets he went,
This saying certain women sent, —
'Lo, he that strolls to Hell and back,
At will, behold him, how Hell's reek
Has crisped his beard and ginged his cheek!'

“Whereat (Boccaccio’s words) ‘he smiled
For pride in fame.’ It might be so :
Nevertheless we cannot know
If haply he were not beguil’d
To bitterer mirth, who scarce could tell
If he indeed were back from Hell.”

As Filia had won her point, we now started down the narrow Via Nuova with its high houses and quaint litter of shops on either side; its people loafing along in the direction we were taking, like ourselves seemed to enjoy the top of the evening to the top of their bent. Often here and in the Piazza we were struck by little windows and balconies shaped after some old Renaissance pattern; by aged frescoes, and by monsters small and great, roughly carved. And then when we brought our gaze back to the street again we were met by *genre* bits, such as a primitive old water-carrier with his shining copper cans, vending “acqua pura,” and the like. It was all so naïve and old-world that we could hardly believe it to be a thriving modern town with an “extensive trade in agricultural produce and various manufactures.”

The broad, curved sweep of the Piazza now swam rosy in the sunset light, and the Veronese marbles of the buildings round about glowed ruddy in the sun’s last rays. Before us stood the skeleton of the mighty Amphitheatre, stern and grizzled by antiquity, with the strength and self-contained beauty of the antique Roman masonry.

We sat down outside a café and ordered "granita," and then fell silent as we studied the Amphitheatre, picturing to ourselves the great cycles of Sport that had followed one another in the pitiless sequence of man's whim: sport that was bloody and barbarous; sport that was graceful and chivalrous; sport that victimized those in the Arena and brutalized, even while it diverted, those on the Tiers. All was now hushed and spectral, the scarred, wasted stone standing like the ghost of an obsolete delight.

Night came on rapidly. The crowd increased. Officers from the large Verona garrison lounged about talking and smoking in groups, while men and women with sleepy bambini chatted over their drinks. Near by a band struck into a gay gallop of music, provocative of laughter and *gaieté de cœur*.

Our eyes now travelled from the old Guard House over to the gateway of the Visconti, carved into such exquisite forms that some one has called it "a point of flight for dreams." Filia began earnestly to enlighten me regarding the Visconti domination in Verona and the later Venetian vassalage, but, as three officers were beginning to stare, I thought best to take my gentile guida back to the shelter of our goodly Albergo.

She demurred, but for once I was strong-minded and we returned through the Via Nuova, Filia iterating that it was going to be impossible to do

Verona in a day, and I reiterating that we must go on to Milan whether or no.

At last we reached our room, big and prim, looking as though it had espoused poverty, chastity, and obedience. By candlelight we then retired, I preferring it to the glaring electric light which emphasized the mediæval stiffness and made me almost homesick. Later I heard Filia murmuring vaguely as she dropped off to sleep:

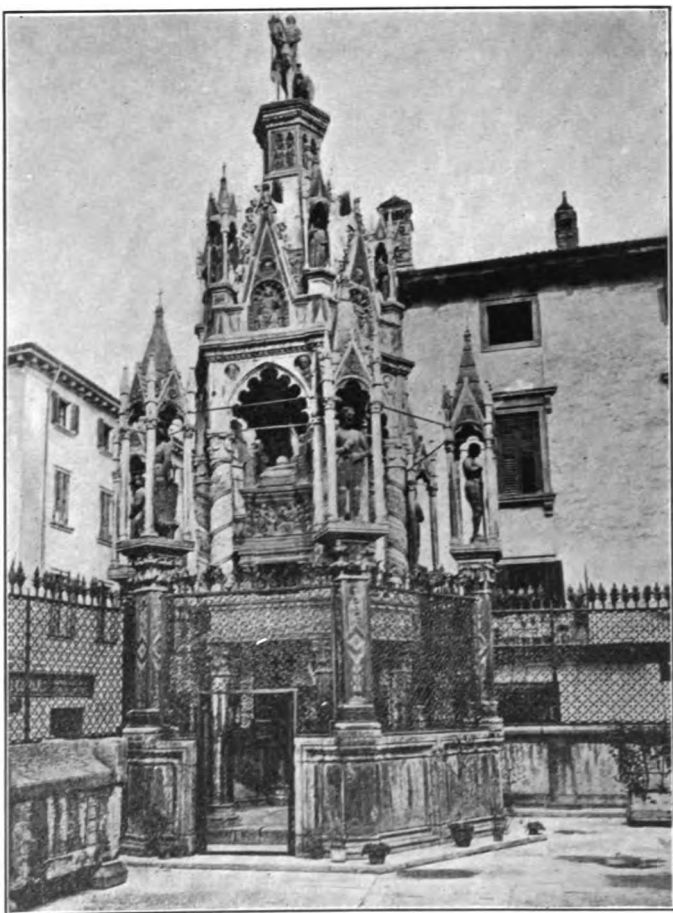
"I thought there were only *Two Gentlemen* in Verona."

The following morning before nine o'clock we stood in the Piazza Erbe. About the square were endlessly diverse houses, each with a distinct personality, dating from a different century and seeming to delight in being typical of its epoch. In the midst of the place, once an ancient forum, were innumerable fruit and vegetable stalls, with big, saucy umbrellas raised above them to keep off the sun. Under these were venders in haphazard, party-coloured costumes crying their wares, and about them were grouped eager buyers, exchanging dirty lire for not immaculate eatables. Every conceivable colour was there, moving in kaleidoscopic variety against a background of antique Tribuna, Venetian column, Baroque palaces, Ghibelline battlements, old Roman architecture, and Renaissance balconies. Truly the march of Time had left its stamp in stone on Verona, making it,

in Filia's mind, the most fascinating of the towns we had yet visited. For myself, Perugia still held me loyal, but I had to admit that this Piazza had a picturesque opulence beyond anything we had so far seen in Italy.

We now walked to the Piazza dei Signori. Most notable was the Palazzo della Ragione, the ancient Court of Justice, founded at the close of the twelfth century. The exterior was interesting and beautiful as well because of the richness of carving and design, while the impression made by the inner court was wholly satisfying. At one side a flight of stairs rose in exquisite gradation upon graceful pillars, leading at last into a perfectly proportioned archway. It reminded us of the stairs in the Bargello at Florence; the whole court, in fact, suggested that.

Returning to the square, we now studied the Palazzo del Consiglio, one of the finest buildings in Northern Italy. It is in the early Renaissance style, and is supposed to have been planned by Fra Giacommo. This architect was new to Filia and me, but we now discovered him to be one of the most famous artists of the early Renaissance period. San Micheli was also a discovery, and throughout the remainder of our day we were everywhere drawn by the beauty and charm of the work of these two men. A very noble statue of Dante interested us deeply. We were beginning to realize how intimately connected Dante



TOMB OF CAN SIGNORIO.

was with certain great days of Verona. We had heard that somewhere there was a chair in which he had sat, but Filia refused to hunt it up, saying:

"He and Savonarola sat down so often that I can't keep track of their chairs and I don't intend to."

When Filia spoke in that way I knew her to be inexorable, so I banished the cherished chair from my mind and examined the odd, old marble archway through which we were passing. It was much like many others that span the narrow streets of the town and charmingly frame little vistas. We soon reached the church of Santa Maria Antica, used by the Scaligers as their private chapel. Outside stand the splendid monuments that mark the tombs of this great family. Their device is the golden ladder in a red field surmounted by a black eagle. Whether the eagle mounted by bloodshed or beneficence to its high position in Verona's history and in that of all Italy, is not quite clear. Most notable of the tombs is that of Can Grande I, with his figure recumbent below, and an impressive equestrian statue of him on the canopy above. Most gorgeous of all was the tomb of Can Signorio, but each one is decorated with a prodigality of carved handwork. The Veronese artists of bygone times seem to have excelled in monumental sculpture, and it is here that the Gothic tomb reaches its consummate form.

Filia and I felt our imaginations captured by these

grave old figures of giant men who dominated this city, once a stormy centre of strife. Here "swords were never rusty. A warning clang from the belfry, two or three harsh strokes, the tall houses disgorged, the streets packed; Capulet faced Montague, Bevilacqua caught Ridolfi by the throat, and Della Scala sitting in his hall knew that he must do murder if he would live like a prince." Filia had a copy of "Little Novels of Italy," with her, and it was thus that she read aloud to me as we studied the tombs. Running through the pages, she then continued with the description of Verona the day following the murder of Can Grande II, at the place now called Volto Barbaro:

"'A scared city of blank casements, a city of swift feet and hushed voices. . . . Nobody mourned the man. . . . His yellow-skinned wife knelt at his feet, and Can Signorio, the new tyrant, frozen rigid, armed in mail, knelt at his head.'"

Filia closed the book, and, much impressed, we moved along the Corso to the church of Sant' Anastasia. On entering we were delighted by the boldness and symmetry in the proportions of this ancient Gothic, Dominican edifice. The Holy Water Basin, just at the left of the entrance, was very curious, supported by a fantastic little dwarf (Gobbo), attributed to the father of Paolo Veronese. After giving the church a hasty survey, and studying for a

moment the statue of Veronese in front of it, we proceeded to the Cathedral.

It is a Romanesque structure with a quaint portal, flanked by columns and griffins, while above in relief are Roland and Oliver. We merely glanced inside, as our time was flying fast, and went on along the broad quay, ascending the right bank of the Adige.

At length we halted and watched the scene about us with poignant pleasure. The river flows in a sinuous S shape, a violent, turbid stream, flinging itself tumultuously along under the ancient, bruised bridges. It turns numberless primitive wheels that line its sides every few hundred feet, and by this means the unwilling water is forced out into pipes that irrigate the country of the Venetia round about. In the olden time high houses straggled down to the river, and women used to bring their clothes here and rinse and pummel and wring them into some semblance of cleanliness, gossiping the while over lovers and husbands and children. Now, however, the steep embankments insist that the imperious Adige keep her course and not overflow the surrounding district, as was once her habit when the mood seized her.

From here we gained a good view of the wonderful, mystic Lago di Garda, and as we paused Filia once more opened her Hewlett (she eschewed Baedeker to-day) and read, " ' This is the garden of Italy set

apart betwixt Alp and Apennine. God has filled it with every sort of fruit and herb and flowering tree; has watered it abundantly with noble rivers; neither stinted it of deep shade nor removed it too far from the kindly stroke of the sun; has caused it to be graced here and enriched there with diverse great and grave cities. Out of that lake of rustling leaves rise, like the masts of ships crowding a port, church towers, the belfries of pious convents, the domes and turrets of great buildings walled into cities; among which are the Vicenza, Treviso, Mantua, Ferrara, Padua, Verona.' " Yes, Verona la Degna (the Worthy) was all before us, and we felt ourselves possessed by a spirit of reverence and gratitude as we stood, permitted to gaze upon it. Here Art and Nature had met, and pouring every resource into the crucible of centuries, had evolved a city of rare individuality, of dread dignity, and of imperishable beauty.

We now reached the church of Sant' Eufemia. Filia's only remark was, "I've 'thrown a hate on churches,' as the little Mick said," and she hurried me by and along to the Corso Cavour. This is one of the principal streets of Verona, and contains old palaces, statues, and churches of bewildering interest. On we went to the Piazzetta del Castel Vecchio, from which we obtained an excellent view of the imposing, pinnaced bridge that leads over to

Veronetta, built by Can Grande II in the fourteenth century. We next wove our way through small streets back to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, and from there to our pensione for lunch.

After we had satisfied that awful sightseeing hunger, whose pangs gnaw so hard when you allow yourself to stop and realize them, we went up to our room. I plunged into my siesta, while Filia ensconced herself in the one comfortable chair in the room and, with her elbows propped on the table, she read aloud from *Romeo and Juliet* in an impassioned voice.

“Nay, I’ll conjure too. Romeo! Humours!
Madman! Passion! Lover!
Appear thou —”

“Filia, you will have to let me sleep,” I exclaimed, pettishly, from my hard bed.

“But, dearly beloved, I must get the flavour of Verona, and this play is just potted local colour. It quite charms my soul.”

“I can’t help that. I refuse to go out with you this afternoon if you don’t let me sleep now.”

When I awoke it was to see Filia bending above me, brandishing her *Temple Shakespeare* as though it were a short-sword, and groaning out in a high tragedy tone:

“Eyes, look your last; Arms, take your last embrace; and
Lips, oh, you —”

"Oh, you!" I cried, laughing in spite of myself. "Why couldn't you let your poor old mother sleep in peace?"

"I really am forced to remind you that we have still to do San Zeno, Juliet's Tomb, and the Giusti Gardens. And that leaves out entirely the whole Veronese School of Painting, the Crown of Castles, the trips to Sirmione, Soave, Salò, and Villa Franca, and San Fermo and San Paolo —"

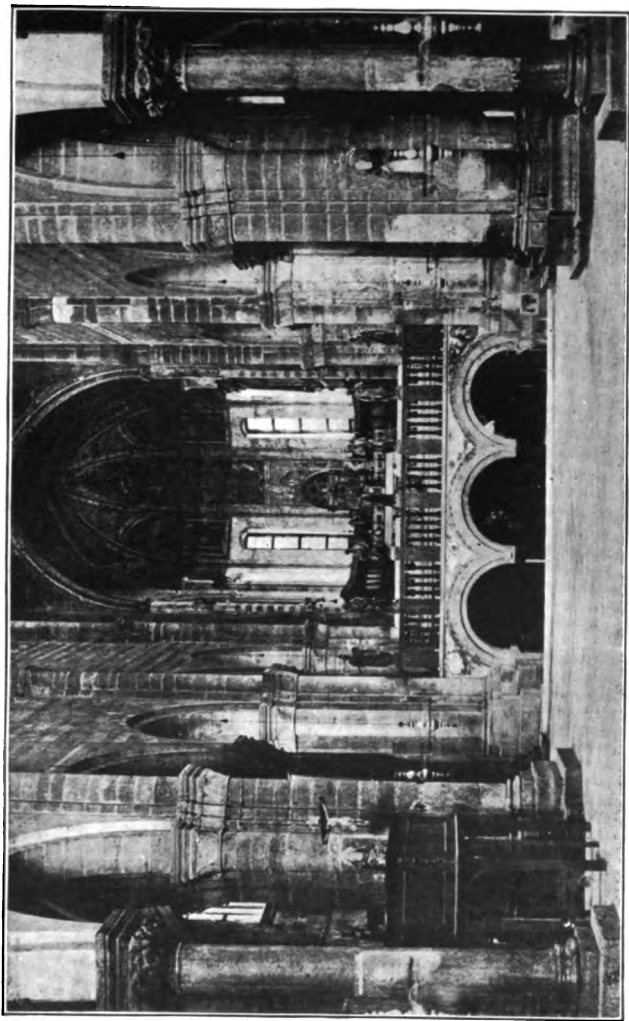
"Mercy, Filia, stop, or I shall lose my reason!" I implored, sitting up, my thoughts, which had been in Boston, coming back to Verona. "We will do those three things you first mentioned, and then I'm done."

"And you don't want even to see San Fermo and San Paolo?" queried Filia, shocked.

"I protest against any more 'Sans!' They are worse than the 'Cans.' No, I don't care at all what we miss," I persisted.

"Consider the rudimentary intelligence of those people who told us that one day was enough for Verona," muttered Filia, vindictively.

I thought this language rather strong, but was too weak to remonstrate, for Filia had been so firm with me all day that I was much in fear of her. So, feeling like a female Lear, dragged to my death by an unnatural daughter who was rapidly developing into a sightseeing Regan, I made a little toilet, then arming



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SAN ZENO, VERONA.

myself with the despised Baedeker, I started out, with some slight martyr air, Filia radiant at my side.

Later we found ourselves in San Zeno, one of the important Romanesque churches of Northern Italy. The columns of the portal rest on lions of red marble, and the doors are carved in bronze reliefs from the Bible and the life of San Zeno. These are probably the work of German artists and are most beautiful. The proportions of the interior are imposing for a flat-roofed basilica, never religiously suggestive. The choir screen and entrance arches to the crypt are full of grace and massive charm. The lofty tower and cloister, with elegant double columns, are especially interesting, being the remains of a convent long since suppressed, repeatedly inhabited by mediæval German emperors on their journeys to Rome. Both Filia and I were constantly surprised at the intimate connection which Germany has had with Italy, using the Tyrol, Lago di Garda, and Verona as its door of entrance. This whole church we found full of interest, and we spent the rest of the afternoon there, as it remained open late, thanks to a timely Festa.

At six we made a hurried trip to Juliet's Tomb. This I would gladly have omitted, but Filia was again inexorable, and so we went. We found it in unpoetical juxtaposition to the Horse Market, all its surroundings prosaic and unattractive, for they

looked much like an American county fair-ground. At length we approached a plain, neat, brick structure; enclosed on two sides, beneath, a broken sarcophagus without character or cover, half-filled with tourists' calling cards. Filia was quite overcome with amusement at Juliet's "at home."

The following morning we had an early breakfast, and, having tipped every one in sight, we sent our luggage to the station by a *facchino*, and ourselves started for the Giardino Giusti, not too much out of our way to the Stazione Porta Vescovo. The Giardino proved to be a beautiful park where we could wander at will along green alleys, flanked by huge cypress-trees, four and five hundred years old. Slowly we ascended the terraces which rise one above another, with groups of cypresses on each, perfect in their antique beauty, making the place a marvelous sanctuary of Gothic greenery, sombre and aspiring; while everywhere under our feet were mosaics of grass and flowers, and here and there were fountains, not of stale holy water, but of pure spring water, dripping crystalline drops into stone basins.

We went all the way around in order that we might reach the highest view-terrace and mount the little turret there. From this point of vantage we had a wonderful panorama of all Verona, the Adige, the blue Lombard plain, and the plain of Venetia as far as Mantua, then farther still to Padua, and

farthest off of all to the dim, mirage city, Venice, Queen of the Adriatic. We saw where the Apennines meet the Brescian Alps, and just there "jocund day" seemed standing "tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," as says the gentle Shakespeare of this very scene.

And now, as we stood, we seemed to see, passing in review before us, Theodoric the Ostrogoth, Virgil, Catullus, the younger Pliny, Livy, Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare, the Scaligers, Mantegna, Titian, Correggio, Paolo Veronese, — all who had at one time passed this way, living a small section of their life, and some, perhaps, all their life, at Verona. The thought thrilled us, and again, as so often in Italy, we seemed fairly encompassed by the glorious cloud of witnesses. The beauty of the morning filled us, and Filia and I clasped each other's hands, feeling that it was all too passion-perfect to endure.


Then with an impulsive little gesture Filia stretched her arms out over Verona, as if she wished actively to possess it, and kissing her finger-tips to it, she breathed softly:

"Addio, Verona la Degna." Turning to me then, she said, quietly, "Come, mother dear, we must go. Now for Milan." And so we left.

It was here that we learned the folly of cutting ourselves off with visits of but a day.

XVI

IN THE NORTH

T Milan I was by way of assuming a wholly new rôle, that of chaperone-at-large. Four of Filia's college friends, Barbara, Lucia, Margherita, and Diana, telegraphed from Venice to inquire if they might flock to our banners and travel hereinafter under our convoy. We replied, *Si, si, si, si*, and they forthwith appeared upon the scene, trailing clouds of luggage, silver mirrors, and pale chiffon veils, and making the chambers of the Metropole ring with light laughter.

It was inevitable that I should now be known as St. Ursula and my charges as "the Virgins," this famous legend having been so frequently set before us in Italian art, and we were, in fact, thus designated throughout the remainder of our pilgrimage. We were a harmonious company and well agreed, nevertheless it seemed now to take twice as long to start and three times as long to finish every undertaking as it had done before; and one tourists' bugbear, heretofore escaped, for ever dogged our steps,

— the settling of accounts. I used sometimes to wonder how the patron saint of chaperones, Ursula of Brittany, managed the accounts of the Eleven Thousand on that roundabout excursion of hers to Rome *via* Cologne and Basle. Possibly her Virgins did it themselves, "taught by heavenly influences," as they did the navigation on their large and mysterious fleet. My Virgins were far too feather-headed.

On the morning after the arrival of these reinforcements, while Filia and I were still hardly half-awake, the door was pushed softly open and I perceived through half-closed eyelids a line of four virginal figures proceeding towards Filia's bed, their bare footfalls making no sound on the stone floor. I gave no sign of being awake, and paid no attention to the fluttering dove-cote in the far corner until Barbara called, affectionately:

"Please wake up, dear Ursula, and put your halo on. You left it, don't you remember, on a bench at the foot of the bed *au* Carpaccio; your dear little saintly blue slippers are at the side."

"*Buon giorno, care fanciulle,*" I replied, calmly.
"What seems to be doing?"

Instantly the whole pretty brood, gold and brown and auburn headed, flew up from their perch and alighted upon my bed, cooing delightfully.

"We want to give the day to-day to going out to

the Certosa di Pavia, and it takes an early start to do it comfortably in this warm weather," Filia announced. "We are holding a plebiscite."

"Now, Ursula, are you *quite* up to it?" asked Margherita, with a look of deepest concern.

"The question is, ought we to drag St. Ursula out through 'stretches of rice-fields which offer little of interest,' in the heat?" Thus Barbara, who held her Baedeker's "Northern Italy" open upon one round, nainsook-covered knee.

"Yes, that is the question," came in serious unison from the five.

"If you will go to your own rooms," I said, drily, inwardly amused at their great airs of concern, "I will dress and decide on the Certosa while dressing. You girls would better go anyway. I shall do very well alone, and some of the party must certainly represent us at Pavia."

"It is 'perhaps the most masterly creation of its kind of the Fifteenth Century,'" Barbara lingered to say coaxingly from the door.

"Out with you and your guide-book!" called Filia, as she rang for coffee and closed the door without ceremony upon the little flock.

The morning promised a hot day, and I had not yet recovered from the fatigues of that concentrated sightseeing in Verona. The consequence was that the Virgins visited the Certosa without me, bring-

ing back enthusiasm galore over its glories, but tired to tatters by the laborious expedition. Meanwhile I had a lucid and lovely day quite by myself, divided between the Cathedral and the Brera.

To me Milan is not a city to hurry by because of its chance masque of modernity. Great part and memorable it has played through all Italy's story, old and new, being capital of the Western Empire, in effect if not in name, in Constantine's time, and in our own first to rise and throw off the yoke of Austria. The art treasures of Milan cannot rival those of Florence in measure, but they are nobly conspicuous in degree. As for the Duomo, it is to me the only satisfying church in Italy save the Lower Church at Assisi. All the rest fade to nothing beside it. I have spent some time in an exercise of thanksgiving that I arrived in Milan before I was too Gothic-learned to love it. When people are very wise I see plainly they talk of spurious Gothic and smile indulgently at one's childish, untutored enthusiasm. Give me Tennyson!

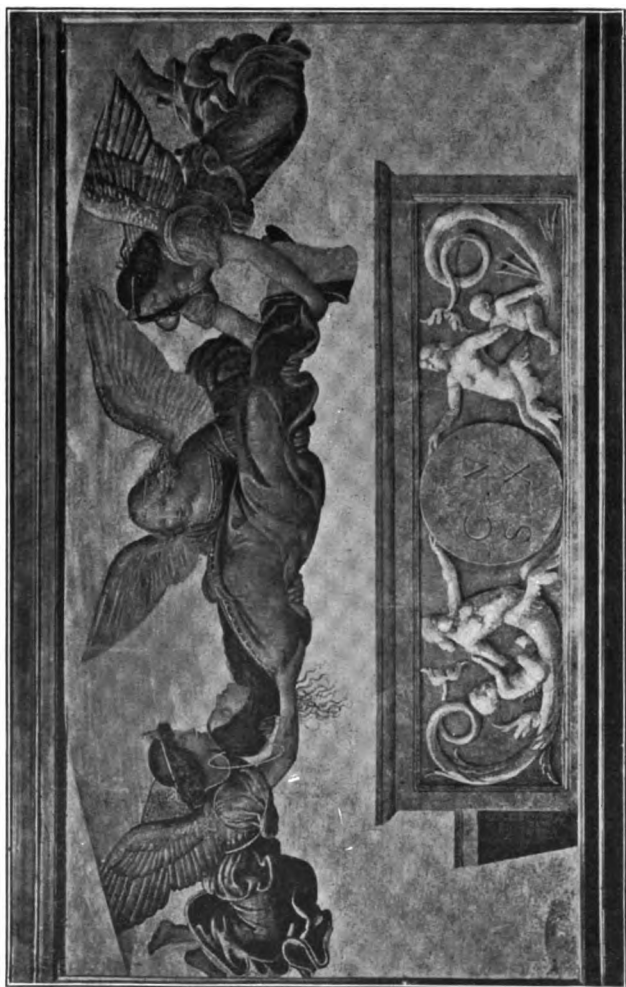
"O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

"I climb'd the roof at break of day,
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay;
I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they."

In all Italy I do not know so thoroughly delectable and refreshing a place in which to see pictures as the Poldi-Pezzoli. It retains a charming patrician distinction in its interior appointments, and the lovely Botticelli's Madonna and Francesca's portrait of the never-to-be-forgotten "Incognita" draw one back again and again. We visited the place on our second day in Milan, and I enjoyed the raptures of the youngsters over the mediæval bridal chests, the antique goldsmiths' work, the tapestries and reliquaries. Even more impressive than these things were the carved chimney-pieces, doors and window-frames of the beautiful old Palazzo itself.

The Brera gave us a notable discovery, the frescoes of Luini. Certain of his easel pictures, seen before, had exercised a compelling charm, but here we came suddenly and for the first time upon his frescoes, above all that of the Burial of St. Catherine, and they revealed his peculiar excellence. His angels are supremely beautiful, and through all his work is essential poetry and purity. The Virgin, seen later in his painting of the Holy Family after Leonardo in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, is most feminine, most truly Leonardesque in its angelic archness and tender subtlety.

Later, in the Chiesa del Monastero Maggiore, we found frescoes by Luini even more notable than those in the Brera. He gradually became to me the



BURIAL OF ST. CATHERINE, BY LUINI, BRERA GALLERY.

representative of Leonardo, who is so difficult to find and grasp save in sketches, suggestions, and vanishing glimpses of mysterious power and loveliness. Whether Luini was or was not Leonardo's pupil, he painted according to his types and conceptions, and caught his peculiar half-wistful, half-mocking charm in a conspicuous degree. In the end I concluded to take my Leonardo by way of the more accessible Luini, — an advantage accruing to the non-critical mind!

I found in truth something fairly exasperating in searching out Leonardo himself, whether it was in the Last Supper, receding ever from one's visual grasp, or in the delicious portrait of Beatrice d'Este, that most engaging of Renaissance Italian women's portraits. With great enthusiasm we sought her out, — the darling thing, precious in her own story and doubly precious as Leonardo's work! Here stood guard the critic with the two-edged sword! The portrait was not that of Beatrice d'Este and it was not the work of Leonardo! Ecco! I fall back on Luini, as said before.

And now we were northward bound and lakeward. Despite a growing eagerness for Como and the long-dreamed of charm of its shores, despite the heat, despite the indifference of my company, I insisted on breaking the brief journey from Milan to Como at Monza.

"Is it that Ursula wishes to see the spot where Umberto Primo fell at the hand of the assassin?" asked little shy Lucia, meekly and quaintly, as this point was somewhat firmly pressed en route.

"No, my child," I replied; "it is *in re* the making of kings, not their taking-off, that I must see Monza. In the Cathedral treasury of Monza is the Iron Crown of Lombardy. Think, girls, the crown used in the coronation of Charlemagne on Christmas Day in the year 800; for Charles V also, and the other foreign conquerors down to Napoleon."

This statement made an impression plainly, and Filia wished at once to know whether the House of Savoy crowned itself with the Iron Crown. On this point I was not sure, but later, at the Cathedral, we learned that the present king had ordered the crown sent to Rome when he took his oath, and that when he made his noble and thrilling pledge of himself and his house to Italy, the Iron Crown of Lombardy encircled his head.

With intense interest we studied this renowned symbol of kingship: a broad, jewelled circlet of gold, lined within by a fillet of iron. The crown is not famed for its gold or its jewels, these signifying but material, thus artificial value, but by that thin band of iron, believed to be a nail beaten out, a nail of the True Cross. This nail was, traditionally, brought by the Empress Helena from Jerusalem to Rome,



**THE VIRGIN, DETAIL FROM THE HOLY FAMILY, BY LUINI,
BIBLIOTECA AMBROSIANA.**

so coming by the hands of Pope Gregory to the Lombard Queen Theodolinda, because that many through her attained faith. Mighty and mysterious alchemy! A nail of iron from the scaffold of a Galilean peasant, put to ignominious death in an obscure province of Imperial Rome, becomes the sacrosanct emblem of earthly power, of all regalia of Europe the most precious thing!

Something of exultation mounted within me that this crown, so long the spoil of conquerors and alien kings, had at last, in our own late little day, been claimed by a native king for his own Italy.

That Cathedral treasury of Monza carried us captive with its strange antique relics, especially those small personal belongings of Theodolinda, the beloved queen who in 590 founded the Church. We took it very ill of San Carlo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, and as despotic an old prelate as ever was canonized, that he turned out the poor lady's coffin from its original resting-place near the high altar and caused it to be buried at the west end of the Cathedral. Wherefore? On the ground that she was no saint. Carlo was qualified to judge, being sainted himself, and acquitting himself zealously in the burning of heretics, — Waldenses and such, whose heads he sent in triumph to Rome. We can read letters from him written when he was Cardinal Secretary of State, complaining of the scarcity of

executions. Beyond doubt the gentle Theodolinda did belong in a different category!

It was sunset when we reached Lake Como, and found ourselves slipping quietly along a narrow, river-like channel out into wider waters and ever-growing majesty of enframing mountains. With a little quickening at the heart we saw snow-peaks rising beyond a range of violet hills. Yes, there were the Alps! All was here of which we had heard. We saw castles and gray old towers emerging from gloomy forests and groves of olive; saw at the shore such wealth of laurel, wistaria, and palm, such thickets of bamboo, such arcades of oleander, such orange and lemon groves as even Sorrento had not shown us; saw white villas borne aloft on their velvety terraces, shining in the sun.

We sighed for the loveliness, the almost too perfect loveliness; yet I think in my own heart the nameless pang of realization was stronger than I ever knew it, — the pain in the discovery that Como, so long a dream, was after all a thing of earth and water, rock and tree; a region where men built their habitations and their landing-stages, sailed their ugly excursion boats, and put up signs of their dull hosteleries. I am sure I had secretly expected to be conveyed by a species of phantom barque (quite certainly spelled with the *q u e*!) akin to that unseaworthy craft in the old engravings of "The Voyage



BEATRICE D'ESTE, LEONARDO, (?) BIBLIOTECA AMBROSIANA.

of Life," with a white-robed angel blowing on ahead and lights which certainly never were on sea or land gleaming on the starboard bow. It was not until I had lived several weeks on Lake Como that I won back again my old sense of it as a region of celestial enchantment. Which goes to show that one can hear too much of a place.

After several weeks in residence, I am prepared to say that, according to my best belief, there is nothing on earth more beautiful than Lake Como with its shores. Our abiding place was Tremezzo, as Mr. McCrackan says in his "Italian Lakes" (a most valuable guide, by the way, to the whole Lake Region), "little more than a sunny archway with villas attached." He goes on to describe the strange, indescribable little place as follows:

"Take a handful of houses made of stone and mortar, tint them with the usual colour-scheme of an Italian lake front, then dispose them in a line along and over the water, build out some little harbour jetties here and there, scoop out a few convenient hollows under the houses where little boats may lie, throw in bowers with trees trained to give shade, splash the house walls and parapets with wistaria vines, and fill up all the unoccupied space with myrtle, rhododendron and camellia bushes — and you have Tremezzo seen from the water. . . . Bore a passage through the first floor of all the houses, cut open-

ings in the outside walls, and the result is a beautiful prolonged archway giving shelter from sun and rain and open on the water side."

Tremezzo runs along its cheerful way after this fashion for a little distance, then produces a noble avenue of sycamores, in the deep green shade of which the wall of the Villa Carlotta forms a background. Then it stops for a bit to allow a suitable grand-ducal entrance for the Saxe-Meiningens, who do not come, and for the untitled *forestieri* who do, very keen for the Canovas and Thorwaldsens, which seem, however, so unnecessary and even futile here. The grand-ducal business done with, we suddenly discover that Tremezzo has become Cadenabbia, and when it happened nobody knows. What is the difference between the two, and why should we so emphatically prefer Tremezzo? There is sun, unmitigated sun, at conventional Cadenabbia, and there is cloistered shade at homely Tremezzo; also there is a general air of smartness, of English patronage, and "favourite resort" at Cadenabbia. At Tremezzo Italians themselves make bold to sojourn, Tedeschi as well, uninteresting often, to be sure, but they have the merit of being altogether detached and desultory, have not been coördinated into a High Church colony, purring over curates and organizing garden-parties.

I should always go to Tremezzo, were it only to

be cooked for by the never-to-be-forgotten chef of the unpretending Bazzoni; to have my coffee and rolls each morning on the terrace under the rose-wreathed pergola; to have my chamber hang quite over the lake's small blue waves, confronting Monte Grigna and those other glorious and gloomy crests, above Bellaggio; to have always just below my window a few great late pink roses flung across the blue of sky and lake; to escape dust and noise, prunes and prism, fashion and convention. While the girls frivelled, climbed mountains, rowed boats and made overwarm excursions to Bellaggio and Como, or diligently did their duty by Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger, I devoted myself to a modest bit of literary study for which I had been longing on all my wandering way. For everywhere I had been haunted by sense of the great men who in previous centuries or generations had visited Italy and had been mastered by its spell; desire awoke in me to know just where they had tarried and just when, that so I could say to myself, "Here Milton stood on such a day, or here Shelley."

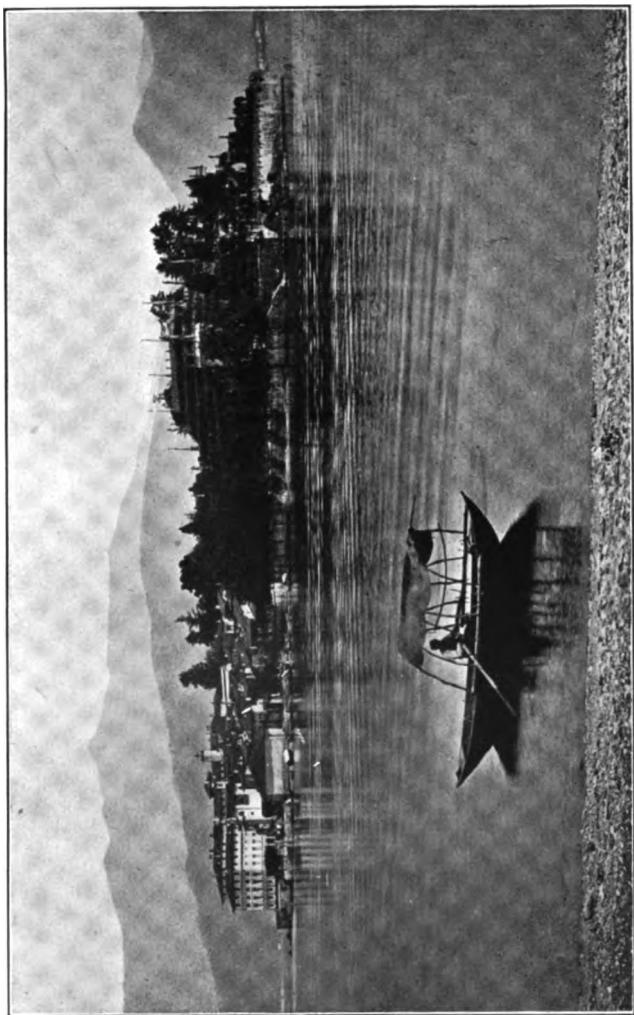
Leisure at last being mine and access to some books, (but more, later, in Bagni di Lucca), I here began the pleasant task of tracing with some care the movements of certain famous *forestieri* in Italy.

For the benefit of those who may take like pleasure

with me, I will give the chapter following to these notes.

The first week of August found the air of Tremezzo torrid and stagnant, and we made a sudden break, crossed the mountains to Lugano, and dashed up into Alpine regions, to the cool recesses of the Valle Leventina. Faido, full of waterfalls and clustering chestnut-trees, was the little hamlet at which we decided to pitch our tent. We fancied that we had discovered it, and for a day felt access of self-confidence in our penetration. Presently it appeared that Faido was an old haunt of John Ruskin and other people of consequence. For this we loved the place more, however, not less, with its keenly outlined mountains, its ceaseless sound of the Ticino's plunging water, its ancient chalets, its green meadows embroidered Botticelli-wise with delicate wild flowers and run through by small, brimming brooks.

From Faido, when Italy called us irresistibly, we came back through the glorious Ticino Valley by Bellinzona to Locarno, at the Swiss end of Lake Maggiore. We approached this lake with some secret prepossession against its rival claims with Como, to which we were now ardently devoted. At first we held hard to our conviction that Como was far more beautiful; but as we sailed southward by Intra and Pallanza, and the snow-clad mountains rose into view above the Borromean Islands, we



ISOLA BELLA, LAKE MAGGIORE.

were forced to admit Maggiore's surpassing grandeur and majesty of scenery, while we shall always insist upon the unparalleled beauty of detail of the Larian shores.

And now, despite all my loyalty to Tremezzo and Como, I must confess that having lost my heart there, I was fain to lose it again on Maggiore, the point which appeared most advantageous for this process being Stresa. Upon what the Pensione booklet styles "a smiling slope" above the little town stands the Pensione Villa Beau-Séjour. "Here," so says this neat and veracious document, "the visitor falls into ecstasy; the pure, fresh air of the hill is inhaled in copious draughts, the wearied soul is relieved, and the attractions of a position so charming awaken thought to meditation. . . . Moreover, the climate has already (!) been recommended by very eminent physicians to several persons. . . . The walks are ravishing, the road above the Beau-Séjour unfolds like an elegant ribbon with graceful sinuosities," etc. Truly there would seem little left to demand or desire.

And there was little. As we stayed on we came to the conclusion that the gifted author of the booklet had understated, especially as Filia declared that in her case, beyond a doubt, thought had been awakened to meditation. We all observed that she was inclined to prolonged study of Dante and to

long reveries in a dim arbour of close-growing bamboo which she most frequented; but the other Virgins insisted on connecting these reveries less with the "attractions" than with certain letters of Signor Aztalos which they declared Filia carried in her chatelaine bag habitually.

The Beau-Séjour was full of Genoese and Milanese people, among whom we made delightful acquaintance, thus satisfying our wish to know Italian personal characteristics in some small measure.

It had not been difficult to discover in these months of our sojourn that Italy is poor, that her common people are woefully illiterate and superstitious, that the government does well to promote emigration to relieve the exhausted land, sad though it was in Southern Italy to witness the absolute desertion of many large, well-built villages. However, though uneducated and superstitious, the Italian peasants are perhaps the most industrious in the world, a gay, light-hearted folk in the South, and here in the North, especially in Tuscany, serious, honest, and religious to a degree. No more touching records of a simple God-fearing people could be found than those of Francesca Alexander in her lovely little book, "Christ's Folk in the Apennine." I often wish that Americans who rail against the Italian peasants would read this too little known volume.

In Stressa we met many representatives of what

I suppose might be called the upper middle class, prosperous merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, from the great modernized, commercial cities of Turin, Genoa, and Milan. Frankly we found the women less interesting than the men, for the reason that they have, as a rule, very limited education and very narrow outlook. A young Italian gentleman whose acquaintance we made told Diana, who is a typical American college girl, that he had never in his life met a girl of her type; that she was a complete revelation of a hitherto unknown species. He said to her, "Signorina, if I should attempt to talk with any Italian girl I know of such things as we have been discussing (these were themes political, social, and literary), she would look at me in horror and suppose me to be losing my mind." When asked of what he would converse with an Italian girl, he replied, "The opera, the weather, the love-affairs of our acquaintance, and her own good looks."

Meanwhile, the men are educated, and they possess the charm of extraordinary, chivalrous courtesy. Their tenderness to little children exceeds even that of German men, and I have never seen such devoted fathers. Fatherhood, indeed, is quite as much a passion as motherhood in Italy. The intimate relation of the father to his children lasts all the way through, controls in adult life, and is really, if one

may not say a paternal form of government, a governmental form of paternity. The contrast between the absorbed Italian and the casual American father, with his attenuated relation to family affairs, struck us sharply.

Perhaps the cleverest man whom we met in Italy, and certainly the most beautiful woman, were among our fellow pensioners at the Beau-Séjour. Down in Stresa, hard by the Hotel des Iles Borromées, is the ducal, semi-royal Villa of the Duchess of Genoa, mother of Queen Margherita. One of the Duchess's physicians, just then in personal attendance, was Dottor Giuseppe S——, descendant of the Visconti, a patrician through and through. In his profession he has attained conspicuous success, and we found him a learned, courtly, and accomplished gentleman, grave, like most Italians of his class. The Latin men do not laugh much and the Latin women never giggle. They say that one can always detect the American girl by her habit of laughing every time she speaks.

Two years ago Doctor S—— was betrothed to a lady of rank, who was as indifferent to him apparently as he to her. The proposed marriage was simply one of *convenance*. At a salon one evening he met the Signorina Polidori. They fell instantly and desperately in love. The relation to the fiancée was broken without bloodshed, and in six months the

Doctor and the lovely Polidori were married. That was a few months before we met them.

When the Duchess of Genoa is at Villa Stresa Doctor S—— has to be in daily attendance. Accordingly he brought his bride to the Beau-Séjour and gave us a chance to look at her, for which the Virgins were enthusiastically grateful, daily and hourly. She gave me the sensation which I receive from a great creamy, velvety, curly-petalled, intoxicatingly fragrant rose. Ah, but she was beautiful, with such eyelashes, such gold-red lights in her brown hair, such rose and snow of skin, such dimples wherever dimples can be, such magnificent opulence of line and curve, such powerful, perfect white hands! And then she knows how to dress to distraction, also how to smile and to pout and to enchant. Doctor S—— looked a little undersized and under-coloured beside his bride, and yet he had ever one certain elusive charm which she lacked, — that of race.

They were still quite in the honeymoon, deeply in love, deeply romantic! The Duchess used to send a lackey up to the Beau-Séjour every day with presents of wine and fruit for her physician. One evening, when dinner was nearly over, Margherita was pressed to go to their small table, to take dessert and taste the fiery, red-brown Marsala from the Duchess's cellar. Having all a girl's keen admira-

tion for the Signora's beauty, Margherita sat down in no small delight, and all went merrily. The talk was of how she must visit them and meet a good *parti* and become Italianated. But presently she and Doctor "Beppi" (the Signora's, and the usual, diminutive for Giuseppe) fell into a discussion of certain peculiarities in Italian literary construction. In this the Signora was not interested. Therefore she was annoyed. Suddenly, without note of warning, she rose and left the table and the room. Margherita found herself now *tête-à-tête* alone with the Doctor, a quite inadmissible situation in Italy, from which nothing but most awkward abruptness could release her.

Adjourning to the library, they discovered the Signora sitting in frigid, wordless dignity, alone, daggers-drawn, confronting a rich Milanese merchant's wife to whom she never spoke because she considered the woman's husband vulgar. Not a word of apology or explanation was ever given. She is simply a child of nature; her emotions are elemental, very forcible, wholly undisguised.

The last time I saw Doctor S—— he had come up from Stresa to the pensione on foot, and, the day being warm, he sat down on a rustic bench in the garden to rest. No one was near, but I could see his face from the table in an arbour where I sat writing. It was as if a mask had been dropped from

it. All the lustre, the gladness which usually animated its fine gravity were gone. He looked careworn, strained, troubled; and the sensitive lines of his face revealed a something I had not dreamed of before.

Suddenly from the balcony above the garden a voice called, "Beppi!" The Signora stood there, radiant in her beauty.

Instantly the Doctor straightened himself; light leaped into his eyes, a responsive smile to his lips. Then he turned his face like Rudel to his Lady of the East — in worship?

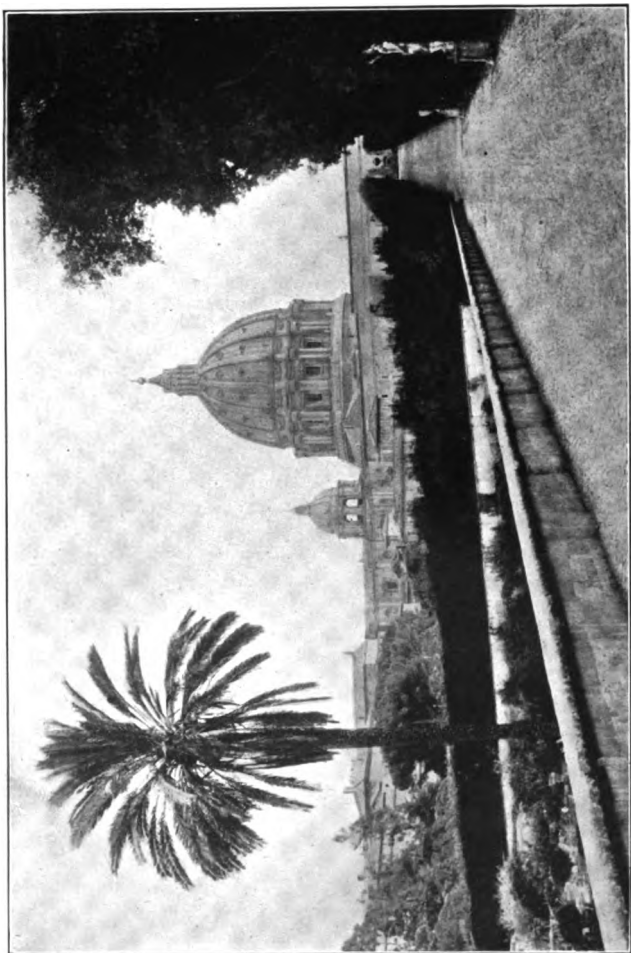
XVII

AUTHORS IN ITALY

UPON certain temperaments the influence of Italy is dynamic. With many of the greater poets the first contact with art and nature on "the fair side of the Alps" has marked an epoch in the spiritual and æsthetic development. What has been true of the great is true in proper degree of the small, which fact gives interest and significance to the brief and scanty sketches which follow.

Chaucer is in effect our first English poet. The really great event of his life was his first visit to Italy in 1372. Tradition says that he then met Petrarch at Padua. Heretofore under French influence in his writing, his models thenceforward were Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. His themes and his treatment of them became largely those of the great Italians, and he introduced certain Italian stories and plots into English literature which became the stock in trade of his successors.

It is not proved that Shakespeare visited Italy,



THE VATICAN GARDEN.

but there is much upon which to base such a belief. At least twelve of his plays have the scene laid in Italy, and the localized description, if not infallibly accurate, shows a confidence which would seem phenomenal if the writer had not made his own observations. Three plays concern Rome, — "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra;" two Venice, — "Othello" and the "Merchant of Venice;" two Verona, — "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Romeo and Juliet." Mantua, Sicily, Padua, and Tuscany are somewhat less strongly worked in. Supposing Shakespeare to have visited Italy, it is believed that he did not go south of Verona and Venice and that his journey took place in 1592-1593.

Ten years earlier, 1581, is the date of Montaigne's famous journey to Italy. It was undertaken primarily on account of his health, and his goal was Bagni di Lucca, where he purposed seeking alleviation in the boiling hot springs, for his sufferings from serious disease. Starting from Paris, he went by Basel to Munich, then through the Tyrol to Verona and Padua. He visited nearly all the important cities of Central Italy, and spent five months in Rome. Here he was, to his own apparently keen surprise, flatteringly received by the Pope, who chose to blink at the irreligious and scoffing character of his writing. Reaching Bagni di Lucca at last, he appears to have

remained nearly five months, taking baths, counting his pulse, and watching his pathological phenomena with rather disgusting diligence. Thence he was recalled by his election as Mayor of Bordeaux.

Milton's year in Italy can doubtless be considered the happiest experience of his long and, in the whole, sad-coloured life. It bore comparatively little immediate fruit in the shape of direct allusion or description, but all his later poetry betrays the profound enrichment which his genius there received. Of Milton at Vallambrosa Mrs. Browning said:

" O waterfalls

And forests! sound and silence! . . .

. . . we must think

Your beauty and your glory helped to fill

The cup of Milton's soul so to the brink,

He nevermore was thirsty when God's will

Had shattered to his sense the last chain-link

By which he had drawn from Nature's visible

The fresh well-water. Satisfied by this,

He sang of Adam's paradise and smiled,

Remembering Vallambrosa. Therefore is

The place divine to English man and child,

And pilgrims leave their souls here in a kiss."

Milton was at the prime and height of his first poetic period when he went to Italy in 1638. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," "Comus" and "Lycidas," had been written. The stormy period of revolution had not yet driven him into that

Twenty Years' War of Pamphlets in which his poetic genius buried itself; while the majestic power and passion of "Paradise Lost" and the Samson were hardly prefigured. He was thirty years old, beautiful as an angel and possessed of literary distinction, shot through, even then, with rays of a rising and imperishable fame. His charming old father unhesitatingly supplied him with a man-servant and with the financial basis for the expedition; the secretary of war gave him a passport, and Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, provided him with letters of introduction to men in high place.

It is interesting to read from Wotton's letter to Milton dated, "From the College, this 13th of April, 1638," the following:

"Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter and for a dainty piece of entertainment [a copy of Lawes's edition of *Comus*] which came therewith, wherein I should much commend the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your song and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language. . . . Now, sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you . . . I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to *Mar-seilles*, and thence by sea to *Genoa*, whence the passage

into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten to Florence or Siena," etc.

Milton did not strictly follow the advice of Sir Henry, but entered Italy by Nice, thence by coasting packet to Genoa, and presently to Leghorn. His first inland journey was to Pisa, where he seems to have tarried for few days, hastening on with eagerness to Florence, the object of his most vivid interest. Here he remained during August and September. No Italian city in that day could exceed Florence in learned and literary society. It was rich in "academies," those literary fraternities so characteristic of that period, and through these Milton gained instant access to the leading spirits of Florence. A number of influential noblemen vied with each other in showing the English poet honours and hospitalities. Whatever of Latin verses he contrived to "patch up among them" were received as if they had been divine oracles, and poems of superlative eulogy were addressed to him among the young academicians.

But the mighty conjunction of two stars of the first magnitude which occurred when the radiant young English Milton visited the blind old Galileo in his villa on the height of Bellosguardo remains the great event of the Florentine visit. "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo," said Milton, "grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition,

for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

Leaving Florence for Siena in September, Milton went on to Rome. Here he seems again to have carried everything before him in literary circles, judging by such poetic tributes as the following:

"To John Milton, Englishman, deserving to be crowned with the triple laurel of poesy.

"Greece may exult in her Homer, Rome may exult in her Maro,
England exults in one equalling either of these."

This elegiac couplet and others are the composition of an otherwise unknown Selvaggi.

After two months in Rome, Milton proceeded by carriage to Naples. Here the great influence was that of Manso, Marquis of Villa, now in his seventy-eighth year, patron and friend of Tasso, who, dying in 1595, retained his love and gratitude to the noble Neapolitan to his last breath. It was Manso who caused the inscription, "Torquati Tassi Ossa," to be inscribed above Tasso's grave in St. Onofrio in Rome.

Manso, who appears to have been a guardian angel of poets, now took Milton under his powerful wing.

"By a certain Eremita with whom I had made the journey from Rome," says Milton himself, "I was introduced to Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marquis of Villa, a most noble and important man (to

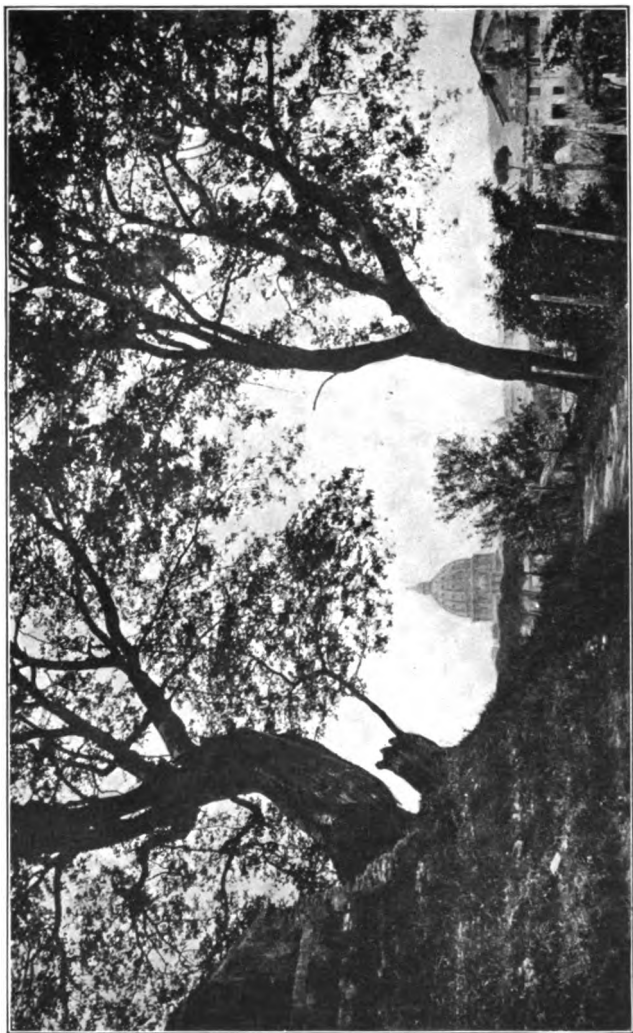
whom Torquatus Tasso, the famous Italian poet, addressed his Discourse on Friendship), and, as long as I stayed there, I experienced him truly most friendly to me; he himself leading me round through the different parts of the city, and the palace of the Viceroy, and coming himself, not once only, to my inn to visit me."

Fifty years before the Marquis had led Tasso around Naples, pointing out its beauties. Masson fancies the aged patrician quoting to his new charge the raptures and reflections of that earlier storm-tossed, tumultuous but ever-engaging poet.

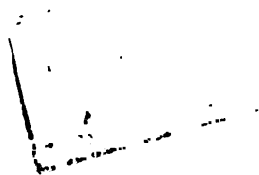
Late in December tidings reaches Milton of the beginning of Civil War in England, and he thinks it "disgraceful that, while my fellow countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad at ease for intellectual purposes." Accordingly he abandons his plan for visiting Sicily and Greece, and turns again northward. Manso, in parting, presents him with two cups of rich workmanship and with the inevitable poetic tribute which, however, has a thrust aside at the Englishman's Protestant proclivities:

"Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marquis of Villa, to John Milton,
Englishman.

"Mind, form, grace, face and morals are perfect; if but thy
creed were,
Then not Anglic alone, truly Angelic thou'dst be."



TASSO'S OAK, JANICULUM HILL.



Again Milton spends two months in Rome, and early in March, 1639, he arrives in Florence for the second time. Vallambrosa and Fiesole become his favourite haunts, and excursion is made also to Lucca. Bologna and Ferrara are visited on his way to Venice, which he reaches late in April. While in Venice he shipped to England a quantity of "curious and rare" books, collected during his travels, among them "a chest or two of choice music-books of the best masters flourishing about that time in Italy."

Verona and Milan are the last points visited on the homeward way, and by Lake Lemano he goes on to Geneva.

A truly Miltonic touch of that fastidious pride of purity which breaks such a chasm between Milton and Goethe, is given in the sentence with which the story of the Italian journey is closed:

"I again take God to witness that in all those places where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that, though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God."

Goethe's attitude towards the promptings of flesh and sense experienced in Italy are sufficiently indicated in his first Roman Elegy:

"Eine Welt zwar bist Du, o Rom! doch ohne Liebe
Wäre die Welt nicht die Welt, wäre denn Rom auch nicht
Rom."

The Italian journey was to Goethe *par excellence* the epoch-making event of life. In 1786 he left Weimar for Italy, a gifted provincial official; he returned in 1788 grown a world-poet. Over no spirit has Italy cast a more potent spell. It had long been the land of deepest desire to him. He had studied Italian, dreamed of Italy night and day, and records that "circumstances impel me and compel me to wander and lose myself in regions of the earth where I am yet unknown." His purpose was kept a profound secret.

On September 11th, having crossed the Alps by the Brenner, Goethe first hears, in Roveredo, Italian spoken on Italian soil. He travels incognito, assuming the common name, Müller. He was at this time working on the Iphigenia motif. His first stopping-place was on Lake Garda, at an inn in Torbole.¹

A tablet on the house believed to have been this inn now bears this inscription:

*"In questa casa dimoro Goethe il 12 Settembre 1786.
Hente hab ich an der Iphigenie gearbeitet, es ist im
Angesicht des Sees gut von statten gegangen."*

Verona, Vicenza, and Padua Goethe ran through

¹For Goethe's sojourn on Lake Garda see McCrackan's
"Italian Lakes."

with about a week for each; so to Venice where he lingered for three weeks. We note that he was forced to lay the Iphigenia aside in Venice, and do straight sightseeing like other *forestieri*. His rapture in realizing his lifelong dream of seeing Italy now becomes supreme. In his journal for October 12th in Venice he writes: "I may confess at once my disease and my folly. For many a long year I could not bear to look at a Latin author, or to cast my eye upon anything that might serve to awaken in my mind the thoughts of Italy. If by accident I did so I suffered the most horrible tortures of mind. . . . Had I not made the resolve which I am now carrying into effect, I should have been for ever lost — to such a degree of intensity had the desire grown to see these objects with my own eyes. Historical acquaintance with them did me no good; the things stood only a hand's breadth away from me, but still they were separated from me by an impenetrable wall."

He reaches Ferrara, full of suggestions of Tasso (already his drama of Tasso is begun); is unhappy here and drives on to Cento, where he enjoys the Guercino's, then to Bologna, and can only bring himself to stop three hours in Florence, his demon urging him on to Rome. He reaches Perugia October 25th; leaves it on a "glorious morning," and says the site of the city is beautiful and the scenes on the way to

Assisi are deeply impressed on his memory. The only thing which interests him in Assisi is the small Temple of Minerva. But then, why not? Goethe was always essentially Greek and Pagan. On towards Rome he hastens, finding bad inns and bad *vetturini*, but declaring, "Were it on the wheel of Ixion that they dragged me to Rome I would not complain."

Rome is reached October 29, 1786, and entered by the Porta del Popolo. Goethe meets his friend Tischbein, the painter, and shares his lodging on the Corso, at the corner of the Vicolo della Fontanella. A tablet marks the house. Goethe is assigned two rooms on the second piano. His sitting-room commands a prospect over the Pincian Hill. Now at last he writes back to his friends in Karlsbad, in Weimar and Frankfurt that he is in Italy. He gives himself to the completion of the *Iphigenia* and, for the rest, to Rome.

In spite of his incognito Goethe was discovered and drawn into the circle of men of letters and artists, who lionized him to the point even of proposing to crown him with laurel at the Capitol. This he wisely averted, and three months of strenuous study and social activity brought him to a state of deadly weariness. He decided to go to Naples, "to wash his soul clean from the Idea of so many dreary ruins and to assuage the too severe conceptions of Art."

Goethe was at this time thirty-seven years of age. Like Milton, Byron, and Shelley, he possessed extraordinary personal beauty. During the winter, before he breaks away for Naples, he writes in his diary that he often catches Tischbein regarding him attentively, and in the end discovers that he wishes to paint him, life-size, enveloped in a white mantle, seated on a fallen obelisk, viewing the Campagna. Goethe remarks naïvely that it will form "a beautiful piece!" The heavy allegorical strain, so dear to the Teutonic heart, is all to the fore, for the obelisk is to be Egyptian, the various fragments of sculpture scattered about respectively Greek and Roman, while Goethe's "glance" around him is to suggest the thought of the perishable nature of all earthly splendour! The result is quite what might be expected.

On February 22, 1787, Goethe started in a carriage from Rome to drive to Naples, which he reached four days later. "I pardoned all who lose their senses in Naples," is his consoling declaration. He visited Pozzuoli, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Ischia, Paestum, Sorrento, and, on March 29, set sail in a corvette for Palermo, which was reached April 2. Monte Pellegrino he calls "the most beautiful headland in the whole world." Again, "Italy without Sicily leaves no image on the soul: here is the key to all."

The Greek temples excited Goethe's liveliest

interest, and on the 18th of April he started on a tour beginning with Segeste and Girgenti and including Catania and Taormina. From Messina he set sail for Naples May 14, in a French merchantman. On the return to Naples, Goethe revisited Paestum and says: "It is the last, and I might almost say noblest Idea which I now can bear northwards in its perfectness. And, in my opinion, the central temple is superior to anything at present to be seen in Sicily."

On June 6, 1787, Goethe again found himself in Rome. With clarified vision and spirit refreshed, he rejoiced in days spent at Albano, Castel-Gondolfo, and Frascati. He had formed an ardent friendship with Angelica Kauffman, and speaks of his associations as "a circle of enchantment." "Egmont" occupied several months, but meanwhile the plans for "Tasso" and "Faust" were taking shape. In the Borghese Gardens he wrote the *Hexentische* scene for Faust, suggestions for which may have come to him from the Roman Carnival.

But the Duke of Weimar was urging his return, and the end drew on. Throughout the last fortnight in Rome, Goethe confessed later, he cried like a child. On April 22, 1788, in sorrowful agitation he started back to Germany. His interest in minerals awaking, he told a friend that he was going to buy a



GOETHE ON THE CAMPAGNA, BY TISCHBEIN.

hammer and break pieces from the rock on his homeward journey in order to drive away "the bitterness of death."

He appears to have made a brief stay in Florence and again in Milan. Here, being in mood sharp set and the Cathedral being Gothic and Christian, not Greek and Pagan, he falls upon its marbles with savage fury. And so the Alps were crossed and he was again on the "wrong side" of them, never to return.

Says the translator of Goethe's "*Italienische Reise*:" "The instruction of Italy, the correcting, supplementing, completing, perfecting effect of Italy on Goethe's whole nature, the transfusion of Italian art into Goethe's thought and temperament — that is perhaps the main and most attractive argument of the book. It is in Rome that Goethe first fully finds himself, rallies together all his scattered powers, attunes them to harmony and unity, dissipates the false illusions which had so long beset him, and becomes wholly sensible of his true vocation."

We come now to that trio of England's young Immortals, who belong in reality less to England than to Italy, and who met death in swift, sad succession in Italy and Greece in the years 1821 and 1822.

At the foot of that mountain, San Giuliano, "for

which," as Dante tells us, "the Pisans cannot Lucca see," — the phrase paraphrased by Shelley to —

"that hill, whose intervening brow
Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye, —"

Shelley was abiding when word reached him from Rome that John Keats was dead.

In the September of 1820, having months before received his death-warrant of consumption sealed with the blood of an arterial hemorrhage, Keats had set sail for Naples, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Joseph Severn, the artist. Their stay in Naples was short. Proceeding to Rome, a lodging was taken in the Piazza di Spagna, opposite the house of Sir James Clarke, the physician to whom Keats had a letter of introduction. Severn and Clark were untiring in their generous devotion, but nothing could stop the progress of the disease. The young life-loving poet — he was but twenty-six — fully realized that death approached; once he said, "I feel the daisies growing over me," and again gave that bitter inscription for his grave: "Here lies one whose fame was writ in water."

On February 24, 1821, the end came. An inscription on the house at the foot of the Scala di Spagna (Number 26) marks it with melancholy interest as the scene of Keats's departure from this mortal life.

Hardly adequate has been the recognition of Mr.

Severn's generous sacrifice of his own interests in his attendance on the dying poet. He was a man of singularly noble endowment. Says Shelley: "He (Keats) was accompanied to Rome by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, almost risked his own life and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his friend. . . . Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' "

Twenty years after, John Ruskin, newly arrived, a lad of twenty-one, on his first visit to Rome, toiled up a long flight of stairs to present himself to this friend of John Keats. Of him he gives this captivating description:

"There is nothing in any circle that ever I saw or heard of like what Mr. Joseph Severn then was in Rome. He understood everybody, native and foreign, civil and ecclesiastic, in what was nicest in them, and never saw anything else than the nicest; or saw what other people got angry about as only a humourous part of the nature of things. It was the nature of things that the Pope should be at St. Peter's and the beggars on the Pincian Steps. He forgave the Pope his papacy, revered the beggar's beard, and felt that alike the Steps of the Pincian and the Aracoeli, the Lateran, and the Capitol, led to heaven, and everybody was going up, somehow; but might be happy where they were

meantime. Lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous, daintily sentimental, he was in council with the cardinals to-day, and at picnic in Campagna with the brightest English belles to-morrow."

One would echo Shelley's prayer that the "unextinguished spirit" of Keats should "plead against oblivion" for a memory so fragrant.

Keats's death wrought Shelley's genius to its highest pitch of inspiration. In his dwelling in Pisa, the large yellow plaster house on the Lung' Arno Galileo, he threw himself with passion into the "Adonais." With astounding modesty or self-restraint he calls it, "the least imperfect of my compositions!" The house still stands, and bears a tablet with this inscription:

"Percy Bysshe Shelley trascorse in questi muragli ultimi mesi del 1821, l'inverno del 1822, qui tradurse in versi immortal gli effetti e le immagini che Pisa gli inspiro, e compose l'ulegia in morte di John Keats, 'Adonais.'"

Pisa had become "a little nest of singing birds," for Byron was domiciled on the other side the Arno, not far from the Ponte di Mezzo. His house, known then as the Palazzo Lanfranchi (now Palazzo Torcanelli), is a simple massive structure of brown stone. The inscription reads: "*Giorgio Gordon Noel Byron qui dimoro dall' autunno del 1821 all' estate del 1822 e scrisse sei canti del Don Giovanni.*"

To go back. In March, 1818, Shelley, with wife and children, had left England for Italy, in which the brief remainder of his life was destined to be passed. The poet was then twenty-six years old; "Queen Mab," "Alastor," and "The Revolt of Islam" had been written. Harriet Shelley was dead; Mary Godwin was now his lawfully wedded wife.

The four years of Shelley's life in Italy produced the substance of his greatest poetry. All that preceded these years could be spared, for the "Prometheus," the "Cenci," the "Adonais," the "Epipsychidion," and a score of deathless lyrics are Italian born.

Upon first reaching Italy, the Shelleys halted at Milan. The English poet found the exterior of the Cathedral "beyond anything I had imagined architecture capable of producing." (Compare with Goethe's: "I was at the Cathedral, to erect which a whole mountain of marble has been forced into the most tasteless forms.")

Failing in an attempt to secure a house at Como, the Shelleys kept on southward, and in a Passage of the Apennines that lovely fragment was written beginning:

"Listen, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine."

They came then to Pisa, which Shelley describes as "a large, disagreeable city, almost without in-

habitants." Afterwards he found that the peace of the place suited him. "Our roots never struck so deep at Pisa," he wrote later. On June 5th Shelley writes from Leghorn: "We proceeded to this great trading-town, where we have remained a month, and which, in a few days, we leave for the Bagni di Lucca, a kind of watering-place situated in the depth of the Apennines."

In August Shelley is in Florence, which he calls the most beautiful city he has seen. October finds him at Este, among the Euganean Hills to the west of Padua, "not so beautiful," he writes, "as those of the Bagni di Lucca." From Venice he goes to Rome, stopping at Rimini, Spoleto, and Terni. Spoleto he declares the most romantic city he ever saw. He spends but a week in Rome at this time, but says the impression exceeds anything thus far experienced. "It is a scene by which expression is overpowered, which words cannot convey." From Naples he writes eloquently of the marvel and charm of all the surroundings, of Baiæ, Posilipo, and Puzzuoli, then of Salerno and Pæstum.

In March, 1819, the Shelleys came by slow stages "with our own horses" to Rome. Gaeta and Terracina awaken vivid delight, and at Albano they are thrilled by the sight of Rome itself. During the prolonged stay in Rome which follows, Shelley writes: "Health, competence, tranquillity, — all these Italy

permits and England takes away." "Prometheus Unbound" was written in Rome, and there a son, William, died June 7th of this year. July found the family back in Tuscany, in a little country house near Leghorn, where "The Cenci" was mainly composed, though long before conceived. "The Ode to the West Wind" was written in a wood that skirts the Arno near Florence, on a day of tempestuous wind. Early in the year 1820 the Shelleys were established in Pisa, where "The Skylark" and "The Cloud" were written; here they took root and kept it for still another year, 1821, during the summer of which Shelley visited Byron in Ravenna. Late in April, 1822, the Shelleys left Pisa for Casa Magni, a lonely house on the Bay of Lerici, off the Gulf of Spezia. Byron was in Pisa and Leigh Hunt with his family had just come from England to join with him and Shelley in the projected publication of a literary journal at Pisa. Shelley and his friend Williams sailed from Lerici to Leghorn, in their own small sailboat, the *Ariel*, to meet the Hunts. Having established them in Pisa under Byron's care, the two, with a lad, started June 8, 1822, on their return to Lerici and Casa Magni. Trelawny, who was of their company, remained for some reason in Leghorn.

Atmospheric conditions were ominous at the start, and Trelawny, from a tower, watched the *Ariel* with a ship's glass until it disappeared in a sea

fog. Then the furious temporale, which might have been foreseen, struck, and the whole scene was blotted out from the watcher's vision. In twenty minutes the horizon cleared, but in vain Trelawny scanned the gulf for sight of the *Ariel*. Ten days later, near Viareggio, the three bodies were washed ashore. Shelley's was identified by a volume of Keats, just given him by Hunt, the book thrust into his pocket doubled back at the "Eve of St. Agnes."

Shelley's ashes were conveyed to the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, and were laid near those of his little son who died in Rome and those of Keats, buried there little more than a year before.

I

"Shelley and Keats, on earth unknown
One to the other, now are gone
Where only such pure Spirits meet
And sing before them words as sweet.

II

"Thou hast not lost all glory, Rome!
With thee have found their quiet home
Two whom we followers most admire
Of those that swell our sacred quire;
And many a lower'd voice repeats
Hush! Here lies Shelley! here lies Keats!"

Thus Walter Savage Landor, who, strangely enough, never saw Shelley.

As the western coast of Tuscany, the Riviera di

Levante, must be for ever consecrated to memories of Shelley, so the eastern shores of Venetia and the Emilia are associated with Byron's years in Italy. But those years, so stained with wild and reckless debauchery, offer little upon which the memory cares to dwell. In brief, Byron in the year 1816, at the age of twenty-eight, first saw Italy, coming from Switzerland to Venice by Milan and Verona. A prolonged residence in Venice was interrupted by a journey to Rome, where he remained for but a month. In April, 1819, Byron became acquainted with the Contessa Guiccioli, the young and newly married wife of an elderly Italian nobleman. From June, 1819, to October, 1821, Byron lived in the Palace of the Guicciolis (now Hotel Byron) in Ravenna, on terms of intimacy with the Contessa who was now separated from her husband.

About this time the secret order of the Carbonari began to spread, and the brother of Contessa Guiccioli associated himself with their revolutionary plots. As a consequence, in July, 1821, the Guiccioli were ordered to quit Ravenna. They went to Pisa, where they were joined in October by Lord Byron, who remained there, residing in the Palazzo Lanfranchi until after the catastrophe of Shelley's death.

Fresh political unrest caused the Guiccioli to remove from Pisa to Genoa. While residing here

Byron became ardently interested in the cause of the Greeks, and in July, 1823, he sailed from Genoa to the Island of Cephalonia. The circumstances of his death at Missolonghi about a year later are familiar.

Henry James, in his wandering along the Gulf of Spezia, tells of finding at Porto Venere, on the southwest coast, the memorial tablet to Lord Byron over a gateway. An inscription states that the great Byron, "swimmer and poet, here defied the waves of the Ligurian Sea." This fact Mr. James goes on to remark is not supremely interesting, as Byron "was always defying something, and if a slab had been put up wherever this performance came off these commemorative tablets would be in many parts of Europe as thick as milestones."

Byron thought Shelley a capital fellow and patronized his poetic enterprises; Shelley worshipped Byron's genius and tried gallantly to tolerate the man. His own gifts compared with Byron's he appeared to estimate as the light of a candle beside that of a sun, and Byron apparently thought his judgment not very wide of the mark. Fifty years have reversed this estimate, and travellers in Italy make pilgrimage to Casa Magni, on the little Bay of Lerici, and gaze at the scarred and weatherbeaten walls, the gray parapet and loggia of Shelley's lonely villa, with emotions which no memorial of Byron could ever evoke.

Before Shelley or Keats or Byron saw Italy, Landor was established at Como. Milan, Pistoia, and Pisa were tested by him also in his effort to find a congenial abiding-place. Curious coincidence that Pisa, that dead, stranded Tuscan town, should between 1820 and 1821 have been chosen by three of the most illustrious of modern Englishmen. Landor met neither Byron nor Shelley in Pisa, however, which is even stranger since he dwelt there from the close of 1818 to September, 1821. Leaving Pisa he went to Florence and established himself in the Medici palace, where he resided most of the time until the year 1829, when he bought a villa on the way to Fiesole, since known as Villa Landor. "My country now is Italy," he wrote, "where I have a residence for life and can literally sit under my own vine and fig-tree. I have some thousands of the one and some scores of the other, with myrtles, pomegranates, lemons, and mimosas in great variety."

The love of Florence became a master-passion with Landor. Of his little son he said: "If I can do nothing more for him, I will take care that his first words and first thoughts shall arise within sight of Florence."

In his "Imaginary Conversation" between Alfieri and Salomon, Landor makes Alfieri say:

"Look from the window. That cottage on the declivity was Dante's. That square and large

mansion . . . was the first scene of Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' . . . A town so little that the voice of a cabbage-girl in the midst of it may be heard at the extremities, reared within three centuries a greater number of citizens illustrious for their genius than all the remainder of the Continent (excepting her sister Athens) in six thousand years. Smile as you will, Signor Conte, what must I think of a city where Michael Angelo, Frate Bartolommeo, Ghiberti (who formed them), Guicciardini and Machiavelli were secondary men? And certainly such were they, if we compare them with Galileo and Boccaccio and Dante."

In May, 1833, Emerson visited Landor, who, he said, was one of the five men for the sake of seeing whom he went to Europe. The Villa Landor became a centre for travellers, and residents of distinction in art and letters, and, but for the sad elements of ill-controlled temper and uncongenial dispositions in himself and in his household, Landor might have been the happiest of men. A climax of miserable dissension was reached in 1835. The master of the house abandoned it to wife and children and betook himself for the summer to Bagni di Lucca. Thence he returned to England, where he remained for twenty years of exile in his native land, banished from the home he had chosen.

In 1858, stricken with suffering and solitude, but

still leonine and unsubdued, Landor left England, wandered back to Fiesole, and returned to his beloved villa, where wife and children appeared to have well enjoyed the period of his Ulysses-like absence. Scant welcome awaited him. Says Mr. Sidney Colvin: "Pathetic, almost tragic, was the portion of the old man in those days, a Lear who found no kindness from his own. Thrice he left the villa with the determination to live by himself in Florence; but his wish was not indulged, and thrice he was brought back to the home which was no home for him, and where he was dealt with neither generously nor gently." [When he first left Fiesole he had turned over the property there to his eldest son, and made over two-thirds of his income to Mrs. Landor, reserving for himself but two hundred pounds a year.] "The fourth time he presented himself in the house of Mr. Browning, with only a few pauls in his pocket, declaring that nothing should ever induce him to return."

The summer of 1859 was spent with the Brownings in Siena. In the autumn of 1859 Mr. Browning, whose generous devotion to the eccentric and unfortunate old man was inexhaustible, made suitable arrangements for his residence in an apartment close to the Casa Guidi.

Miss Kate Field, who was a member of that charmed Florentine circle in the late fifties, wrote: "I have

never seen anything of its kind so chivalric as the deference paid by Robert Browning to Walter Savage Landor. It was loyal homage rendered by a poet, in all the glow of power and impulsive magnetism, to an 'old master.' "

Mrs. Browning's death in 1861 and her husband's consequent departure from Florence left Landor bitterly bereft and lonely; his correspondence with Browning remained his chief solace. He retained, however, to the end something of his native ardour. Garibaldi was the hero of his old age, and he followed with passionate interest the struggle for the liberation of Italy. On a drive towards the end he asked to pass his beloved Villa Landor. "At first sight of it he gave a sudden start and tears filled his eyes and coursed down his cheeks. 'There's where I lived,' he said, breaking a long silence and pointing to his old estate. 'Let us give the horses a rest here!' We stopped, and for several minutes Landor's gaze was fixed upon the villa. 'There, now we can return to Florence if you like,' he murmured, finally, with a deep sigh. 'I have seen it probably for the last time.' " ¹

Landor died on the 17th of September, 1864, and was buried in the English cemetery of Florence, just outside the old walls, where three years before the

¹Incident related by Miss Kate Field, quoted in "The Florence of Landor," by Lillian Whiting.

dust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning had been laid. The flat stone on his grave bears, beside his name, only the dates of birth and death, 1775-1864.

The Villa Landor still remains an object of interest to the traveller on its picturesque hillside below Fiesole, approached by an avenue of sombre cypress-trees.

Robert Browning first visited Italy in 1838, at the same age with John Keats on his pilgrimage (last as well as first), and twelve years later. But where death worked in Keats, life was working in Browning, life in the highest, vivid, and vigorous. From the first the magic of Italy mastered his imagination, and with fervent sincerity he could say in the years which followed:

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'
Such lovers old are I and she;
So it always was, so shall ever be!"

Of this first journey Browning later wrote: "'What I did?' I went to Trieste (on a merchant vessel from London), then Venice — then through Treviso and Bassano to the mountains, delicious Asolo, all my places and castles, you will see. Then to Vicenza, Padua, and Venice again. Then to Verona," etc.

"Pippa Passes," written in 1841, gives with abounding vitality and loveliness the impression made upon the poet's mind and sense by "delicious

Asolo." Its attraction was destined in the end to draw him back from Shelley's Tuscany, the too well beloved, and so intolerable, to Venetia and Lord Byron's haunts.

On a second visit to Italy, in 1844, Browning is supposed to have shipped direct to Naples, which enthralled him powerfully. Southern Italy's very nature is distilled into his "Englishman in Italy — Piano di Sorrento." On the homeward journey he stopped at Leghorn to see Trelawny, Shelley's friend, and the last to see him alive and to ask him —

" Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you ? "

Returning from this second visit in the autumn of 1844, Browning met Miss Barrett. The story is too familiar to be retold here. Following their clandestine marriage in 1846, they started for Italy, going to Genoa from Paris, and spending the winter in Pisa.

It was here that Mrs. Browning surprised her husband with her sequence of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," of whose composition he had remained ignorant. The whole of the married life of the Brownings was spent in Italy with the exception of a few excursions to England and Paris. In the summer of 1847 it was decided to settle in Florence permanently, after an unavailing attempt to prevail

upon the monks of Vallambrosa to give them accommodation for two months. Casa Guidi, 9 Piazza San Felice, became their home. Here in 1849 their only son was born, and here, June 29, 1861, Mrs. Browning died. Her death occurred soon after returning from a sojourn in Rome. Her last letter to her husband's sister, under date of June 7, indicates the truth of the assertion that the death of Cavour, seeming to put an end to her passionate hopes for Italy's future, gave her her death-blow.

"We come home into a cloud here," she writes. "I can scarcely command voice or hand to name *Cavour*. That great soul which meditated and made Italy has gone to a diviner Country. If tears or blood could have saved him to us, he should have had mine. I feel yet as if I could scarcely comprehend the greatness of the vacancy. A hundred Garibaldis for such a man!"

In July following the death of his wife, Browning left Florence, never to return.

Much of Mrs. Browning's most important poetry was produced during her life in Florence, as "*Casa Guidi Windows*" (the story of the Italian struggle for Independence as seen through her eyes), "*Aurora Leigh*" (concluded in Paris and London), and the sheaf of lyrics, chiefly relating to Italian politics. Of these the best are "*Mother and Poet*" and "*A Court Lady*." In the latter we have a sketch drawn

with rapid master-strokes of the whole story of Italy's conflict. Many of these lyrics show that note of scarcely suppressed hysterical intensity which so often robs Mrs. Browning's verse of its best effect. But her passion is at its noblest when she hears the first rumour of the ignoble Peace of Villa Franca:

"Peace, you say! Yes, peace in truth!
But such a peace as the ear can achieve
'Twixt the rifle's click and the rush of the ball,
'Twixt the tiger's spring and the crunch of the tooth,
'Twixt the dying atheist's negative
And God's face . . . waiting, after all."

Casa Guidi became in those days centre of a distinguished circle in which at one time and another were numbered Margaret Fuller Ossoli, George Sand, Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Storys, the Hawthornes, George Eliot, the Carlyles, Cardinal Manning, Leighton and — of course — Landor, as well as many others.

There were seasons in Rome and Venice and Siena, and gay weeks in villeggiatura in Bagni di Lucca; in all places the highest, deepest, and best of spiritual and intellectual content being theirs by right divine. But Florence held the supreme place in the affection of these two, as it did in Landor's; "the most beautiful of the cities devised by man," Mrs. Browning called it. After her death Browning went to London, declaring he did not wish to see Italy again

for years, and set to work upon "the Roman murder story," conceived in Florence, "The Ring and the Book." Seventeen years later, in the year 1878, Browning, accompanied by his sister, began that series of journeys to Italy, — eight in all, — which lasted until his death, in 1889. Asolo was revisited.

"How many a year, my Asolo,
Since — one step just from sea to land —
I found you, loved yet feared you so!" —

So he said, but this does not describe the impression Asolo made upon him in '78, which seems to have been disappointing. Later its old charm for him revived. In 1889 he again makes pilgrimage to the ancient and romantic little town which he had appropriated to himself in that eager youth of his by some profound inner experience.

"At Asolo," he said, "my Asolo, when I was young, all natural objects were palpably clothed with fire. They mastered me, not I them. I adored the splendour I saw."

How this reminds us of Wordsworth's,

"I cannot paint what then I was!"

Mr. Barrett Browning, now married, was established in Venice in the Palazzo Rezzonico on the Grand Canal. Leaving Asolo in the end of October, Browning came to visit his son, full of an eager project for

purchasing a piece of property at Asolo and building a dwelling for himself to be christened "Pippa's Tower." But this was not to be. The vital spark was sinking, in spite of the unconquerable will to still live and love and enjoy. The end came in the Browning Palazzo in Venice December 12, 1889.

Among the wreaths which lay on Browning's coffin was one inscribed, "*Venezia a Robert Browning.*" The municipality further affixed a memorial tablet to the outer wall of the Palazzo Rezzonico. On it are the words:—

A
Roberto Browning
Morto in questo palazzo
Il 12 Dicembre 1889
Venezia
Pose

Below:

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it Italy."

Two great authors whose names are popularly associated with Italy by reason of famous romances of Rome and Florence appear to have been, after all, but superficially and *for a purpose* subject to the spell of Italy. Both Hawthorne and George Eliot visited Italy, travelled, observed, enjoyed, and embodied their intellectual gains in important and serious works of fiction, "The Marble Faun" and

"Romola." They might be supposed then to belong indisputably among the men and women whom we are considering, and in a certain sense they do; nevertheless from a careful study of their journals and letters both Hawthorne and George Eliot appear to have known Italy only as sightseers and students; as keen observers amassing material from something of a technical point of view, never as those to whose heart Italy spoke, or upon the inner consciousness of whom its spell was cast.

Hawthorne, who lived in Rome first from February to May, 1858, and again from October, 1858, to May, 1859, wrote to Fields: "I bitterly detest Rome, and shall rejoice to bid it farewell forever. . . . In fact, I wish the very site had been obliterated before I ever saw it."

Perugia seems to have appealed to him strongly, for he calls it "the most picturesque of cities," and says of the prospect over the Umbrian plain: "No language nor any art of the pencil can give an idea of the scene."

In the early summer of 1858 the Hawthornes reached Florence, which they regarded far more favourably than Rome. At first they took an apartment in the Casa Bella, near Casa Guidi, where they had much neighbourly intercourse with the Brownings. In August they moved up to the hill of Belloguardo, where they inhabited a charming old

villa. Here Hawthorne devoted himself to working out the theme of "The Marble Faun." He writes to Fields, of Villa Montauto: "I like my present residence immensely. . . . I hire this villa, tower and all, at twenty-eight dollars a month; but I mean to take it away bodily and clap it into a romance."

Siena also impressed Hawthorne, "almost temperamentally," being classed by him with Perugia for interest. He says of it: "A thoughtful, shy man might settle down here with the view of making the place a home, and spend many years in a kind of sombre happiness."

Hawthorne's New England frugality of expression is striking throughout his recorded impressions of Italian travel. Now and then we meet an expression of glowing pleasure, but most things he experiences make him perfectly miserable or rather wretched. The roads are "ugly and dusty;" the Arno merely "a considerable river," while such expressions as "I do not remember much that we saw on our route" abound.

To plastic art Hawthorne was unresponsive, being untrained and, apparently, untrainable in perceiving anything beyond the most obvious effects of bright colour and graceful pose. Altogether one is forced to the conclusion that all which our great novelist gained in Italy, and perhaps more than all, is to be

found within the pages of "The Marble Faun." And even of this work it has been cleverly said by Hawthorne's biographer: "It is throughout a Puritan romance, which has wandered abroad and clothed itself in strange masquerade in the Italian air."

In 1860, at the age of forty-one, George Eliot, accompanied by Mr. Lewes, visited Italy, only the north of which she had seen before. She was already a famous author, the "Scenes in Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner" having been published. Their route was by Mont Cenis to Turin, where they had the fortune to see Cavour, so near the close of his life. — "A man pleasant to look upon, with a smile half-kind, half-caustic; giving you altogether the impression that he thinks of many matters, but thanks Heaven and makes no boast of them," George Eliot observes of Cavour, and again, "a head full of power mingled with *bonhomie*."

Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, then Civita Vecchia, and Rome followed, the latter being reached on Palm Sunday and left on April 29th for Naples. They diligently visited all the points of interest in that region of enchantment, and George Eliot writes: "It is the very best change for us after Rome; there is comparatively little art to see, and there is nature in transcendent beauty. We both think it the most

beautiful place in the world." Pæstum, Salerno and the drive thence to Amalfi and Sorrento are described as "unspeakably grand." Florence, the real heart of Italy for George Eliot, as it was to prove, was reached in May, and the winning of her incredible erudition was begun at once. Under date of June, 1860, Mrs. Browning wrote to Miss Browning:

"Mr. Lewes and Miss Evans have been here, and are coming back. I admire her books so much that certainly I shall not refuse to receive her."

There were several later sojourns in Florence, in all of which George Eliot lived a student's life, the conception of "Romola" having on this first visit possessed her. She wrote later: "I must tell you the secret. . . . When we were in Florence I was rather fired with the idea of writing an historical romance, — scene, Florence; period, the close of the fifteenth century, which was marked by Savonarola's career and martyrdom."

I believe the impression made by "Romola" which alone connects George Eliot in any essential relation with Italy, is wholly conditioned by the temperament of the reader. To some minds it is the greatest historical novel, to others, as George Saintsbury, "a *tour de force* executed entirely against the grain." Nevertheless, we have the author's own pathetic utterance concerning this novel: "Every

sentence was written with my best blood. It has made me often sob with a sort of painful joy."

Mr. Cross has left the following interesting record:

"I remember my wife telling me . . . how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working (on 'Romola') under a leaden weight. . . . The writing of 'Romola' ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, 'I began it a young woman — I finished it an old woman.'"

So much subjectively; what for Italy? Oscar Browning tells us: "Read 'Romola' when you have never been to Florence, it will make you long to go there; read it when you have learned to love Florence, it will make you love Florence more."

It would be an endless task to trace the movements of John Ruskin in Italy, and yet his presence there, frequent and prolonged, and his intimate knowledge of every corner of it have given invaluable practical gain to all of us who come after. His first visit was in 1835, at the age of sixteen, when he thought as a child and understood as a child; on the second, in 1840, he describes himself with sardonic impartiality as a sickly, sulky young Philistine, in whom nothing short of Michelangelo could arouse interest. Between that journey and the third — 1845 — he awakens to his vocation of art critic, and writes the first

volume of "Modern Painters." Thenceforward his journeys to Italy come in quick succession and are of a professional nature. In each one he constitutes himself an impassioned partisan of some slighted or misunderstood master, whether Tintoretto, Carpaccio, Veronese, or Giotto. His growing sense of himself as an oracle makes whimsical confessions like the following regarding his first visit to Rome exquisitely humorous:

"I studied Raphael's Stanze long and carefully, admitting at once that there was more in them than I was the least able to see or understand, but decisively ascertaining that they could not give me the least pleasure, and contained a mixture of Paganism and Papacy wholly inconsistent with the religious instruction I had received in Walworth."

In summing up the prime factors of his intellectual development Ruskin says: "There have been, in sum, three centres of my life's thought: Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa. All that I did at Venice was by-work. . . . But Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa have been tutresses of all I know, and were mistresses of all I did, from the first moments I entered their gates."

Pisa means the Pisani, Gozzoli, Orcagna. From first to last Ruskin was an inveterate Preraphaelite.

There are many more, poets and others our benefactors, who have claim for mention here, but these have been taken and the others must be left.

XVIII

IN THE HEART OF THE APENNINE

BAGNI DI LUCCA, Evening, August 24.

“The fireflies pulsing forth their rapid gleams
Are the only light
That breaks the night;
A stream that has the voice of many streams
Is the only sound
All around — ”

SO sang Lord Houghton, I know not how many years ago, on this very spot! We are here at last where we have longed to be, hid in a cleft of the “wind-grieved Apennine,” and here, waiting to give us welcome, is Contessa Carletti; her children are with her. Peace is here also, hid in the heart of the deep Tuscan wood.

We left Stresa before sunrise and came by Novara (with many thoughts of 1849 and Carlo Alberto) to Genoa, and down along the Riviera di Levante in scorching heat. We passed through eighty-two tunnels before, seared and stained with fiery fumes,

we tumbled out of the carriage, which had assumed to us the semblance of a pit in the Inferno, at Spezia. The harbour was beautiful, dotted with shining men-of-war, but the only charm the place possesses is that given this whole region by its association with Shelley. It was too warm to venture upon exploring drives, and we remained but a night, hastening on to Viareggio and Pisa.

Most marvellous we found the group of the Pisan Cathedral buildings; but the Campo Santo, with the frescoes of Orcagna and Gozzoli, is the crowning glory. And yet, for all the sweep of the Arno, for all the wonders of art, for all the memories of the great Englishmen who have found in it a home, Pisa remains to me what Shelley first called it, "a large, disagreeable city almost without inhabitants." Our hotel was the first untidy one we have encountered, and we were told it was Pisa's best. This, we learned later, is a libel; there is at least one very good hotel.

The things I shall remember longest of Pisa are the sunset light gilding the battlements of the old city wall; the music of the echo in the Baptistery, and a faded figure by Fra Angelico of the Redeemer, in the Museo Civico; a mystical apparition holding in the left hand the Grail, the Cup of his own blood. The right hand is uplifted in a gesture strangely tender yet filling one with awe, and in the eyes is



BAGNI DI LUCCA.

that look which I have seen only in Rembrandt's Christ until now — the look of one who has tasted death and is alive.

It had been our plan to "see" Lucca when we reached it, but when that happened we only longed for our journey's end and pushed on to Bagni di Lucca by the little special railroad as fast as it would carry us through the enchanting Valley of the Serchio and the narrow gorge of the Lima. At Bagni station we were packed, with our effects, into two carriages, and were driven up a mountain road, through chestnut forest to this high point among the various *Bagni* which is known as Bagni Caldi. We drew up before a great white villa, the Albergo delle Terme, and were glad to find ourselves expected, and to escape from heat and dust into these spacious, silent and shaded rooms awaiting our coming.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, August 26.

The Virgins are climbing an impossible mountain range which frowns down upon us, its crest formed by the walls of a crumbling old fortified town. They are under the care of Captain Francis Fletcher-Vane, lineal descendant of Sir Harry Vane, heir presumptive to the Vane estate and title.¹ So much greatness — for, added to this, Captain Vane is an

¹ Since these records were written Captain Vane has succeeded to the title of Baronet.

author of distinction, a soldier and an M. P. — might seem oppressive, but is in reality far from being so. Captain Vane and his charming wife are habitués of Bagni di Lucca and of this old grand-ducal house, and they seem to stand ready to make newcomers at ease with gracious, unpretentious kindness. The Captain is an indefatigable walker, and a picturesque figure in khaki and white helmet. He begged me this morning to let the Virgins climb with him a little matter of five miles to Pieve, and an hour ago they started forth with great glee and chatter.

Meanwhile I am sitting with Contessa Carletti just within the moss-grown wall of an ancient garden belonging to the Albergo. Seventy years or so ago the house was built as a villa for the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. It was the fashion then to come here for the hot springs. Now, fortunately, it is no longer the fashion, and those who find it are few and fit; there is no Grand Duchy of Tuscany now, for it is swallowed up with all the other duchies, big and little, in New Italy. So the Duchess's villa is used as an hostelry of modest pretensions by those who still seek the baths or the deep seclusion of the Apennines.

Down below us the Lima flows shining in the sun to join the Serchio; all about us rise tumultuously imposing ranges of the Apuan Alps and the Apennines, their bases terraced with vineyards or dense with

chestnut wood. We are sitting under a pergola, and the shade of its vines, which are met by the horizontal branches of the ancient sycamores beyond the wall, is so dense as to form a green twilight, cool and profound. The road down into the valley runs at the base of the garden wall, quite thirty feet below where we sit beneath the scarred and mottled branches of the sycamores. The air is sweet with mountain freshness; doves croon and katydids chirp all day, and nightingales sing their hearts out. It is the dreamiest place; we seem to be in some old fortified castle, shut in by the massive wall to this still, moss-grown seclusion. The garden is flowerless, — a sweet disorder of careless undergrowth. Everywhere, in the ilex arbours and under the pergolas, small rustic tables and chairs have been placed; here we sit with our coffee, our tea, our books, our writing, our gossip.

The Contessa says this place is haunted, that she is never unconscious of a sense of the great souls who have loved it and who have lingered here in past generations. We have started to read together Mrs. Orr's "Life of Browning" and are quite excited over a letter of Mrs. Browning's just come upon. I must copy a few lines of it here:

"I persuaded Robert to go to the Baths of Lucca, only to see them. . . . We had both of us, but he chiefly, the strongest prejudice against the Baths

of Lucca; taking them for a sort of wasp's nest of scandal and gaming, and expecting to find everything trodden flat by the Continental English — yet, I wanted to see the place, because it is a place to see, after all. So we came, and were so charmed by the exquisite beauty of the scenery, by the coolness of the climate, and the absence of our countrymen . . . that we made an offer for rooms on the spot, and returned to Florence for Baby and the rest of our establishment without further delay. Here we are, then. We have taken a sort of eagle's nest in this place — the highest house of the highest of the three villages which are called *Bagni di Lucca* " (surely that must be our very *Bagni Caldi*) " and which lie at the heart of a hundred mountains sung to continually by a rushing mountain stream. . . . The air of the place seems to penetrate the heart, and not the lungs only; it draws you, raises you, excites you. Mountain air without its keenness — sheathed in Italian sunshine — think what that must be!"

BAGNI DI LUCCA, August 30.

I have come to the conclusion that this place is a cult, like Ravello. Only the few can know or feel its grave charm. Now and then some stranger appears, looks about, sees "nothing doing," and an edge frayed on the stair-carpet, orders his vetturino, and departs next morning for Lucerne or Zermatt.

If any one *really* comes, of intention, and prepares to stay, we all assail him or her with the challenge, How did you come to know about Bagni? There are interesting Italian families, four or five only, certain English of light and leading, and a few Florentine-Americans. I think there are no Romans save the Carletti's.

But the central personage of the company here is il Dottore, as we call him, — the same young physician of whom we caught a glimpse on our last day in Rome. Doctor¹ Giorgi comes to Bagni merely as a consulting physician for the summer guests, and we have all come, in point of fact, more or less directly because he is here. He is one of those beings of potent personality whom we encounter at rare intervals in this world of commonplace, whose entrance into a roomful of people is instantly felt in a subtle toning higher of every one's spirit. Such a contrast is Doctor Giorgi to my old conception of an Italian physician, which I believe was modelled on the astrologer-chemist figure of fiction of a past generation! He is talking with Mrs. Fletcher-Vane now down at the far end of the pergola, the sun full upon him, a fair-haired, fair-skinned fellow, with colour like a girl's, a graceful, spirited figure, a buoyant step, a frank, winning smile. His English is perfect and rendered fascinating by the Italian pro-

¹ This is not il Dottore's name !

longation of the vowel sounds. His professional reputation is remarkable and promises a precocious fame, for he is little over thirty. I must stop writing about him, for he is coming down the path under the flickering sun and shadow to greet me. . . .

Il Dottore has done his devoir by me and gone on to a group on the upper terrace, composed of a detachment of Virgins in act of adoring Gigi Carletti and his Madonna-like mother. They make an admirable Perugino from here! I remember that characterization of the Contessa's when she first pointed out Doctor Giorgi to me, — "that fine, fair man with the crest of irony on the wave of his earnestness." He cannot say his gay "Go-o-od morning, St. Ursula!" (I am Ursula here, by common consent, to all the inner circle) without his delicious little implication that your presence enhances the morning's value; and when he adds his solicitous "And *have* you slept?" his humourous smile takes you wholly into his confidence and assures you that whether you have or not is really a matter of perfect indifference when God is in such a heaven and all's right with such a world. The man is convincing, wholly and seriously, — with all his abounding buoyant gaiety, — of goodness at the heart of things; doubtless this gives him his quite extraordinary success with nervous patients. And that swiftness of intuition so characteristic of his race

is his in a degree which I find fairly startling. He tells me that we should not fail to make the excursion to Prato Fiorito, a marvellous place no doubt and sacred to Shelley, who almost fainted with the fragrance of the jonquils, which blossom there in great abundance, together with pansies, gentians, and other wild flowers.

Surely we must climb Prato Fiorito, for it was a haunt of the Brownings and Storys, too, in their many summers here, and perhaps, best of all, somewhere on the way we may discover that mountain gorge where Browning caught the inspiration for "By the Fireside," which I joy to find belongs to these mountains. The poem interprets the essential spirit of the place.

"Look at the ruined chapel again
Half-way up in the Alpine gorge!
Is that a tower, I point you plain,
Or is it a mill, or an iron-forge
Breaks solitude in vain?

.

"And yonder, at fork of the fronting ridge
That takes the turn to the range beyond,
Is the chapel reached by the one-arched bridge
Where the water is stopped in a stagnant pond
Danced over by the midge.

"Poor little place, where its one priest comes
On a festa-day, if he comes at all,

To the dozen folk from their scattered homes,
Gathered within that precinct small
By the dozen ways one roams.

.
"And all day long a bird sings there,
And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at times;
The place is silent and aware;
It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes
But that is its own affair."

These and all the rest of those verses, with their intimate and penetrating sweetness, belong to 1853. The Brownings were here first in 1849 and again in '57. I do not know whether there were other summers here, but how one loves to read Story's story of the "whole day in the woods with the Brownings. We went at ten o'clock, carrying our provisions. Browning and I walked to the spot, and there, spreading shawls under the great chestnuts, we read and talked the livelong day, the Lima, at our feet, babbling on over the stones."

"In a Balcony" belongs also to that summer of '53 here in Bagni.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, September 2.

Yesterday we walked by il Colle and Due Fontane to the village of Annunciata, which is proudly claimed by its inhabitants to be the smallest village in the world. It consists of the tiny chapel of S. Annunciata,

fit to be Browning's own, and two ancient cottages. From the strange little place we walked down by a dreamy foot-path thickly shaded with plane-trees, to Villa, a neat little Anglican settlement, suggestive, like Cadenabbia, of garden-parties, tennis, and tourists. There are charms, however, in Villa which I foresee will lead us often back again: excellent pasticcerie for gelati, — to obtain which seems now the ruling passion of my Eleven Thousand, — and a singularly fascinating, vine-wreathed library with a small, archaic librarian who looks precisely like Charles Lamb, and who cannot take trouble enough for you to make him quite happy. It was a joy to range among the old books, which smelled of ancient leather and yellow leaves, and bore no date more recent than the early sixties.

On our entrance into Villa we stopped to stare with interest at Casa Buonisi, now the Pension villa Margherita. It has a charming appearance, and for a moment I wavered in my allegiance to Bagni Caldi, especially when I found that, besides its rather stupid legends of English Pretenders, this house was once Shelley's residence and the place where Byron was his guest. But on second thought the lovely life up aloft in our own old rambling house and garden on its woody height reasserted its superior charm.

More than ever was this the case on our return, a

little tired from the walk, when we found our dear Contessa Cecilia leaning over the wall to wave us a welcome with a telegram. We made all haste up to the terrace, and found her in high glee over the word just come from il Conte in Paris that he will arrive to-morrow. The despatch adds that he will bring with him a friend whom she will be glad to welcome. The Contessa is quite puzzled as to who this friend may be, who has sufficient sense, so she puts it, to want to come to Bagni.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, September 3.

Incidentally we are taking the baths of Lucca, which seem to be good for any disorder preferred. We go down at nine in the morning by a public stone stair below the Albergo, that I shrewdly suspect of being the principal street of the place. At the foot of these stairs is the *stabilimento*, the most open-hearted affair imaginable. We enter a gallery on which, with engaging frankness, small bathrooms open, in each of which is a vast marble vat. Into these vats the water is conducted from the boiling springs in the mountainside and is cooled to the taste.

We wait in the gallery with all sorts and conditions of laity and clergy, until a firm-figured Tuscan woman, named Lisa, with strong gray eyes and heavy lashes, which give her an almost embarrassing

beauty, smiles upon us her grave and gracious signal that she is ready. Then we are locked into the bath while she leaves us after sundry quiet questions of gentle solicitude, as, — "*Stà bene ? Va bene ?*" and her sweet "*A riverderla !*" for an absence of ten minutes. She returns, wraps us in infantile fashion in soft linen, then rubs and pats us into a delicious glow with her supple, brown hands.

Lisa has such a queenly presence and such striking beauty that one at first regards her as a kind of conquering favourite of fortune. But Filia has been to her home and finds it the humblest little place, a real Tuscan peasant cottage, with the flaring fire of sticks on the bare hearth, the kettle hanging over, and six or seven small Vittorio's and Amadeo's, who gazed at her soberly out of Lisa's own long-lashed eyes.

Our morning has been given to plans for the Virgins, who, alas, are to sail from Genoa a week from to-day. The question now presses, Is it Ursula's duty to assist at the embarkation? Ursula is a fitting figure at embarkations and I love the Virgins, but I groan at the thought of threading my way back through those hundred more or less tunnels. Oh, for a Prince Conon to see to the luggage and make sure that dear little Barbara does not leave her steamer ticket under her pillow at the hotel! Her absent-mindedness is wholly justified by the fact

that she is in love, but it leads to complications over which she is so penitent that no one can be vexed for very long. Yesterday I found her, as she said, "weeping on her own shoulder" because she had left a large package of *Margherita pasta*, bought at Ponte for our afternoon terrace tea, down in the post-office. "And there I had thought myself so clever to go and buy it," she wailed. "Really Filia said herself that I showed almost human intelligence!"

It is evening, and we are in a state of high exhilaration. Signor Conte Carletti has arrived and with him is Signor Aztalos. They met in Paris, it seems, where our friend was preparing for a sudden departure to New York. Conte Carletti found him utterly worn out by a month of fierce heat in the city. His plan had been to sail from Cherbourg, but il Conte quickly convinced him that Genoa was preferable, and a week at Bagni di Lucca among old and newish friends quite imperative for his health. The advent of "two perfectly good men," as Margherita calls them, is an event, among so many maidens, and I am sure Captain Fletcher-Vane will welcome this reinforcement. However, the Virgins are pouting already, because they say Signor Aztalos wishes to give the coming week almost wholly to a critical study of Dante. This is voted wretched sport for summer vacation, and many jokes are perpetrated on people who drag you to Pur-

gatory in this warm weather. Filia says, however, that she finished the Purgatorio on the ship and has been in Paradiso ever since we landed. Next Wednesday, at least, there must be pause in the Dante study, for that day is to be given to Lucca.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, September 5.

All goes well. I am released from another journey through the Inferno. By diligent telegraphing, Signor Aztalos has succeeded in securing passage on the same steamer with the Virgins. Prince Canon has come to the rescue as if by magic!

"Read Dante every day and all day long if you like, Filia!" the girls now cry in taunting tones. "We shall have your Narcissus all to ourselves on the voyage home, and it will go hard if we can't drive your image from his heart in two weeks of tireless endeavour!"

Signor Aztalos seems to find the derision of the Virgins amusing but unimportant. He and Filia have settled back into the practice of study as naturally as if it were only yesterday we left the *Illustrissima Principessa*. The Contessa declares our Greek friend perfectly affiliated! Filia herself is impervious to gibes of every form.

I have taken a moderate, middle-aged walk with the Carlettis to an old mill in a gorge where cool water drips musically over the wet, moss-hung wheel.

We walked through deep woods, up hill and down glade, now and then meeting peasants who gave us, as always here, respectful but not obsequious salutation. The Contessa says that this corner of Northern Tuscany is like our New Hampshire, and that the Tuscans are the Puritans of Italy. The peasants are a deeply religious, silent, steadfast people of striking soberness and morality. Dishonesty is a thing unlooked for and unknown among them. The Count has been here in October, and he described the chestnut gathering and the merry-making which goes with it most interestingly in his broken English. The chestnuts are dried over great log fires kept burning night and day in the forest for a month. Afterwards the husks are shaken free and the nuts are sent to be ground into meal. From this meal cakes are made which the women enclose in chestnut leaves and roast between hot stones. How simple, how primitive, how wholesome it sounds! These people are content to live all winter on this *necci* or polenta. How much happier these Tuscans who stay in their native forests are than those who come to our country with its sharp air, its crude luxuries, its corrupting vices! Such was my reflection, but the Contessa disagreed with me.

"These peasants," she said, "are content to live on the primitive plane of their ancestors of centuries ago. They make absolutely no advance, economically,

agriculturally, or intellectually. It is a good thing for some of them, at least, to emigrate and learn to stand the strain of a more complex civilization. They bring home what the Italian chiefly needs, the germ of a divine discontent."

BAGNI DI LUCCA, September 8.

Yesterday was spent in Lucca, a small army of us taking the early morning train from Bagni station, returning at night just in time for dinner. I should have feared that we would be mistaken for a detachment of Cook's tourists, only that Lucca, I am satisfied, never saw or heard of such. Why should they make pilgrimage to Lucca? It has no famous ruins and no particularly infamous legends; it lies four square between its grassy ramparts; it has its Cathedral and half-dozen other churches, its stories of departed greatness, its deserted piazzas, its patron saints, and — it has Ilaria!

To me the residuum of our day was the sense of spacious peace and unstriving completeness which Lucca itself imparts, and the essence of these with a celestial loveliness superadded in Della Quercia's effigy of the long dead great lady of Lucca.

It was in the year 1845 that John Ruskin discovered and fell in love with Ilaria, and many times he visited her. Grown an old man, he returned to her effigy in the Cathedral. "It is forty years since I first

saw it," he said, "and I have never found its like."

For a month in that September of 1882, Collingwood declares Ruskin kept him busy drawing *Ilaria*, "side-face, full-face, three-quarters, every way. Ruskin himself painted hard and never did better work. . . . He used to sit in quaint attitudes on his camp stool. . . . Baxter, his valet, holding the colour-box up for him to dip into, and a little crowd always looking on."

Such devotion to a bit of ancient marble in its remote, forgotten solitude may seem an affectation, but not after one sees *Ilaria*, lying, queenly and maidenly, sweet and solemn, with folded hands and eyelids. I let the others go to hunt up the other things, which having come all the way to Lucca one must not be so thriftless as to fail of, and I spent a happy hour alone in the Cathedral by the lady's side. But I cannot think of describing *Ilaria* myself, far less of seeking to decorate the noble gravity of her womanhood with fantastic fringes of imaginary intrigue and adventure. Ruskin, in Chapter XVII of the second volume of "Modern Painters," has given us the secret of her distinction in a descriptive passage of inimitable beauty. Mr. Hewlett, who exclaims that it is hard to be temperate over *Ilaria*, adds in his "Earth Work out of Tuscany," the last word that need ever be spoken in the attempt of



TOMB OF ILARIA.



dramatic touch. Let us read him and be satisfied. This is what he sees:

"Ilaria was a tall Tuscan, — the girls of Lucca are out of the common tall, and straight as larches, — of fine birth and a life of minstrels and gardens. . . . Young to die, young to die and leave the pleasant ways of Lucca, the green ramparts, the grassy walks in the pastures where the hawks fly and the shadows fleet over the green and gold of early May. Young enough, Ilaria. Scorned of love, now Death is at hand. . . . Let him come, says Ilaria, with raised eyebrows and a wintry smile. Yet she fought: her thin hands held off the scythe at arms' length; she set her teeth and battled with the winged beast. Whenas she knew it must be, suddenly she relaxed her hold, and Death had his way with her.

"Then her women came about her and robed her in a long robe, colour of olive leaves, and soft to the touch. And they covered her feet and placed them on a crouching dog, which was Lucca. But her fine hands they folded peace-wise below her bosom, to rest quietly there like the clasps of a girdle. Her gentle hair (bright brown it was, like a yearling chestnut) they crowned also, and closed down her ringed eyes. So they let her lie till judgment come. And when I saw her the close robe still folded her about and ran up her throat lovingly to her chin, till her head seemed to thrust from it as a flower from

its calyx. It would seem, too, as if her bosom rose and fell, that her nostrils quivered when the wind blew in and touched them; and the hem of her garment being near me, I was fain to kiss it and say a prayer to the divinity haunting that place. So I left the presence, well disposed in my heart to glorify God for so fair a sight."

To all this let me add only for bare fact that Ilaria, who died in 1405, was daughter of the Marquis of Carretto and wife of Paolo Guinigi, chief of a powerful family of Lucca. The Palazza Guinigi still stands at the corner of the Via Sant' Andrea, and on the uppermost stones of its tall Gothic tower three ilex-trees have sprung up from bird-sown seed, a landmark and a sign, rising above Lucca's walls, seen from near and far.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, September 11.

Filia and I have just finished our morning coffee, taken as usual on the terrace behind the villa, upon which my great French window opens.

How still it is! and a pungent autumnal odour is on the morning air. Usually at this hour this shadowed bank has blossomed with the gay flowers of the Virgins' negligee, lilac, blue, pink, and much ruffled, and the quiet woods above us have rung jubilant with their laughter and rollicking nonsense.

This morning Filia and I are alone, and the place

seems empty and sober-hued. It is the change of season, the change of front also. We had purposed ourselves to return to America this month when we started from home, but now the case is different. We are here. Why should we return with so much still to win and to winnow!

The Spell of Italy is upon us and we elect not yet to break it. Until the heats of early autumn are well over we shall abide in deep content here among the Tuscan mountains. But Venice awaits us and we cannot delay overlong to see it, and after it that unknown east shore, which borders the Adriatic. But the Mighty Mother, Rome, calls loudest, and when the season once more changes we know — how well! — what we mean to do, and what corner of what old Roman palazzo we mean to make our own.

And then, can we leave Italy with Sicily yet unvisited, — Sicily, “the key to all?” No, the round year will not be too long.

THE END.

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